

DR. LIVINGSTONE.



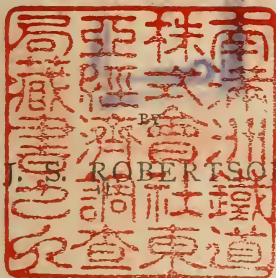
*P. K. Amaro,*  
*Hong Kong, Dec. 1896.*

# THE LIFE

OF

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D.,

*THE GREAT MISSIONARY EXPLORER.*



J. S. ROBERTSON.

LONDON:

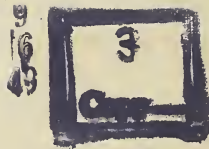
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## PREFATORY NOTE.

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**ONE** does not see that much preface is needed now to a life of Dr. Livingstone, for his name has become a household word; but perhaps a few sentences, by way of justification, may be allowed for adding one more to the already numerous biographies which we have. And undoubtedly the great reason is, the perennial human interest there is for all—young and old, learned and unlearned—in the record of his eventful life. Other explorers we have had whose fame rose as high, but it lasted only for a few years. The influences of Dr. Livingstone's life-work, on the other hand, are so far-reaching that his fame is above the passing feelings of the times. Although ten years have nearly passed since he died, his memory is as green and fresh to-day as ever. Indeed, no one can read his life without admiring and loving the man. Above his greatness as an explorer rises the massiveness of his character; and his large-hearted love for the poor negro, his deep hatred of the accursed slave trade, his sturdy

independence, strong iron will, stern tenacity of purpose, and calm fortitude under trouble or disaster, stamps him a truly great man. Goethe tells us that—

“Great men, like celestial fire-pillars,  
Go before us on the march,”

and such an one was Dr. Livingstone. The ultimate results of his travels in opening up the hitherto unknown continent of Africa are really incalculable. His life, which he sacrificed for the country he cared so much for, is a seed which will grow and flourish for a thousand years to come.

Already we have had many missions and expeditions following up in the paths he opened, and although the results are not great as yet, one cannot doubt but that a mighty future is in store for Africa.

*2d June 1882.*







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THE LIFE AND EXPLORATIONS

OF

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D.

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## CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS—EDUCATION—ARRIVAL AT CAPE TOWN AS A  
MISSIONARY.

**D**AVID LIVINGSTONE was born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, in 1813. He was the son of humble but respectable parents, whose simple piety and worth were noticeable even in a community which, in those days, ranked above the average for all those manly and self-denying virtues which, a few generations ago, were so characteristic of the lower classes of Scotland. Humble and even trying circumstances did not make them discontented with their lot, nor tend to make them forget the stainless name which had descended to them from a line of predecessors whose worldly circumstances were hardly better than their own.

In the introduction to his "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," published in 1857, Dr. Livingstone gave a brief and modest sketch of his early years, together with some account of the humble, although notable family from which he could trace his descent. "One great-grandfather," he tells us, "fell at the battle of Culloden, fighting for the old line of kings, and one grandfather was

a small farmer in Ulva, where my father was born. It is one of that cluster of the Hebrides thus spoken of by Sir Walter Scott :—

‘And Ulva dark, and Colonsay,  
And all the group of islets gay  
That guard famed Staffa round.’

“Our grandfather was intimately acquainted with all the traditionary legends which that great writer has since made use of in ‘The Tales of a Grandfather,’ and other works. As a boy I remember listening with delight, for his memory was stored with a never-ending stock of stories, many of which were wonderfully like those I have since heard while sitting by the African evening fires. Our grandmother, too, used to sing Gaelic songs, some of which, as she believed, had been composed by captive Highlanders languishing among the Turks.”

The reverence of the true Highlander for his ancestors, and his knowledge of them and their doings for many generations, have been frequently the subject of mirth to the Lowlanders or Sassenachs, as they are termed by the Celts ; but in such instances as that of the family of which we are treating, these feelings are not only virtues, but become the incentives to bold and manly effort in the most trying circumstances. Livingstone tells us that his grandfather could rehearse traditions of the family for six generations before him. One of these was of a nature to make a strong impression on the imaginative and independent mind of the boy, even when almost borne down with toil too severe for his years. He says : “One of these poor hardy islanders was renowned in the district for great wisdom and prudence ; and it is related that, when he was on his death-bed, he called all his children around him, and said, ‘Now, in my lifetime, I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among



our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you or any of your children should take to dishonest ways it will not be because it runs in our blood ; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you : *Be honest !* ”

With pardonable pride and some covert sarcasm, Livingstone points out that at the period in question, according to Macaulay, the Highlanders “were much like Cape Kaffres, and any one, it was said, could escape punishment for cattle stealing by presenting a share of the plunder to his chieftain.” Macaulay’s assertion was true of the clans and bands of broken men who dwelt near the Highland line ; but even in their case these cattle-lifting raids hardly deserved the designation of pure theft, as even up to the middle of the last century they looked upon the Lowlanders as an alien race, and consequently enemies whom it was lawful to despoil. The conduct of the needy and ambitious nobles who drove them from their native glens and mountains, where their fathers had lived and hunted for centuries, with a view to possessing themselves of their inheritance, too often furnished a sufficient excuse for the deeds of violence and plunder which figure so prominently in the annals of the country down even to the days of George II.

Like most of the Highlanders, his ancestors were Roman Catholics, but when Protestantism got fairly established in Scotland, the apostacy of the chief was followed by that of the entire clan. Livingstone says, “They were made Protestants by the laird (the squire) coming round, with a man having a yellow staff, which would seem to have attracted more attention than his teaching, for the new religion went long afterwards, perhaps it does so still, by the name of ‘the religion of the staff.’”

In the olden time, religion to them was only secondary to their devotion and attachment to their chief, and never seems to have taken any firm hold of their imaginations. The country was poor in money, and the priests they were

familiar with were needy and ignorant; and within the Highland line there were no splendid edifices or pomp of worship to rouse their enthusiasm, so that the abandonment of their old mode of worship entailed no sacrifice.\*

With the breaking-up of the clans and the introduction of industrial occupations, and the teaching and preaching of devoted adherents of the new religion, the minds of the Highlanders were moved, and for many generations, and even at the present day, the Presbyterian form of worship has no more zealous adherents than the people of the Highlands of Scotland. The man with the yellow staff was, in all likelihood, one of the commissioners sent out by the General Assembly to advocate the cause of the new religion among those who were either indifferent about it, or were too remote from Edinburgh to be affected by the deadly struggle for supremacy which was going on between the old creed and the new religion.

Towards the end of the last century, finding the small farm in Ulva insufficient for the maintenance of his family, Livingstone's grandfather removed to Blantyre, where he, for a number of years, occupied a position of trust in the employment of Messrs. Monteith & Co., of Blantyre Cotton Works, his sons being employed as clerks. It formed part of the old man's duty to convey large sums of money to and from Glasgow, and his unflinching honesty in this and other ways won him the respect and esteem of his employers, who

\* In "Waverley," Sir Walter Scott very happily illustrates the non-religious character of the Highlanders about the middle of last century. Waverley had just parted with Fergus McIvor, and was approaching a Lowland village, "and as he now distinguished not indeed the ringing of bells, but the tinkling of something like a hammer against the side of an old mossy, green, inverted porridge pot that hung in an open booth, of the size and shape of a parrot's cage, erected to grace the east end of a building resembling an old barn, he asked Callum Beg if it were Sunday. 'Couldna say just preceesely, Sunday seldom cam aboon the Pass o' Bally-Brough.'"

settled a pension on him when too old to continue his services.

Livingstone's uncles shared in the patriotic spirit which pervaded the country during the war with France, and entered the service of the king; but his father having recently got married settled down as a small grocer, the returns from which business were so meagre as to necessitate his children being sent to the factory as soon as they could earn anything to assist in the family support. David Livingstone was but ten years of age, in 1823, when he entered the mill as a "piecer," where he was employed from six o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night, with intervals for breakfast and dinner. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this early introduction to a life of toil would have been the commencement of a lifetime of obscurity and privation. Let us see how David Livingstone bore and conquered the cruel circumstances of his boyhood, and made for himself a name which is known and respected throughout the civilized world, and is accepted by the savage inhabitants of Central Africa as conveying to their minds the ideal of all that is best in the character of "the white man."

Between the delicate "piecer" boy of ten and the middle-aged man who returned to England after an absence of sixteen years, in December 1856, with a world-wide reputation, there was a mighty hill of difficulty nobly surmounted, and we cannot attach too much importance to the mode in which he conquered those difficulties and hindrances, which, but that they are mastered every now and again in our sight by some bold and daring spirit, we are almost inclined to think insurmountable. It is a true saying, that every man who has earned distinction must have been blessed with a parent or parents of no mean order, whatever their position in society. What his ancestors were like we gather from his own brief allusion to them; and the few remarks he makes regarding his parents and their circumstances, sup-

plemented by some information procured from one who knew them, enables us to give a picture of his home surroundings, which will assist us materially in estimating the courageous spirit which carried the delicate and overworked boy safely through all his early toils and trials.

To the mere observer, Livingstone's father appeared to be somewhat stern and taciturn, and an overstrict disciplinarian where the members of his family were concerned ; but under a cold and reserved exterior he sheltered a warm heart, and his real kindliness, as well as his truth and uprightness, are cherished in the memories of his family and his intimates. He was too truthful and conscientious to become rich as a small grocer in a country village ; while his real goodness of heart induced him to trust people whose necessities were greater than their ability or desire to pay, to the further embarrassment of a household his limited business made severe enough.

He brought up his children in connection with the Church of Scotland, from which he seceded a few years before his death, and joined an Independent congregation worshipping in Hamilton, some miles distant. Speaking of the Christian example he set before his family, his famous son says, "He deserved my lasting gratitude and homage for presenting me from infancy with a continuously consistent pious example, such as that, the ideal of which is so beautifully and truthfully portrayed in Burns' 'Cottar's Saturday Night.'" He was a strict disciplinarian, and looked with small favour on his son's passion for reading scientific books and works of travel ; but his son had much of his own stubborn and independent temperament where he supposed himself to be in the right ; and sturdily preferred his own selection of books to "The Cloud of Witnesses," "Boston's Fourfold State," or "Wilberforce's Practical Christianity." His refusal to read the latter work procured him a caning, which was the last occasion his father applied the rod.



As in the case of many a young man in like circumstances, his father's importunity and unfortunate selection of authors fostered a dislike for merely doctrinal reading, which continued until years afterwards, when a perusal of "The Philosophy of Religion," and "The Philosophy of a Future State," by Dr. Thomas Dick, widened his understanding, and gratified him by confirming him in what he had all along believed, "that religion and science are not hostile, but friendly to each other." Both his parents had taken much pains to instil the principles of Christianity into his mind, but it was only after becoming acquainted with the writings of Dr. Dick and others that their efforts bore fruit. The depth of his religious convictions may be realised when we contemplate the sacrifices he afterwards made in his evangelistic labours, but his strong understanding saved him from becoming either a sectary or a bigot. While there was no more earnest-minded or devoted servant of Christ than Dr. Livingstone, there was none so liberal and so large-hearted in his acceptance of all honest and God-fearing men who strove to do good whatever their creed might be.

His father died in February 1856, at the time when his son was making his way from the interior of Africa to the coast, on his return to England, "expecting no greater pleasure in this country than sitting by our cottage fire and telling him my travels. I revere his memory." The applause of the best and highest in the land, in the social circle or in the crowded assembly, with hundreds hanging on his every word, was as nothing compared to the long talks he had looked forward to with the kindly though stern father he had not seen for so many years; but it was not to be. He has small notions of the strength of filial affection in the heart of such a man who cannot sympathise with his sorrow and disappointment.

His mother, a kindly and gentle woman, whose whole

thoughts were given up to the care of her children and the anxieties consequent upon narrow means, was the constant instructor of her children in religious matters. Her distinguished son tells us that his earliest recollection of her recalls a picture so often seen among the Scottish poor—"that of the anxious housewife striving to make both ends meet." Her loving and kindly nature acted as a valuable counterpoise to the strict and austere rule of the father, and kept alive in the hearts of her children a love and respect for all things sacred, which an enforced study of dry theological books might have endangered or destroyed.

The little education which the "piecer" boy of ten had received had aroused within him the desire for more, and the genuineness of this desire was proved by the purchase of a copy of "Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin" with a portion of his first week's earnings. For many years he pursued the study of Latin with enthusiastic ardour, receiving much assistance in this and other studies at an evening school, the teacher of which was partly supported by the intelligent members of the firm at Blantyre Works, for the benefit of the people in their employment. Livingstone's work hours were from 6 A.M. to 8 P.M.; school hours from eight to ten, and private reading and study occupied from ten to twelve; and at the latter hour it was often necessary for his mother to take possession of his books and send the youthful student to bed. Eighteen hours out of the twenty-four were given up to toil and self-improvement, a remarkable instance truly of determined effort on the part of a mere boy to acquire knowledge which his hard lot would almost have seemed to have placed beyond his reach.

Even when at work the book he was reading was fixed upon the spinning-jenny, so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed in his work. At sixteen years of age he tells us that he knew Horace and Virgil better than he did in 1857. Notwithstanding the limited leisure

at his disposal, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the scenery, botany, and geology of his district. In these excursions he was frequently accompanied by his elder and younger brothers, John and Charles; but he was much alone, and while his temper was far from being moody or morose, he was fond of rambling about, his only companion being a book of travels or a scientific treatise. His thirst for knowledge was stronger than his desire for boyish pastimes.

At nineteen years of age Livingstone was promoted to the laborious duties of a cotton spinner, and while the heavy toil pressed hard upon the young and growing lad, he was cheered by the reflection that the high wages he now earned would enable him, from his summer's labour, to support himself in Glasgow during the winter months while attending medical and other classes at the University; to attend which he walked to and from his father's house daily, a distance of nine miles. He never received a particle of aid from any one, nor did the resolute youth seek or expect such, well knowing that his difficulties and trials were no greater than those of dozens of his fellows who sat on the same benches with him in the class-rooms. The religious awakening which we have already alluded to, which occurred when he was about sixteen years of age, inspired him with a fervent ambition to be a pioneer of Christianity in China, and his practical instincts taught him that a knowledge of medicine would be of great service in securing him the confidence of the people he was so desirous of benefiting, besides ensuring his appointment as a medical missionary in connection with a society of that name recently formed in his native land.

At the conclusion of his medical curriculum he had to present a thesis to the examining body of the University, on which his claim to be admitted a member of the faculty of physicians and surgeons would be judged. The subject

was one which in ordinary practice required the use of the stethoscope for its diagnosis, and it was characteristic of the independence and originality of the man, that an awkward difference arose between him and the examiners as to whether the instrument could do what was claimed for it. This unfortunate boldness procured him a more than ordinarily severe examination, through which he passed triumphantly. Alluding to this in after years, he drily remarked that "the wiser plan would have been to have had no opinions of my own." Looking back over the years of toil and hardship which had led up to this important stage in his career, and looking forward to the possibilities of the future, he might well say that "it was with unfeigned delight I became a member of a profession which is pre-eminently devoted to practical benevolence, and which with unwearied energy pursues from age to age its endeavours to lessen human woe."

Writing in 1857, he tells us that on reviewing his life of toil before his missionary career began, he could feel thankful that it was of such a nature as to prove a hardy training for the great enterprises he was destined afterwards to engage in; and he always spoke with warm and affectionate respect of the sterling character of the bulk of the humble villagers among whom he spent his early years.

The outbreak of the opium war with China compelled him reluctantly to abandon his cherished intention of proceeding to that country, but he was happily led to turn his thoughts to South Africa, where the successful labours of Mr. (now Dr.) Robert Moffat were attracting the attention of the Christian public in this country. In September 1838, he was summoned to London to undergo an examination by the directors of "The London Missionary Society," after which he was sent on probation to a missionary training establishment conducted by the Rev. Mr. Cecil, at Chipping Ongar, in Essex. There he remained until the

early part of 1840, applying himself with his wonted diligence to his studies, and testifying his disregard for hard labour by taking more than his full share of the work of the establishment: such as grinding the corn to make the household bread, chopping wood, gardening operations, etc., etc.; part of the training at Chipping Ongar being a wise endeavour to make the future missionaries able to shift for themselves in the uncivilised regions in which they might be called upon to settle.

At Chipping Ongar he indulged his habit of making long excursions in the country round; and on one occasion he walked to and from London, a distance of fifty miles, in one day, arriving late at night completely exhausted, as he had hardly partaken of any food during the entire journey. From his earliest years, up to his attaining manhood, his training, both mental and physical, had been of the best possible kind to fit him for the great career which lay before him, which may be said to have had its commencement when he landed at Cape Town in 1840.





## CHAPTER II.

**SOUTH AFRICA AND ITS PEOPLE—THE BUSHMEN, THE HOTTENTOTS, THE KAFFRES, AND THE BECHUANA TRIBES, AND THEIR HABITS, ETC.**

**T**HE tract of country now known to us as Cape Colony was originally occupied by the Dutch about the middle of the 17th century. A large proportion of the original settlers were of German origin, but a considerable number were of French, many French families having settled there between the years 1680 and 1690, driven thither by the persecution to which Protestants were at that time subjected in France. The French and German settlers enslaved the native Hottentots, Kaffres, and Bushmen, and compelled them to labour for them on their farms; and down to a very recent period this enforced servitude of the native tribes was the occasion of constant warfare and murder. In 1796 the Cape settlement was taken by the English, but on peace being concluded between the two nations, it was restored to the Dutch in 1803. War breaking out shortly after, the Colony was again taken possession of by England, and has continued to be a dependency of this country ever since. From that time many people from England have settled in the country, both in the towns and throughout the country districts. Cape Colony, from east to west, measures nearly six hundred miles, and from north to south four hundred and fifty miles. The Colony of Natal is one hundred and seventy-five miles in length by about a hundred and twenty in breadth. The population of Cape Colony, including British Kaffraria and



Natal, is about a million, more than one half of whom are natives.

The abolition of slavery in the British dependencies freed the Hottentots, the Kaffres, and the Bushmen; but at the time Dr. Livingstone commenced his career in Africa the Dutch Boers still compelled the labour of those tribes in the neighbourhood of their settlements who were too weak to resist them. The usual method was to manufacture a cause of quarrel, which would give a colourable pretext for attacking a native settlement, when they would carry off a number of the young of both sexes, who became slaves in everything save the name. We believe that the exposure of this traffic by Dr. Livingstone and his celebrated father-in-law, Dr. Moffat, has resulted in a complete stoppage of this iniquitous traffic; but it was not effected until many missionaries were driven from their settlements by the Boers, who very naturally objected to their teaching the natives that all men were equal in the sight of God. As we shall see further on, Dr. Livingstone suffered at their hands; but as he, in addition to being a missionary, was also a great explorer and discoverer of hitherto untrodden regions in the far interior, his denunciations had an effect in high quarters which those of a mere preacher of the Gospel to the heathen would not have had, and the local Government put a stop to the detestable practice. As in every other quarter of Africa where it exists, slavery was at the root of all the wars and bloodshed which made it so difficult and dangerous for white men, whatever their object, to penetrate into the interior.

Previous to Dr. Livingstone's arrival in Africa, Dr. Moffat and a devoted band of labourers had been working zealously and successfully among the Hottentot, Bushmen, and Bechuana tribes; and the former had made frequent journeys to the north, and had reached points further to the northward than any of his predecessors and contemporaries.

After Livingstone, he is the most notable figure in African Missionary enterprise, and has spent upwards of fifty years of his life in evangelistic labours in South Africa, displaying a courage and a devotedness truly apostolic. When in his prime he was a man of commanding exterior. Upwards of six feet in height, possessed of physical power and endurance above the ordinary, and having a singular faculty of adapting himself to circumstances whatever their nature, he gained a great ascendancy over the chiefs of the interior and their followers. The noble old man, although over eighty years of age, is still alive, and was the most notable figure among those who stood by the grave of his great son-in-law in Westminster Abbey.

The mode of travelling in and around the Kalahari Desert and the districts to the south is on horseback, or in waggons drawn by oxen. These waggons are heavy lumbering wooden structures, on broad wheels, to enable them to pass easily over the stretches of loose sandy soil which are of frequent occurrence at a distance from the few rivers and streams which intersect the country. These waggons are drawn by oxen—a team, or span, consisting of from four to twelve oxen, according to the weight of the baggage carried. To the north of the Kuruman River, the travellers must carry their food, water, and bedding, and encamp for the night in the open air, unless when they can lodge with a friendly tribe. In the most favourable seasons the country to the north of Cape Colony is very scantily supplied with water, and in a period of drought the suffering from want of water on the part of the natives is very great. As all the animals on which they depend for food migrate during the continuance of a drought, the suffering of the people is greatly intensified, and many tribes move their quarters in search of a land more fortunately situated.

Many Hottentots, Bushmen, and Kaffres reside throughout the colony. Several tribes of pure Hottentots are found

in a savage state to the north-west of the Colony. The Bechuana tribes and the Bushmen occupy the country to the north, and in the east the Kaffre tribes hold sway.

The Bushmen have never shewn any aptitude for agriculture. They have an instinctive passion for freedom which nothing can subdue, and in order to preserve their independence they have scattered themselves over the interior, and are generally found in regions where the impossibility of carrying on agricultural operations and the scarcity of water render it impossible that the Bechuanas or Hottentots can interfere with them. They are smaller than any of the other purely African races, and appear to be identical with the Pygmies spoken of in the classics, and recently found by Du Chaillu in the Ashango country to the west of the tropics, and by Dr. Schweinfurth in Central Africa. In their habits they approach the Gipsies of modern Europe, and seldom settle in a district for any length of time. Their huts are of the most primitive description, so that they can move their quarters at a moment's notice. Many of them are kept in a species of slavery by other native tribes, but they embrace the earliest opportunity of flying to the wilderness.

Their arms consist of the bow and arrow, a spear, and a kind of club with a round knob at the end called a *kerri*. Their arrows are tipped with a mixture of vegetable and serpent poisons, and a wound from a poisoned arrow is usually of so deadly a character that the other tribes of South Africa look upon an encounter with the Bushmen with dread. They hunt the wild animals of the country, and either shoot them with poisoned arrows or catch them in pit-falls. With their spears, which they use with great dexterity, they also kill the fish in the rivers.

Besides killing fish with the spear, they have other methods of ensnaring them. They make baskets of the twigs of trees and rushes, not unlike the eel baskets used in

our home rivers, and use them in the same manner. If they expect a flood they make upon the strand, while the water is low, a large hole, and surround it with a wall of stone with an opening up stream. After the flood has subsided they find a number of fish in the excavation which have been unable to pass out. They watch the ostriches from the heights, and finding out where their eggs are, secure them, and having eaten the contents, preserve the shells to hold water, which they bury in the earth to preserve it against a season of scarcity. In common with many other African tribes they shew great cunning in hunting the ostrich itself, and get near enough to wound them with a poisoned arrow by adopting the following stratagem thus described by Dr. Moffat :—

“ A kind of flat double cushion is stuffed with straw, and formed something like a saddle. All except the under part of this is covered over with feathers, attached to small pegs, and made so as to resemble the bird. The neck and head of an ostrich are stuffed, and a small rod introduced. The Bushman intending to attack game whitens his legs with any substance he can procure. He places the feathered saddle on his shoulders, takes the bottom part of the neck in his right hand, and his bow and poisoned arrows in his left. Such as the writer has seen were the most perfect mimics of the ostrich, and at a few hundred yards distance it is not possible for the human eye to detect the fraud. This human bird appears to peck away at the verdure, turning the head as if keeping a sharp look-out, shakes his feathers, now walks and then trots, till he gets within bow shot ; and when the flock runs from receiving the arrow, he runs too. The male ostriches will, on some occasions, give chase to the stranger bird, when he tries to elude them in a way to prevent them catching his scent ; for when once they do, the spell is broken. Should one happen to get too near in his pursuit, he has only to run to windward, or throw off his

saddle, to avoid a stroke from a wing, which would lay him prostrate." The same stratagem which enables them to approach the ostrich enables them to get within reach of a herd of antelopes, or any other animals whose flesh they eat.

They collect locusts, when a swarm of these insects overrun the country, by digging a trench, into which they collect in heaps. These they eat, after preparing them in a hasty manner. They also gather and eat large quantities of a species of white ant, which burrows in the ground, and is found in large quantities. Several bulbous plants supply them with food, and as they contain a large amount of juice, make up for the scarcity of water in desert places, as we shall see when we accompany Dr. Livingstone to the Kalahari Desert; but these and all other kinds of food are only used by the Bushmen and other African tribes when they cannot get flesh meat. Almost all South African animals, both herbivorous and carnivorous, and birds eat locusts.

Speaking of the Bushmen, Dr. Moffat says:—

"As a whole they are not swarthy or black, but rather of a sallow colour, and in some cases so light that a tinge of red in the cheek is perceptible. They are generally smaller in stature than their neighbours of the interior; their visage and form is very distinct, and in general the top of the head broad and flat; their faces tapering to the chin, with high cheek bones, flat noses, and large lips. Since the writer has had opportunities of seeing men, women, and children from China, he feels strongly inclined to think with Barrow, that they approach nearest in colour and in the construction of their features to that people than to any other nation." Among the Bechuanas the Bushmen are kept in a kind of vassalage, and are called Balala. "These Balalas," Dr. Moffat says, "were once inhabitants of the towns, and have been permitted or appointed to live in country places for the purpose of procuring skins of wild animals, wild honey,



and roots, for their respective chiefs. The number of these country residents was increased by the innate love of liberty and the scarcity of food in towns, or the boundaries to which they were confined by water and pasture. These again formed themselves into small communities, though of the most temporary character, their calling requiring migration, having no cattle of any description. Accustomed from infancy to the sweets of comparative liberty, which they vastly preferred to a kind of vassalage in the towns or kraals, they would make any sacrifice to please their often distant superiors rather than be confined to the irksomeness of a town life. Such is their aversion, that I have known chiefs take armed men, and travel a hundred miles into desert places, in order to bring back Balala, whom they wished to assist them in watching and harvesting the gardens of their wives. . . . They live a hungry life, being dependent on the chase, wild roots, berries, locusts, and indeed anything eatable that comes within their reach; and when they have a more than usual supply they will bury it in the earth from their superiors, who are in the habit of taking what they please." . . . Their servile state, their scanty clothing, their exposure to the inclemency of the weather, and their extreme poverty, have, as may be easily conceived, a deteriorating influence on their character and condition. They are generally less in stature, and though not deficient in intellect, the life they lead gives a melancholy cast to their features, and from constant intercourse with beasts of prey and serpents in the path, as well as exposure to harsh treatment, they appear shy, and have a wild and frequently suspicious look. Nor can this be wondered at, when it is remembered that they associate with savage beasts—from the lion that roams abroad by night and day to the deadly serpent which infests their path, keeping them always on the alert during their perambulations.

When they build huts, they are, as we have already said, of the most primitive description ; but frequently they have no claim to such an appellation. Lichtenstein, a very careful observer, gives a very graphic account of their temporary abodes ; although it is but right to say that the Bushmen, since the time of his writing, have benefited in this and many other respects from their more frequent intercourse with the Europeans and more cultivated tribes. He says :—

“He (the Bushman) is fond of taking up his abode for the night in caverns among the mountains, or clefts in the rocks ; in the plain he makes himself a hole in the ground, or gets into the midst of a bush, when, bending the boughs around him, they are made to serve as a shelter against the weather, against an enemy, or against wild beasts. . . . It is this custom which has given rise to the name by which these savages are known. The holes in the ground above mentioned, which sometimes serve these people as beds, are only a few inches deep, of a longish round form, and even when they have to serve for a whole family, not more than five or six feet wide. It is incredible how they manage to pack together in so small a space perhaps two grown persons and several children ; each is wrapped in a single sheep-skin, in which they contrive to roll themselves up in such a manner, round like a ball, that air is all but entirely kept from them. In very cold nights they heap up twigs and earth on the windward side of the hole ; but against rain they have no other shelter than the sheep-skin. In the hot season of the year they are fond of lying in the beds of the rivers, under the shade of the mimosas trees, the branches of which they draw down to screen themselves from the sun and wind.”

Dr. Schweinfurth, in his work, “*The Heart of Africa*,” points out the remarkable similarity between the Akka, a tribe of dwarfs in Central Africa, who are found about four



hundred miles to the north of the furthest point to which Livingstone followed the Lualaba. He says:—

“Scarcely a doubt can exist but that all these people, like the Bushmen of South Africa, may be considered as the scattered remains of an aboriginal population now becoming extinct; and their isolated and sporadic existence bear out the hypothesis. For centuries after centuries Africa has been experiencing the effects of many emigrations; for thousands of years one nation has been driving out another, and, as the result of repeated subjugations and interminglings of race with race, such manifold changes have been introduced into the conditions of existence, that the succession of new phases, like the development in the world of plants, appears almost, as it were, to open a glimpse into the infinite.

“Incidentally I have just referred to the Bushmen, those notorious natives of the South African forests, who owe their name to the likeness which the Dutch colonists conceived they bore to the ape as the prototype of the human race. I may further remark that their resemblance to the equatorial Pygmies is in many points very striking. Gustav Fritsch, the author of a standard work upon the natives of South Africa, first drew my attention to the marked similarity between my portraits of the Akka and the general type of the Bushmen, and so satisfied did I become in my own mind that I feel quite justified (in my observations upon the Akka) in endeavouring to prove that all the tribes of Africa, whose proper characteristic is an abnormally low stature, belong to one and the self-same race.” In another place he says: “The only traveller, I believe, before myself that has come into contact with any section of this race is Du Chaillu, who, in the territory of Ashango, discovered a wandering tribe of hunters called Obongo, and took the measurements of a number of them. He describes these Obongo as being ‘not ill shaped,’ and as having skins of

a pale yellow brown, somewhat lighter than their neighbours."

From the days of Herodotus downwards traditions of a dwarfish race of human beings in Central Africa have existed, and the explorations of Dr. Livingstone and others are only now teaching us how thoroughly Africa was known to the ancient Greeks. We are in short only re-discovering countries and peoples which had been previously discovered, and had sunk into oblivion with the great people who had wrested their knowledge of them from the inhospitable regions of equatorial Africa, where pestilence and savage men and animals have again preserved them from the knowledge of civilised nations for many centuries.

In speaking of the Hottentots, we usually associate with the name the natives who are found within the boundaries of Cape Colony, and are employed by the Europeans in agricultural and other pursuits. These have lost many of the characteristics of savage life, and have picked up not a few civilised accomplishments, which can hardly be said to be an improvement on the native habits they have abandoned. For several generations they were actually slaves, and even up to a recent period they were slaves in all but the name. Their language, when they have forgotten or neglected the language of their fathers, is a broken English or Dutch, hardly so intelligible to the stranger as the broken English of the American nigger. They are a tall, strong, and hardy race, and make good soldiers, and have done signal service in assisting our troops in putting down the numberless risings of the bold and warlike Kaffres.

The discipline and confinement of a military life at the depôts prove very irksome to these sons of the wilderness, but during a campaign they have, with very few exceptions, proved themselves excellent soldiers. The complexion of the Hottentot is not so dark as that of the native Africans of the West and many of the tribes of Southern and Central

Africa, nor have they the same round full faces. The nose is very much depressed, so that the mouth and lips project in many cases beyond it; the cheek bones are high, and the comparatively full brow gives token of considerable intelligence. The hair is hard and dark, and when not worn long, resembles tufts of black wool. The eyes are small and usually black, the part surrounding the ball being a yellowish white. The huts or dwelling-houses of the Hottentots within the Colony are greatly superior to those in use by the Hottentots and other native tribes beyond the Colony, and are built in imitation of the houses of Europeans, although they are of much less solid construction. Their innate love of freedom leads them to prefer living in the country, although of late years many of them have settled in the towns, where they are employed in all kinds of manual labour. They are orderly members of the community, unless when they indulge in ardent spirits, when they become noisy and unruly. A very large number of them have become Christians, and give their children an elementary education. Much of this is due to the missionaries specially sent out to them, and to the resident clergymen who minister to the European population. In their gardens they cultivate vegetables of various kinds. The women attend to the gardens and save a little money by working at times for the farmers, and by weaving mats made from a kind of sedge found in the rivers and streams. Their clothing is, for the most part, of English manufacture, and frequently displays those vagaries in colour which delight the eye of the savage all over the world.

The Kaffres are allied to the Bechuana tribes. They are a bold and warlike race, and having been dispossessed of portions of their land by the colonists, they for many years kept up a state of war which the whole force of the Government could hardly bring to a termination. When hard pressed they retreated to their mountain fastnesses, to issue

forth on the next favourable opportunity, carrying ruin and desolation to many a homestead and township. They are fuller in the face and darker in colour than the Hottentots; the beard larger, and they are much stronger and more finely formed. Like the Bechuanas, to whom they are allied, they practice circumcision, but appear to be unable to account for the origin of this practice. Their wealth consists chiefly in cattle. Their huts are circular in shape, and are formed of brushwood and grass. The land is the property of the whole tribe, and they shift from place to place as inclination or necessity may suggest. The tribe is split up into subdivisions, each under a separate chief, and they are often in a state of warfare with one another. Their principal grain is the Indian millet. Their arms are principally the lance, which they use with great dexterity, and a small battle-axe. A kind of club called the *kerri* is used, principally to turn aside the lance of an enemy, for which purpose they also use a shield made of hardened ox-hide. The *kerri* is used as a weapon of offence when they come to close quarters. Writing nearly seventy years ago, when the Kaffres were a terror to the European settlers in Cape Colony, Lichtenstein says: "What makes the neighbourhood of these savages extremely irksome is, that in peace they expect a sort of tribute what in war they seize by force. They often come in large bodies, and will stay several days, and even weeks, scarcely thinking themselves obliged, even although they are entertained all the time without cost; and this the inhabitants do, to obviate, if possible, any cause of quarrel with them. Many times, in making peace, endeavours have been made to establish a fixed boundary, which neither side shall pass without express permission from the chiefs of the country, but to this they would never consent, asserting that there was no use in being at peace if people could not make visits to their friends to inquire after their welfare. Their importunity, their number, and the fear of quarrelling with

them, since they are very ready to catch at any pretence for a quarrel, commonly secure them good entertainment."

Lichtenstein was visited by a party of Kaffres, who treated him to "a pantomimic representation of their mode of fighting, ranging themselves in two rows, and shewing me, by the most rapid and powerful movements of the body, how they throw the weapon (the lance) at the enemy. They also imitated their manner of avoiding the weapons of their opponent, which consisted in changing their places at every moment, springing hither and thither with loud cries, throwing themselves at one instant on the ground, and then rising with astonishing velocity to take their aim anew. The activity and readiness of their motions, the variety and rapid changes of attitude in these fine, athletic, naked warriors, made this sight as pleasing as it was interesting, on account of its novelty. . . . Soon it began to rain hard, so we invited our visitors into the house, where they entertained themselves till late in the evening with a dance after their fashion; this was as stiff and disagreeable as their activity and dexterity in the use of their arms had been otherwise. The men first came forward in a row, with folded arms, stamping with a number of strange disagreeable motions of the head, shoulders, and body, while the women, with the most hideous grimaces, moved slowly round the men, one after the other. Then they sing or rather howl a strange melody, which cannot be pleasing throughout to a European's ear, and which could not be performed upon any of our instruments, because their intervals stand in a very different relation one to another than ours. Yet they imitate these intervals and the melody of these songs upon their imperfect instruments very true. One of the women employed herself in making baskets of rushes, such as are mentioned by Sparman, thick enough to hold milk. The work is uncommonly neat, and does great honour to the inventor; but the mode



in which it is done could not be described without great prolixity."

The agriculture of the Kaffres and the Bechuana and other tribes of South Africa was originally of a most primitive description. To the north, where game was abundant, it was very much neglected. Their corn is known as the Indian millet or Guinea corn, and is called Kaffre corn by the colonists. The grain grows in a large bunch at the top of the stalk, differing from Indian corn, the grain of which forms a large cylindrical ear. Among the Bechuanas it is known as *mabbeli*. The stalk, when the plant is not over ripe, is very juicy and refreshing, and is frequently chewed by the natives, especially when water is scarce.

The grain is mostly eaten after boiling in water ; and it is sometimes pounded into a thick pulp with milk after boiling, and left until it becomes sour and solidifies, when it is called Bukoli or bread.

A small species of kidney bean is cultivated in considerable quantities. The stalk grows to a height of from two to three feet, and the seed is smaller than our garden bean. Water melons and bulbous plants of various kinds, as we shall see further on, form no inconsiderable portion of the diet of the natives to the south of the river Zouga, and in periods of drought, when the animals leave the country in search of water, these, together with locusts, frogs, snakes, and almost any kind of animal they can surprise and kill, form their only food. Several of the bulbous plants, a kind of pumpkin and the calabash gourd, are cultivated in their gardens. Various wild berry-producing plants, roots, and fruit trees, form no unimportant addition to their food when in season.

The natives are all hunters, and they sometimes organise a *battue* on a large scale. Several hundred natives, armed with spears and as many muskets as they can muster, silently surround a herd of antelopes, zebras, and quaggas.

Advancing slowly and silently they drive the game inwards, the human cordon gradually thickening as they close in, until the startled herd find themselves surrounded by a living wall of yelling savages. In their frantic efforts to break through they are speared in great numbers. After a gorge on the half-cooked flesh, they cut the flesh into strips and hang it on the branches of trees and shrubs to dry it for preservation.

They frequently form a couple of long fences of shrubs, commencing wide apart and converging at a point, where pit-falls have been dug, and carefully covered over with grass and shrubs; in these pit-falls they fix sharp pointed stakes, on which the animals impale themselves. Sometimes animals enter this enclosure voluntarily, and at other times they are driven into it, when in pressing to get out at the narrow end they fall into the pits in great numbers, and are speedily despatched with lances.

The breeding of cattle and the cultivation of the soil have made rapid strides of late years among the Kaffres and Bechuanas. Following the example set by the missionaries and settlers, large tracts of ground are made fruitful by a simple system of irrigation in the neighbourhood of streams and springs of water. In this way a plentiful crop of grain, potatoes, and other vegetables, and various kinds of fruit are grown in considerable quantities; but an unusually dry season, which turns the springs and streams into hollows of burning sand, puts an end for the time to all resources, natural and artificial, and a season of great suffering ensues, in which many of their cattle die or are slain for want of food, and many of the natives, especially the young and old of both sexes, die for want of the necessaries of life. In time they will no doubt learn to provide for these seasons of scarcity, but their careless and improvident habits are difficult to eradicate.

In the foregoing sketch of the three leading races of



mankind native to South Africa, we have been anxious to present them as they were when Dr. Livingstone began his labours amongst them. The people he visited and lived amongst for the first ten years of his life in Africa were all, with the exception of the Bushmen and Hottentots, more or less of the same kindred as the Kaffres, and speaking a language of the same character, if not always identical. The manners and customs of tribes distinct from these will fall to be treated of as we proceed in our narrative. Since 1840 the relations of the white population to the natives who live amongst them, and who occupy the country bordering on the territory, have greatly changed for the better. Slowly but surely civilisation is improving the black man, and increasing the number of his resources, and consequently the comforts of his life. Wise legislation, missionary enterprise, and the frequent visits paid to the country by European sportsmen, have all borne their share in this elevating process. But of all the agencies which have been at work for the improvement of the savage people of Africa, none have had so powerful and so immediate an effect for good as the single-handed labours of David Livingstone.



### CHAPTER III.

DR. LIVINGSTONE ARRIVES AT KURUMAN—MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES—LETTERS AND REPORTS—ADVENTURE WITH A LION — MARRIAGE — THE BAKWAINS ATTACKED BY THE BOERS.



REGULARLY ordained worker in the Christian field, and a well instructed doctor and surgeon, with an enthusiastic love for the work he was engaged in, after a brief stay at the Cape Dr. Livingstone proceeded, in accordance with the instructions he had received from the missionary society, to Kuruman, with the view of establishing a mission station still further to the north where ground had not then been broken.

The calling of a missionary in South Africa in these days was one that offered no reward save that which follows the doing good to one's fellow-creatures. Under the best of circumstances life among the savages was, and is, of the most comfortless description. For a large proportion of the time so spent the missionary must suffer from hunger and from thirst, from the inclemency of the weather, and the total want of congenial society. Dangers to life and limb from savage beasts and equally savage men are all but constant; and to crown all, the good work, the reward of so much suffering and self-denial, proceeds but slowly, and not unfrequently days, weeks, and months pass without a sign that the seed sown with such anxiety has taken root in the heart of a single human being. The annals of missionary effort among the savage tribes of South Africa, up to the date of entering upon his career, were filled with a superabundance of unpromising experiences, terminating in many

instances in disappointment and in an early death. True, during the previous twenty years Robert Moffat and several others had begun to reap, in some small degree, the fruits of the incessant toil and effort of years ; but there was little which they had to tell which could be tempting to the young enthusiast who thought only of merely worldly distinction.

Tools, household utensils, and even the meat out of the pot were stolen, and the cattle driven away, and possibly one of them killed and eaten. Slowly but surely the devoted missionaries made their way to the hearts and better natures of the natives until their trials and difficulties would become less and less, and then finally disappear ; but the above is no over-drawn picture of missionary experience for the first few months of residence with a native tribe. All this and much more would be well known to David Livingstone long before he set foot in Africa or penetrated into the interior from Kuruman.

At Kuruman and neighbourhood he found Moffat and his coadjutors hard at work, and remained with them a few months familiarising himself with their mode of operations, visiting and making himself acquainted with the Bechuana people, their manners and customs, language and country, with a view to settling amongst them, the chief of one of the Bechuana tribes being favourable to his projects.

In his second preparatory excursion into the Bechuana country he settled for six months at a place called Lepelole, and with characteristic thoroughness of purpose completely isolated himself from European society in order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the language. Deeming that this was to be the scene and centre of his future labours, he commenced his preparations for a settlement among the Bakwains, as that section of the Bechuana people who inhabited the district round Lepelole was named. When these arrangements were almost completed, he made a

journey, principally on foot, to the north, and penetrated within ten days' journey of the lower part of the river Zouga ; and if discovery had been his object, he might even then have discovered Lake Ngami. At this time the great traveller's slim appearance gave little token of the hardy physique which was to enable him afterwards to undergo months and years of toilsome journeyings in regions never before visited by civilised man ; but this trial trip proved the pluck and stamina which were to stand him in so good stead in many undertakings of much greater magnitude, and gave him a gratifying notion of his power of overcoming difficulties of a novel and trying character.

Livingstone's letters and reports, which he sent home to the London Missionary Society at this and future times giving particulars of his labours and adventures, are full of never-ending interest, and are in themselves the best account of his work that can be written. At a very early stage of his career Livingstone had discovered that he could serve the people of Africa best by opening up the country, and securing the interest of people of all ranks and classes in their condition and circumstances. As a mere missionary accredited to a certain specified district, his labours, however successful, could only be known to a limited number of people. As a missionary explorer, his discoveries and adventures would attract the attention of the entire intelligent community, not only in his own country, but throughout the civilised world, and result in a service rendered to the savage people of Africa which the united labours of half a hundred missionaries could not accomplish. In a letter to his brother John, written in December 1873 from the neighbourhood of Lake Bangweolo, he says :—

“If the good Lord above gives me strength and influence to complete the task, I shall not grudge my hunger and toil ; above all, if He permits me to put a stop to the enormous evils of this inland slave trade, I shall bless His

name with all my heart. The Nile sources are valuable to me only as a means of enabling me to open my mouth among men. It is this power I hope to apply to remedy an enormous evil, and join my little helping hand in the great revolution that, in His all-embracing providence, He has been carrying on for ages."

Fortunately for the public, and also for a good many of the readers of the London Society's Missionary reports, Livingstone's accounts of his discoveries in Central Africa were handed over by the secretary to the Geographical Society, and they were published in its journals. The notion that Livingstone had proved unfaithful to his calling as a missionary when he started upon his career as an explorer is held by many otherwise good and sensible people even now. The extract from the letter to his brother which we have given above puts the matter in its proper light. He knew that the great ones of the earth would become interested in new peoples living in novel conditions in hitherto unexplored territory, who could not be got to feel any great interest in savage tribes living on the outskirts of civilisation.

The following is Livingstone's report to the London Missionary Society, published in 1843, after his second tour among the tribes to the north of Kuruman:—

"The population is sunk in the very lowest state both of mental and moral degradation: it would be difficult, if not impossible, for Christians at home to realise anything like an accurate notion of the grossness of that darkness which shrouds their minds. I could not ascertain that they had the least idea of a future state; and though they have some notions which seem to be connected with a belief in its existence, I have not met one who could put the necessary links together in the chain of reasoning so as to become possessed of the definite idea. In some countries the light which the Gospel once shed has gone out, and darkness has

succeeded. But though eighteen centuries have elapsed since life and immortality were brought to light, there is no certainty that these dark regions were ever before visited for the purpose of making known the light and liberty and peace of the glorious Gospel. It would seem that the myriads who have peopled these regions have always passed away into darkness, and no ray from heaven ever beamed on their path. And with whom does the guilt rest, if not with us who compose the church militant on earth? My mind is filled with sadness when I contemplate the prospects of these large masses of immortal beings. I see no hope for them except in native agents. The more I see of the country, its large extent of surface, with its scattered population, and each tribe separated by a formidable distance from almost every other, the more convinced I feel that it will be impossible, if not impolitic, for the Church to supply them all with Europeans. Native Christians can make known the way of life: there are some in connection both with the churches at Kuruman and Griqua Town who have done it effectually. Others, too, are rising up who will soon be capable of teaching; and if their energies are not brought into operation by taking up the field now open before us, I do not see where the benevolent spirit springing up among the converts of the two Missions is to find an outlet."

It was in this year (1844) that he was married to a daughter of Robert Moffat,—one who proved herself a help-mate indeed, and in all the difficulties and hardships of their wonderful travels shewed herself worthy of her distinguished sire.

As a result of the foregoing journey, Livingstone determined on commencing missionary operations among the Bakhatla tribe. The character and condition of this tribe are thus described by Livingstone:—

"The Bakhatla are at present busily engaged removing from their former location to the spot on which we reside



(Mabotsa), and it is cheering to observe that the subordinate chiefs have, with one exception, chosen sites for their villages conveniently near to that on which we propose to erect the permanent premises. We purpose to build a house to serve as school and meeting-house, and when that is done, we hope our efforts to impart a knowledge of saving truth will assume a more regular form than at present.

"I visited the Bakhatla frequently before the establishment of the mission, but it was not until my fifth visit that sufficient confidence was inspired to draw forth a cordial invitation for me to settle among them; this is the only good I can yet ascertain as affected by my itinerancies to them. The reason seems to be that too long a period has intervened between each journey to produce any lasting impression. And this is not to be wondered at, for nothing can exceed the grovelling earthliness of their minds. They seem to have fallen as low in the scale of existence as human nature can. At some remote period their ancestors appear to have been addicted to animal worship, for each tribe is called after some animal. By it they swear, and in general they neither kill nor eat it, alleging as a cause that the animal is the friend of their tribe. Thus the word Batlapi, literally translated, is '*they of the fish*;' Bakwain, '*they of the crocodile*;' Bakhatla, '*they of the monkey*,' &c.

"But if the conjecture is not wrong, they have degenerated from even that impure form of worship, and the wisest among them have now no knowledge of it, but suppose that some of their ancestors must have been called by these names. They have reached the extreme of degradation. When we compare the Bakhatla with the inhabitants round Lattakoo, the latter appear quite civilised; and their present state of partial enlightenment shews that the introduction of the Gospel into a country has a mighty influence even over those by whom it is either not known or rejected. I am not now to be understood as speaking of the converts,

nor of the new phases of character the transforming power of the Gospel has developed among them, but I allude to the unconverted, and to those other than saving influences of Christianity which so materially modify the social system at home. On many these influences have operated for years; and they have not operated in vain. Hence the mass of the population in the Kuruman district are not now in that state the Gospel found them, and in which the poor Bakhatla now are. There the existence of Deity is tacitly admitted by nearly all; those who form the exceptions to this rule denying it rather on account of attachment to their lusts than in sober seriousness: and I believe the number is but small who have not the idea floating in their minds that this life is but the beginning of our existence and death, but one event in a life which is everlasting.

“But the Bakhatla have no thoughts on the subject; their mind is darkness itself, and no influences have ever operated on it but those which must leave it supremely selfish. It is only now that Christians have begun to endeavour to stop the stream which has swept them generation after generation into darkness. And oh, ‘may the Holy Spirit aid our endeavours, for without His mighty power all human efforts will be but labour in vain.’ That power excited over Bechuanas—raising them from the extreme of degradation and transforming them into worshippers of the living God—constitutes the wonder and *the* cause for gratitude in the Bechuana Mission.”

It was while stationed at Mabotsa that he had an extraordinary adventure with a lion, which, from the singular nature of his experiences, merits insertion here. Several lions had been carrying destruction among the cattle of the natives, and Livingstone went with the people to assist in the extermination of the marauders. The lions were traced to a small wooded hill, which the people surrounded, and proceeded to beat through the underwood,

with the view of driving the prey into a position where the shooters could see and fire at them. Livingstone having fired at one of the animals, was in the act of reloading, when he heard a shout of warning from the people near.

"Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height. He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora ; and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe (a native schoolmaster), who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels ; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man whose hip I had cured before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe ; he left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received began to take effect, and he fell down dead. . . . Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds in my arm." The broken and splintered bones were very imperfectly attended to, as Dr. Livingstone had

to act as his own surgeon, and the arm ever afterwards was of comparatively little service to him.

Livingstone shrank from inquirers who were anxious to have minute details as to the perils he had gone through ; not that he really made light of them, but he had a horror of sensationalism, and avoided every temptation to enlarge upon difficulties which were inevitable at the time of their occurrence. "In connection with the above incident," says a writer in the "British Quarterly Review" for April 1874, "we well remember how, when on a visit to England, he was eagerly questioned by a group of sympathetic friends as to what he was thinking of when in the lion's grasp, and how he quietly answered that he was thinking, with a feeling of disinterested curiosity, which part of him the brute would eat first."

In 1846 Livingstone removed to Chonuané, about forty or fifty miles N.E. of Mabotsa, the residence of Sechele, the chief of a numerous tribe of Bakwain. He was a remarkable man, as had also been his father and grandfather before him ; the latter was a great traveller, and was the first to tell his people of the existence of a race of white men.

The first time Livingstone held a public religious service, Sechele listened with much attention ; and on receiving permission to ask questions regarding what he had heard, inquired if Livingstone's forefathers knew of a future judgment. On receiving an affirmative answer, and a description of the great white throne, and Him who shall sit on it, before whose face the heaven and earth shall flee away, &c., he said, "You startle me ; these words make all my bones to shake ; I have no more strength in me. But my forefathers were living at the same time yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner ? They all passed away into darkness, without knowing whither they were going." Questions like some

frequently asked by children of their elders, more easily sympathised with than answered.

So eager was Sechele to learn to read that he acquired a knowledge of the alphabet on the first day of Livingstone's residence at Chounane. Mr. Osweil, a gentleman of independent fortune travelling in the country, from a love of sport and adventure, and a desire to extend the geographical knowledge of South Africa—who afterwards joined Livingstone in his expedition to Lake Ngami—taught him arithmetic. After he was able to read, nothing gave him greater pleasure than the getting Livingstone to listen to his reading of the Bible. Isaiah was his favourite book; and he would frequently say, "He was a fine man, Isaiah; he knew how to speak." Sympathising with the difficulties encountered in converting his people, he offered to convert them in a body, and could hardly be made to understand Livingstone's objection to making Christians in a wholesale manner through the agency of whips made of rhinoceros hide.

In the Missionary Report for 1849 there appears the following interesting communication from Livingstone relative to the conversion of Sechele and its consequences:—"In addition to other effects produced by the Gospel among the Bakwains, circumstances have also developed considerable opposition; but it has been of a kind which has tended to encourage rather than depress, inasmuch as our most bitter opponents seem to entertain no personal animosity towards us, and never allude to their enmity to the Gospel in our presence, unless specially invited to state the grounds on which it rests. An event which has excited more open hostility than any other that has occurred was the profession of faith and subsequent reception of the chief into church-fellowship. As the circumstances which led us to receive his confession as genuine are somewhat peculiar, I will briefly mention them, in order to shew the propriety of the step which we have taken.



“Sechele, though generally intelligent, had imbibed to a great extent the prevailing superstitions of his country, and in addition to his being the chief rain-doctor of the tribe, there is evidence to shew that he was reckless of human life. He had the reputation among other tribes of being addicted to witchcraft, but he himself thought it highly meritorious to put all suspected witches to death.

“From the first day of our residence with the Bakwains to the present time the chief attended school and all our services with unvaried regularity. The first indication of deep feeling I observed in him was when, sitting together one day under our waggon, during the heat of noon, I endeavoured to describe the ‘great white throne,’ and ‘the judgment seat,’ as mentioned in the Book of Revelation. He said, ‘These words shake all my bones—my strength is gone;’ and when I spoke of the existence of our Lord, previous to his appearance among men, and of His Divine nature, Sechele was greatly surprised. Often, during the three years we have spent with this tribe, we have witnessed the power of the Word of God in elevating the mind and stimulating its affections; and so with the chief. As his knowledge increased, he grew bold in the faith, professed among his people his own firm belief in the truths of Christ, and expressed great thankfulness that the Gospel was sent to him while so many remained in darkness. The greatest sacrifice he had to make was the renunciation of polygamy. In respect to all other sins, the people generally had conceived an idea of their sinfulness, but they never imagined that in this practice there was any degree of moral turpitude. The superfluous wives of Sechele were decidedly the most amiable females of the town, and our best scholars; and hoping that their souls might also be given to us, we felt that it was not our duty otherwise to press the point in question than by publicly declaring the whole counsel of God. Shortly after, the chief sent two of them back to



their parents, with this message, that he could no longer retain them, as the Word of God had come between them and their daughters. With this we observed a gradual change in his disposition, and a steady improvement in his character; and as he also professed an earnest desire to observe the laws of Jesus, we felt no hesitation in receiving him to the fellowship of the church.

"A third wife was taken to her own tribe because she had no relatives among the Bakwains, and she left us with many tears. A fourth, although in the same situation, we thought might remain, because she has a little daughter. Each of the wives carried away all that belonged to her, and the chief supplied each of them with new clothing previous to their departure. As soon as it was known that he had renounced his wives on account of the Gospel, a general consternation seized both old and young—the town was as quiet as if it had been Sunday—not a single woman was seen going to her garden—*pichos* (or councils) were held during the night in order to intimidate him from his purpose; but after seeing him tried in various ways for a period of two months, we proceeded to administer to him the ordinance of baptism. Many of the spectators were in tears, but these were in general only tears of sorrow for the loss of their rain-maker, or the severance of ties of relationship. We commend this new disciple to your prayerful sympathies; and to the great God, our Saviour Jesus Christ, through the power of whose spirit alone we hope for success, be the undivided glory of his salvation!"

The drought which afflicted the country shortly after Livingstone settled among the people—and after they had removed to the Kolobeng, a stream forty miles distant from the previous settlement, where an experiment in irrigation, under the direction of Livingstone, was tried with much success for a time, until the parent stream became dried up—was popularly believed to be the result of the evil

influence of the missionaries over the minds of the chief, the more especially as he had previously been a believer in *rain-making*, and had a high reputation among his people as a *rain-doctor*. After his conversion and baptism, he forswore the medicines and incantations with which he had previously charmed the rain-clouds to descend upon the land; and as this was attributed to Livingstone's influence, and the people were starving for want of food and water for months, it proved a great hindrance to the good work amongst them.

The *Rain-maker* is a most important official in savage countries where water is scarce, and periods of drought of frequent occurrence. When, after weeks or months of dry weather, the vegetation of the country is burned up and the fountains and streams turned into hollows, filled with loose sand, his influence is greater than that of the chief or king himself. So implicit is their belief in the power of this functionary that they will do anything at his bidding. If the rain fails to come at his bidding, as in the case of the witch-woman of our English rural districts, sacrifices, material or otherwise, are made at his suggestion to propitiate the mysterious power who controls the rain. Sometimes he will cause them to drag the bodies of the dead into the bush, and leave them to the hyenas instead of burying them. At other times he will demand the heart of a lion or a live baboon, or set them some like feat, the accomplishment of which will take time, trusting that in the interval the much coveted rain may come and save his credit. A common demand is for sheep and goats to kill, when endless methods have been tried, and the heavens "still remain as brass." The ignorant savages frequently slay the wretched imposter for his failure to make good his pretensions.

Notwithstanding their dislike to the new religion, its preacher and expounder lived amongst them in the most perfect safety. He possessed the secret of ingratiating

himself with these savage Africans in a higher degree than was ever before known; and whether staying for a time among the various tribes, or passing through their territory, the respect in which he was almost invariably held is the most remarkable feature in his career. This noble, resolute, and God-fearing man went amongst them for their good, and that only, and interfered with nothing that did not lie directly in his path of duty. He was there to serve them and do them good, and they were quick in discovering this. He asked nothing from them, and at all times strove to make himself independent of them in the matter of his household wants. With his own hands he built his hut, tilled his garden, and dug his irrigating canals. The wild animals, needful for the food of his household, fell to his own gun; and the fruits of the earth were of his own gathering in. During all his years of labour in South Africa, his mission cost the inhabitants nothing, while they received much in higher ideas of justice and right, and in improved skill in husbandry and in the construction of their houses. Whatever were their feelings as to the religion he taught, the man himself was above the suspicion of evil, and went in and out amongst them a genuine representative to their minds of manliness, truth, and justice.

His noble wife was no less popular. Her training as the daughter of Robert Moffat made the trials of her life no sacrifice to her. In dealing with the women and children she was most valuable, and there cannot be a doubt that the fact of his being married, and living a happy and contented domestic life amongst them, had a great deal to do with the influence he possessed over the minds of the ignorant and superstitious Bakwains. As a blacksmith and a carpenter his skill was superior to theirs, and he never hesitated to doff his coat and give any of them the benefit of his labours when skill was required, wisely receiving some service which they could render him as a set-off. In this way a

feeling of mutual obligation and exchange of service was fostered and encouraged, in which no notion of charity had a part.

In speaking of their daily experience, he tells us that they rose about six o'clock. "After family worship and breakfast . . . we kept school—men, women, and children being all united. This lasted until eleven o'clock. The missionary's wife then partook herself to her domestic affairs, and the missionary engaged in some manual labour, as that of a smith, carpenter, or gardener. If he did jobs for the people, they worked for him in turn, and exchanged their unskilled labour for his skilled. Dinner and an hour's rest succeeded, when the wife attended her infant school, which the young liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied it with sewing-classes for the girls, which were equally well relished. During the day every operation must be superintended, and both husband and wife must labour till the sun declines. After sunset the husband went into the town to converse, either on general subjects or on religion. On three nights of the week we had a public religious service, as soon as the milking of the cows was over, and it had become dusk; and one of instruction on secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens." These services were diversified by attending upon the sick, and prescribing for them, giving food, and otherwise assisting the poor and wretched. The smallest acts of friendship, even an obliging word and civil look, are, as St. Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary armour. Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject be neglected when politeness may secure it. Their good work, in the aggregate, ensures a reputation which procures favour for the Gospel. Shew kindness to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness and they never can become your personal enemies; there, if anywhere, "love begets love." Almost everything they require had to

be manufactured by themselves. Bricks to build his house were made by himself, in moulds formed of planks sawn from trees which fell to his own axe. The abundant forest furnished plenty of materials for roofing, doors, windows, and lintels. The corn was ground into meal by his wife, and when made into dough was baked in an extempore oven constructed in an ant-hill, or in a covered frying-pan placed in the centre of a fire. A jar served as a churn for making butter. Candles were made in moulds from the tallow of various animals. Soap was made from the ashes of a plant called *salsola*, or from ordinary wood ashes. Shut out from all communication with civilisation, the toil and care demanded in supplying their every necessity did not appear a hardship. He says, "There is something of the feeling which must have animated Alexander Selkirk on seeing convenience spring up before him from his own ingenuity; and married life is all the sweeter when so many comforts emanate directly from the thrifty, striving housewife's hands."

The good done by continuous labour of this kind, undertaken in so noble and self-denying a spirit, is incalculable. If the grown-up men and women resisted his persuasions and held coldly aloof from his teaching of the Gospel, their respect for him induced them to permit their children to attend the various religious and secular classes taught by him and his devoted wife. The seed sown in these young minds before the superstitions of their elders had taken root, will in time bring forth an abundant reward for the earnest labour expended; while their general comfort will be greatly enhanced by the superior knowledge acquired from him in husbandry and other peaceful avocations.

In a new country just beyond the pale of civilisation, always advancing as law and order are extended, reckless and adventurous men, most of whom are fugitives from justice, establish themselves and prey upon the savage



tribes, who are unable to defend themselves from their cruelty and exactions. A band of such men, under the leadership of a Mr. Hendrick Potgeiter, had established themselves as far into the interior as the Cashan Mountains, on the borders of the Bechuana territory. At first they were warmly welcomed by the Bechuanas, because they had conquered and expelled a Kaffre chief who had exercised a cruel authority over the neighbouring tribes. Their joy was short-lived, as they found that the Boers, as Potgeiter and his followers, in common with all Dutch settlers and their descendants, are called, compelled them to do all their manual labour without fee or reward. These men looked with no favourable eye on the doings of Livingstone when they found that they could neither frighten nor coerce him. The teaching that all men were equal in the sight of God was most distasteful to men who lived upon the enforced labour—the slavery, in fact—of the tribes around them. When threats had no avail, they circulated reports that he had with him quantities of fire-arms, and that he was assisting the Bakwains to make war against their neighbours. As they could not intimidate Livingstone, they sent a threatening letter to Sechele, commanding him to surrender to the Dutch, and acknowledge himself their vassal, and stop English traders from proceeding into the interior. This last was the true bone of contention. Possessing a better knowledge of the value of skins, ivory, &c., than the Bechuanas, they wished to close the country against any traders but themselves.

Sechele, notwithstanding the risk he ran in quarrelling with them, sent them a bold and resolute reply:—

“I am an independent chief, placed here by God, not you. Other tribes you have conquered, but not me. The English are my friends. I get everything I wish from them. I cannot hinder them from going where they like.”

The Boers had broken up and sacked several mission



stations, and conquered the tribes which gave them shelter, carrying away men and women as slaves. But the friendly Bakwains escaped for a time, and they did not dare to attack them until Livingstone was absent on his first journey to Lake Ngami, when four hundred armed Boers attacked Sechele's town, and slaughtered a considerable number of adults, and carried away over two hundred children as captives. The Bakwains defended themselves bravely until nightfall, killing eight of the Boers, when they retreated to the mountains. Under the pretext that Livingstone had taught them to defend themselves, and was consequently responsible for the slaughter of their fellows, his house was plundered; his books and stock of medicines destroyed; his furniture and clothing, and large quantities of stores left by English gentlemen, who had gone northwards to hunt, were carried off and sold to pay the expenses of their lawless raid. The reason so few of the Boers were slain in this as in other similar expeditions in which they indulged, was because they had compelled natives they had conquered and enslaved to take their places in the front, while they fired upon the people over their heads in comparative safety. In speaking of the determined opposition of the Boers, Livingstone says: "The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who has been most successful in resolution—they or I."

During the continuance of the drought the Bakwains suffered great privations, which Livingstone and his wife shared. The wild animals leave a district in such circumstances, and the domestic animals that are not killed and eaten to sustain life die of hunger and thirst. Everything that would sell was disposed of to tribes more favourably situated, in exchange for corn and other necessities. The country round was scoured by women and children for the numerous bulbous plants which could sustain life, while the

men hunted for wild animals in the neighbourhood of the infrequent fountains, where they came to slake their thirst in their wanderings over the arid and sun-dried country.

Sometimes when a herd of antelopes, zebras, quaggas, &c., were discovered in the neighbourhood they were surrounded, and driven with shouts into a V-shaped enclosure, at the end of which a huge pit was dug, into which they fell and were despatched with spears. The meat was equally divided among the people, Livingstone coming in for his share with the rest. But for the frequent recurrence of such lucky hauls as this, the sufferings of the people from an exclusive and scanty vegetable diet must have been extreme.

Livingstone was mainly dependent upon his friends at Kuruman for supplies of corn during this trying period, and on one occasion they were reduced to use bran as a substitute, which required three labourers' grinding powers to render it fit for baking into cakes. Supplies of all kinds were so irregular that they were fain to put up with locusts on many occasions, and while not partial to such a diet, he preferred them to shrimps, "though I would avoid both as much as possible."

As locusts never abound except in a dry season and when other kinds of food are scarce, the natives eat them whenever they can manage to gather as many as will make a dish. This custom is not peculiar to Africa, but extends to all tropical countries. The wings and legs are removed, and the bodies are hastily prepared in the form of a raw cake. We have conversed with more than one traveller who has partaken of this dish, and they say that under the circumstances they did not find the mess unpalatable.

A large species of frog, called *matlemetto* by the natives, when procurable was greatly relished, especially by the doctor's children. During the continuance of dry weather this frog remains in a hole, which it excavates for itself in the ground, out of which it emerges during rain, assembling

in numbers with such rapidity that they are vulgarly supposed to come from the clouds along with the rain. At night they set up a croaking in their holes, which assisted Livingstone materially in hunting for them when the cupboard was innocent of more preferable flesh meat.

These frogs are of large size, and having a good deal of flesh on their bones, which is both juicy and tender when properly cooked, it formed a capital substitute for ox or antelope flesh.

Gordon Cumming, on the occasion of one of his visits to Dr. Livingstone, attended Divine service. "I had," he says, "considerable difficulty to maintain my gravity as sundry members of the congregation entered the church clad in the most unique apparel. Some of these wore extraordinary old hats, ornamented with fragments of women's clothes and ostrich feathers. Their fine hats they were very reluctant to take off, and one man sat with his beaver on, immediately before the minister, until the door-keeper went up to him and ordered him to remove it. At dinner we had a variety of excellent vegetables, the garden producing almost every sort in great perfection; the potatoes, in particular, were very fine. . . . Being anxious to visit Sechele and his tribe, Dr. Livingstone and I resolved to leave Bakhatla and march upon Chonuane with one of my waggons on the ensuing day; the doctor's object being to establish peace between the two tribes, and mine to enrich myself with ivory, &c."

From this stage in the career of Livingstone the character of his labour was destined to be changed. There was to be henceforth for him no rest, and no permanent place of abode. The mysteries of the unknown and untrodden regions of Africa beckoned him onward, and he was possessed of all the qualities needful for the work he was so eager to engage in. United to a high courage and determined perseverance, there was in him an eager longing for

knowledge which no difficulties could conquer; and when to these qualities we add those which characterise the Christian of the purest type, whose loving charity comprehended and embraced all God's creatures, we have presented to us the highest example of the Christian hero and gentleman.



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE KALAHARI DESERT—DISCOVERS LAKE NGAMI—VISITS SEBITUANE—DEATH OF SEBITUANE.



ON the 1st of June 1849, Livingstone started on his long contemplated journey, to settle the existence of Lake Ngami and visit the numerous tribes occupying the intervening country. He was accompanied by Messrs. Murray and Oswell, two enterprising Englishmen, who, in addition to the mere love of sport and adventure, were anxious to be of service in extending our knowledge of the geography of Central Africa. Just before starting, a number of people from the lake district came to Kolobeng, with an invitation from their chief, Lechulatebe, to Livingstone to visit them. These gave so glowing an account of the wealth of the district near the lake in ivory and skins that the Bakwain guides were as eager to proceed as the strangers were.

The Kalahari Desert, which lay between the travellers and the goal of their hopes, covers a space of country extending from the Orange River in the south, about  $29^{\circ}$ , to Lake Ngami in the north, and from about  $24^{\circ}$  east longitude to near the west coast. It is not, strictly speaking, a desert, as it is covered with coarse grass and several kinds of creeping plants, with here and there clumps of wood and patches of bushes. But for the want of water the passage of this vast tract of country would be comparatively easy, and as days frequently passed without so much as a single drop being found, the privations of Livingstone and his companions, and the oxen which drew their waggons, were severe in the extreme. No white man had ever succeeded

in crossing it before, but the resolute men who now attempted it were not to be daunted by difficulty.

Tribes of Bushmen, whom Livingstone imagines to be the aborigines of South Africa, inhabit the desert, and a tribe of Bechuanas, called Bakalahari, who had been driven into the desert by the more powerful tribes of their own nation, he also found settled there, enjoying that liberty which was denied them in the more salubrious regions. The Bushmen are nomadic in their habits, never cultivating the soil, but following the herds of game from place to place. Their only domestic animal is a breed of native dogs, which assist them in hunting, and which have sadly deteriorated in consequence of the privations to which they along with their masters are exposed.

The Bakalahari cultivate the scanty and inhospitable soil, and grow melons and other tuberous plants, and breed goats and other domestic animals. They settle at a distance from water, which diminishes the chance of visits from unfriendly Bechuanas. The water is carried by their women from a distant well or spring, and is stored up in the shells of the eggs of the ostrich and buried in the earth. The Bakalahari and the Bushmen hunt the various wild animals for their skins, which they exchange with the tribes to the eastward for tobacco and other luxuries, spears, knives, dogs, &c., receiving in most cases an inadequate price for them. Some idea of the extent of the business done, and the abundance of animals in the desert, may be formed from the fact that twenty thousand skins were purchased by the Bechuanas during Livingstone's stay in their country, and these were principally those of the felinæ (lions, leopards, tiger-cats, &c.). The Bakalahari are mild and gentle in their habits, and are frequently tyrannised over by the powerful tribes of the Bechuanas with whom they deal. The Bushmen, although inferior to them in every way, are treated with more respect, their ready use of the bow and



the poisoned arrow securing them from pillage and annoyance.

Water being the scarcest and most valuable commodity in the country, is carefully hidden, to preserve it from any wandering band who might take it by force. Livingstone's method of conciliating them, and gaining their good opinion, was by sitting down quietly and talking to them in a friendly way until the precious fluid, which no amount of domineering or threatening could have brought forth, was produced.

The progress of the party was necessarily slow, as they could only march in the mornings and evenings, and the wheels of the waggons in many places sank deep in the loose sand. In some places the heat was so great that the grass and twigs crumbled to dust in the hand. Hours and days of toilsome journeyings were sometimes rewarded by the arrival at a spring, where the abundant water fertilised a small tract around, on which the grass flourished rank and green, affording a welcome meal to the horses and oxen after they had slaked their burning thirst at the spring; although often for many hours the eyes of the party were not gladdened by the sight of such an oasis. At times their courage almost died within them, and men and cattle staggered on mechanically, silent, and all but broken in spirit. After being refreshed, the three travellers would enjoy a few hours' hunting at the game which was always abundant at such places, and set out again on their journey with renewed vigour and high hopes as to the accomplishment of their purpose, in striking contrast to the despair and dread which had been their experience only a few hours previous.

The travellers came upon several great tracts of salt-pans, which lay glittering in the sun, shewing so like lakes that, on sighting the first one, Mr. Oswell threw his hat up into the air at the sight, "and shouted a huzza which made the

Bakwains think him mad. I was a little behind," says Livingstone, "and was as completely deceived by it as he, but as we had agreed to allow each other to behold the lake at the same instant, I felt a little chagrined that he had, unintentionally, got the first glance. We had no idea that the long looked-for lake was still more than three hundred miles distant." These mirages were so perfect that even the Hottentots, the horses, and the dogs, ran towards them to slake their burning thirst.

After reaching the river Zouga their further progress was easy, as they had only to follow its course to find the object of their search, from which it appeared to flow. Sebituane had given orders to the tribes on the banks of the river to assist the travellers in every way, an injunction which did not appear to be needed to ensure them kindly treatment at the hands of the Bayeiye, as they were called. On inquiring from whence a large river which flows into the Zouga from the north came from, Livingstone was told that it came "from a country full of rivers—so many that no one can tell their number." This was the first confirmation of the reports he had previously received from travelled Bakwains, and satisfied him that Central Africa was not a "large sandy plateau," but a land teeming with life and traversed by watery highways, along which Christianity and commerce and the arts of peace would in the future be conveyed to vast regions never as yet visited by civilised man. From that moment the desire to penetrate into that unknown region became more firmly rooted in his mind; and his enthusiastic hopes found vent in his letters to England to his friends and correspondents.

On the 1st of August 1849, Livingstone and his companions stood on the shore of Lake Ngami, and the existence of that fine sheet of water was established. It is almost a hundred miles in circumference, and at one time must have been of far greater extent, and it was found to

be about two thousand feet above the level of the sea, from which it is eight hundred miles distant. They found flocks of water-birds in and about the lake and the country in the neighbourhood of it, and the river running into it abounded in animal life. This was the first successful exploration of Livingstone which drew the attention of the general public towards him, and for a period of twenty-five years he was destined to engage the public attention to an extent unprecedented in the annals of modern travel and adventure. Finding it impossible, from the unfriendliness of Lechulathebe, chief of the Batauana tribe, to visit Sebituane, as he had intended, the travellers passed up the course of the Zouga, the banks of which they found to be plentifully covered with vegetation and splendid trees, some of them bearing edible fruits. Wild indigo and two kinds of cotton they found to be abundant. The natives make cloth of the latter, which they dye with the indigo. Elephants, hippopotami, zebras, giraffes, and several varieties of antelopes were found in great abundance. A species of the latter, which is never found at any distance from watery or marshy ground, hitherto unknown to naturalists, was met with in considerable numbers. Several varieties of fish abound in the river, which are caught by the natives in nets, or killed with spears. Some of these attain to a great size, weighing as much as a hundredweight.

The following letter was addressed by Dr. Livingstone to Mr. Tidman, Foreign Secretary, London Missionary Society:—

“Banks of the River Zouga, 3rd September 1849.

“DEAR SIR,—I left my station, Kolobeng (situate 25° south lat., 26° east long.), on the 1st of June last, in order to carry into effect the intention of which I had previously informed you—viz., to open a new field in the north, by penetrating the great obstacle to our progress, called the Desert, which, stretching away on our west, north-west,

and north, has hitherto presented an insurmountable barrier to Europeans.

“A large party of Griquas, in about thirty waggons, made many and persevering efforts at two different points last year; but though inured to the climate, and stimulated by the prospect of much gain from the ivory they expected to procure, want of water compelled them to retreat.

“Two gentlemen, to whom I had communicated my intention of proceeding to the oft-reported lake beyond the desert, came from England for the express purpose of being present at the discovery, and to their liberal and zealous co-operation we are especially indebted for the success with which that and other objects have been accomplished. While waiting for their arrival, seven men came to me from the Batavana, a tribe living on the banks of the lake, with an earnest request from their chief for a visit. But the path by which they had come to Kolobeng was impracticable for waggons; so declining their guidance, I selected the more circuitous route by which the Bermangueato usually pass, and having Bakwains for guides, their self-interest in our success was secured by my promising to carry any ivory they might procure for their chiefs in my waggon; and right faithfully they performed their task.

“When Sekomi, the Bermangueato chief, became aware of our intention to pass into the regions beyond him, with true native inhumanity he sent men before us to drive away all the Bushmen and Bakalahari from our route, in order that, being deprived of their assistance in the search for water, we might, like the Griquas above mentioned, be compelled to return. This measure deprived me of the opportunity of holding the intercourse with these poor outcasts I might otherwise have enjoyed. But through the good providence of God, after travelling about three hundred miles from Kolobeng, we struck on a magnificent river on the 4th July, and without further difficulty, in so

far as water was concerned, by winding along its banks nearly three hundred miles more, we reached the Batavana, on the Lake Ngami, by the beginning of August.

"Previous to leaving this beautiful river on my return home, and commencing our route along the desert, I feel anxious to furnish you with the impressions produced on my mind by it and its inhabitants, the Bakoba or Bayeiye. They are totally a distinct race from the Bechuanas. They call themselves Bayeiye (or men), while the term Bakoba (the name has somewhat of the meaning of 'slaves') is applied to them by the Bechuanas. Their complexion is darker than that of the Bechuanas, and of three hundred words I collected of their language, only twenty-one bear any resemblance to Sichuana. They paddle along the rivers and lake in canoes hollowed out of the trunks of single trees, take fish in nets made of a weed which abounds on the banks, and kill hippopotami with harpoons attached to ropes. We greatly admired the frank manly bearing of these inland sailors. Many of them spoke Sichuana fluently, and while the waggon went along the bank I greatly enjoyed following the windings of the river in one of their primitive craft, and visiting their little villages among the reeds. The banks are beautiful beyond any we had ever seen, except perhaps some parts of the Clyde. They are covered in general with gigantic trees, some of them bearing fruit, and quite new. Two of the Baobab variety measured seventy to seventy-six feet in circumference. The higher we ascended the river the broader it became, until we often saw more than one hundred yards of clear deep water between the broad belt of reeds which grow in the shallower parts. The water was clear as crystal, and as we approached the point of junction with other large rivers *reported to exist in the north*, it was quite soft and cold. The fact that the Zouga is connected with large rivers coming from the north awakens emotions in my mind which make the discovery of



the lake dwindle out of sight. It opens the prospect of a highway capable of being quickly traversed by boats to a large section of well-peopled territory. The hopes which that prospect inspires for the benighted inhabitants might, if uttered, call forth the charge of enthusiasm—a charge by the way I wish I deserved, for nothing good or great, either in law, religion, or physical science has ever been accomplished without it: however, I do not mean the romantic, flighty variety, but that which impels with untiring energy to the accomplishment of its object. I do not wish to convey hopes of speedily effecting any great work through my own instrumentality, but I hope to be permitted to work, so long as I live, beyond other men's line of things, and plant the seed of the Gospel where others have not planted; though every excursion for that purpose will involve separation from my family for periods of four or five months. Kolobeng will be supplied by native teachers during these times of absence; and when we have given the Bakwains a fair trial it will probably be advisable for all to move onward.

“The Bayeiyé or Bakoba listened to the statements made from the Divine Word with great attention, and if I am not mistaken, seemed to understand the message of mercy delivered better than any people to whom I have preached for the *first* time. They have invariably a great many charms in the villages; stated the name of God in their language (without the least hesitation) to be ‘Oreaja,’ mentioned the name of the first man and woman, and some traditionary statements respecting the flood. I shall not, however, take these for certain till I have more knowledge of their language. They are found dwelling among the reeds all round the lake and on the banks of all the rivers to the north.

“With the periodical flow of the rivers great shoals of fish descend. The people could give no reason for the rise of the water, further than that a chief, who lives in a part



of the country to the north, called Mazzekiva, kills a man annually, and throws his body into the stream, after which the water begins to flow. When will they know Him who was slain, that whosoever will may drink of the water of life freely?"

In 1849 the Royal Geographical Society awarded Livingstone a gold chronometer watch for his discoveries, and in 1850 he was awarded a royal premium of twenty-five guineas for the discovery of Lake Ngami. Several attempts to reach the lake from the east and from the west, one of which was specially instituted by the Geographical Society, had failed, and many people had begun to look upon the existence of the lake as a myth, until they were startled by its discovery by Livingstone and his fellow-travellers—Messrs. Murray and Oswell. From this time, as his intention of penetrating further into the country was well known, great expectations were formed of the additions he would make to our knowledge of these hitherto unvisited regions; and as we shall see, these were not disappointed, but more abundantly gratified.

The second journey to Lake Ngami was undertaken in April 1850, with the view of pushing up the Tamunakle, a tributary of the Zouga, to visit Sebituane. Sechele, Mrs. Livingstone, and her three children, accompanied the intrepid traveller on this journey. Just as he had arranged with Lechulatebe to furnish the necessary guides, and to undertake the protection of Mrs. Livingstone and the children during his absence, the latter were seized with fever. As several of their attendants were seized at the same time, the attempt was given up as hopeless at this time, and the party, after recruiting in the pure air of the desert, returned to Kolobeng.

Writing of this journey from Kolobeng, August 24, 1850, Livingstone says:—"Mrs. Livingstone and Mebalwe, the native teacher, had joined in my desire to visit Sebituane;

and Sechele, our chief, having purchased a waggon, the first service he wished it to perform was to place him in the presence of the man who, in former years, when assaulting the Bakwain town, ordered his followers to be sure and spare the lives of the sons of Mochoasele (Sechele's father). The attack having been made in the dark, Sechele was badly wounded, and lay insensible till the morning. When recognised, Sebituane gave orders to his doctor to attend to the wounds, and subsequently restored him to liberty. Had we succeeded in reaching Sebituane, the interview between the two chiefs might have been interesting. Our chief sent a present to his former benefactor last year, but his messengers were prevented going in the same way that we were. They have been more successful this year; so, though we have not been able to go as far as we intended, we are thankful to hear that the way has been opened by them.

“Having no apprehension that Sekomi would throw obstacles in our way, we visited his tribe both in going and returning. As he is an old friend, I apologised for passing to the westward of him in our last trip, on the ground that as I knew he was very much opposed to our finding a passage to the lake (he having twice refused our request to pass), I had determined to go in spite of him, and yet without contention. He replied, ‘U’ntsitle, mi kia boka’ (You beat me, and I thank you, or acknowledge it). His entire conduct was the opposite of what it was last year.

“As the Ngami is undoubtedly a hollow compared to Kolobeng, and the Teoge, a river which falls into the lake at its N.W. extremity, is reported to flow with great rapidity, the region beyond must be elevated. A salubrious spot must be found before we can venture to form a settlement; but that alone will not suffice, for Kolobeng is two hundred and seventy miles by the trochameter from Kuru-man, and the lake, by the same instrument, is six hundred

miles beyond this station. *We must have a passage to the sea on either the eastern or western coast.* I have hitherto been afraid to broach the project, but as you are aware, the Bechuana mission was virtually shut up in a *cul-de-sac* on the north by the Desert, and on the east by the Boers. The Rev. Mr. Fridoux, of Motito, lately endeavoured to visit the Ramapela, and was forcibly turned back by an armed party. You at home are accustomed to look upon a project as half finished when you have secured the co-operation of the ladies. Well, then, my better-half has promised me twelve months leave of absence for mine. Without promising anything, I mean to follow a useful motto in many circumstances and 'try again.'

"The banks of the Zouga are studded with pitfalls, which the Bakhoba dig for the purpose of killing game. Some of these are very neatly smeared over with mud, and if a sharp look-out is not kept, one finds himself at the bottom with the sand running down on him as the first intimation of the presence of the trap; they are from eight to ten feet in depth, and the wild animals are so much afraid of them that they drink during the night, and immediately depart to the desert. Elephants abound in large numbers, but previous to our first visit the ivory was of no value—the tusks were left in the field with the other bones. I saw thirteen which had been thus left, and which were completely spoiled by the weather. In our first visit the Batavana would have preferred to sell a tusk for a few beads to parting with a goat for twice the amount; they soon, however, acquired a knowledge of the value of ivory. In one village the headman informed me that two of his wives had been killed by elephants entering the village during the night and turning over the huts, apparently by way of amusement. Besides elephants, rhinoceros, buffaloes, &c., we observed a new species of antelope, called 'leche;' it is rather larger than the pallah, the horns in shape are like those of the water-

buck, the colour of the skin is a beautiful brownish yellow, and its habits are those of the water-buck."

On the occasion of the third and successful journey, undertaken with the view of meeting Sebituane, his wife and three children accompanied him as before. Shobo, a Bushman, undertook to be their guide; but losing his way, his courage failed him, and he refused to proceed, finally disappearing altogether. Driving on at random, the travellers suffered terrible privations. At last, knowing that water was near by the number of birds they saw, and the fresh spoor of the rhinoceros and other animals, they unyoked the oxen, and they knowing the signs, pushed forward until they came to the Matàbe, a tributary of the Tamunakle. Their sufferings were so great for several days that it almost seemed as if his children were doomed to perish before his eyes. This was all the more hard to bear, as a supply of water had been wasted by one of the servants. His wife looked at him, despair at the prospect of losing her children in her eyes, but spoke no word of blame. Here the travellers made the acquaintance of that terrible insect, the tsetse, whose bite is so fatal to cattle and horses. It is not much larger than the common house-fly, and is of a brown colour, with three or four bars of yellow in the abdomen. Its bite is fatal to the horse, the ox, and the dog. Within a few days the eyes and nose of the bitten animal begin to run, and a swelling appears under the jaws, and sometimes on the belly. Emaciation sets in, and at the end of three months, when the poor beast is only a mass of skin and bone, purging commences, and it dies of sheer exhaustion. Man and the wild animals which abound in the district, the goat, the mule, and the ass, enjoy a perfect immunity from its bite.

On the banks of the Chobe the travellers came across a number of Makololo men, and learning from them that their chief, Sebituane, was absent twenty miles down the river

Chobe, Mr. Oswell and Livingstone proceeded in canoes to visit him. He had marched some two hundred miles to welcome the white men into his country. On hearing of the difficulties they had encountered in their endeavours to reach him, he expressed his satisfaction at their having at last succeeded, and added: "Your cattle are all bitten by the tsetse, and will certainly die; but never mind, I have oxen, and will give you as many as you need."

In their ignorance they thought little of this; but the death of forty of their oxen, although not severely bitten, too surely attested his better knowledge.

The great chief Livingstone had so long desired to see was a tall, wiry man, with a deep olive complexion. He belonged originally to the south of Kuruman, where his warlike and undaunted bearing (for he was not born a chief) procured him a small following of bold men, who retreated before the cruel raid of the Griquas in 1824.

The Bakwains and others of the Bechuanas made war upon him, and drove him to desperate shifts; but his courage and genius stood him in good stead through innumerable difficulties, and forcing his way through the desert of Kalahari, he maintained for a long period a desperate struggle with the Matabele, who were then led by a chief called Moselekatse, a warrior almost as renowned as himself, for the possession of the country between the Zouga and Zambesi. After a long and terrible struggle, Moselekatse was finally beaten in his attempt to subject Sebituane to his rule. Sebituane's frank and manly bearing, and his kindness and benevolence to his people, and the strangers who trusted to his hospitality, secured him the affections of his own people and that of the tribes which he conquered.

After he had subdued all the tribes in the neighbourhood of Lake Ngami, his strong desire to open up communication with white men led him to the country of the Zambesi, fighting and conquering every tribe in his line of march.



Long before he saw Dr. Livingstone he had determined on opening out a highway for trade with the west coast, and considering the character of the man, we can readily imagine the blow which his untimely death would be to him. No wonder he was adored by all who came in contact with him. Livingstone tells us that "when a party of poor men came to his town to sell their hoes or skins, no matter how ungainly they might be, he soon knew them all. A company of these indigent strangers, sitting far apart from the Makololo around the chief, would be surprised to see him come alone to them, and sitting down, inquire if they were hungry. He would order an attendant to bring meal, milk, and honey, and mixing them in their sight, in order to remove any suspicion from their minds, make them feast, perhaps for the first time in their lives, to a lordly dish. Delighted beyond measure with his affability and liberality, they felt their hearts warm towards him, and gave him all the information in their power; and as he never allowed a party of strangers to go away without giving every one of them, servants included, a present, his praises were sounded far and wide. 'He has a heart; he is wise!' were the usual expressions we heard before we saw him," says Livingstone.

He was much gratified at the confidence reposed in him by Livingstone's proposing to leave his wife and children with him, in the event of his pushing further into the interior, or returning to Kolobeng for his household effects, and he promised to convey them to his headquarters, where they might locate themselves. But this was not to be: these great men but met to part, and that for ever. The intrepid chief whose liberal notions had enabled Livingstone to push thus far into the interior of the country was stricken with inflammation of the lungs, and died after a few days' illness. On the Sunday afternoon on which he died Livingstone visited him, taking his boy Robert with him.

"Come near," he said, "and see if I am any longer a man : I am done." Arrived but recently amongst them, the great missionary must have felt cut to the heart that he dare not deal as he would have wished with him. He feared to attempt to arrest his malady in case he might be blamed for causing his death if he had not succeeded in curing him. He could only speak of the hope after death, and commend him to the care of God. His last act was characteristic of the unselfish kindness of the man. Raising himself from his prone position, he called a servant, and said, "Take Robert to Manunku (one of his wives), and tell her to give him some milk."

The death of Sebituane was a severe blow to Livingstone. Had he lived, much that was to do which proved difficult notwithstanding the friendliness of his successor and his people, might have been earlier and more easily accomplished had that noble and enlightened chief lived to second his efforts and possibly share in his journey. "He was," Livingstone says, "the best specimen of a native chief I ever met. I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man before, and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard before he was called away, and to realise somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The deep, dark question of what is to become of such as he must, however, be left where we find it, believing that assuredly the Judge of all the earth will do right."

According to his commands, Sebituane was succeeded in the chieftainship by a daughter, Mamoschisane—who, however, found it impossible to carry out her father's wishes, and so abdicated in favour of her brother Sekeletu. This could hardly be wondered at, since one of these was that she should have no husband, but use the men of the tribe or any number of them she chose, just as he himself had done by the women ; but these men had other wives, and as

Livingstone drily puts it, in a proverb of the country, "The temper of women cannot be governed;" and they made her miserable by their remarks. She chose one man who was called her wife, and her son the child of Mamoschisane's wife; but disliking the arrangement, shortly after her father's death she declared she would never govern the Makololo. Sekeletu, who was afraid of the pretensions of Mpepe, another member of the family, urged her to continue as chief, offering to remain with her and support her authority in battle. She wisely persisted in her determination to abdicate, indicating Sekeletu as her successor. "I have been a chief only because my father wished it. I always would have preferred to be married, and have a family like other women. You, Sekeletu, must be chief, and build up your father's house."



## CHAPTER V.

### EXTRACTS FROM PUBLISHED LETTERS—THE SLAVE TRADE.

**T**HE accounts written by Dr. Livingstone of his different journeys are so full of information regarding the tribes he came in contact with, their strange ways and customs, descriptions of the great unknown country hitherto untrod by Europeans, with its mighty rivers, lakes, and mountains, that we need offer no apology for carrying on our narrative for a year or two by extracts from his published letters.

He writes as follows in June 1851 :—" In our late journey to the country of Sebituane, or the region situated about two hundred miles beyond the Lake Ngami, we followed our usual route towards the Zougá until we came to Nahokotsa. From thence our course became nearly due north.

"The people inhabiting these regions are a black race, totally distinct from the Bechuana. The people of Sebituane are called Makololo, and the black race which we found inhabiting the numerous islands is divided into several tribes, which pass by different names; as the Barotse, Banyeti, Batoko, Bashukulompo, &c. The Makololo are a sort of *omnium gatherum* of different Bechuana tribes, all speaking Sichuana. The providence of God has prepared the way for us, for wherever we went we found Sichuana, into which the Bible is nearly all translated, in common use. It is the court language. There are besides the different dialects of the black tribes—viz., those of the Barotse, Batoka, &c.; and though the radicals bear some resemblance to the Sichuana, and are of the same family, none of the Bechuana

could understand them when spoken. The Barotse are very ingenious in basket-making and woodwork generally. The Banyeti are excellent smiths, making ox and sheep bells, spears, knives, needles, and hoes of superior workmanship; iron abounds in their country, and of excellent quality. They extract it from the ore, and they are famed as canoe builders; abundance of fine, light, but strong wood, called *molompi*, enables them to excel in this branch of industry. Other tribes are famed for their skill in pottery; their country yields abundance of native corn, &c.; and though their upper extremities and chests are largely developed, they seem never to have been much addicted to wars. They seem always to have trusted to the defences which their deep reedy rivers afford. Their numbers are very large.

“European manufactures in considerable quantities find their way in from the east and the west coasts to the centre of the continent. We were amused soon after our arrival at the Chobe by seeing a gentleman walking toward us in a gaudily-flowered dressing gown, and many of the Makololo possessed cloaks of blue, red, and green baize, or of different coloured prints. On inquiring, we found that these had been obtained in exchange for slaves, and that this traffic began on the Sesheke only in 1850. A party of another African tribe, called Mambari, came to Sebituane in that year, carrying great quantities of cloth and a few old Portuguese guns marked ‘*Legitimo de Braga*,’ and though cattle and ivory were offered in exchange, everything was refused *except boys about fourteen years of age*. The Makololo viewed the traffic with dislike, but having great numbers of the black race living in subjection to them, they were too easily persuaded to give these for the guns. Eight of these old useless guns were given to Sebituane for as many boys. They then invited the Makololo to go on a fray against the Bashukolompo, stipulating beforehand that, in consideration for the use to be made of their guns in the attack on the



tribe, they should receive all the captives, while the Makololo should receive all the cattle. While on this expedition, the Makololo met a party of slave-dealers on the Bashukolompo or Mauniche River ; these were either Portuguese or bastards of that nation, for they were said to be light coloured, *like us* (our complexion being a shade darker than wash-leather), and had straight hair. These traders presented three English muskets to the Makololo, and the latter presented them with about thirty captives. The Mambari went off with about two hundred slaves, bound in chains, and both parties were so well pleased with their new customers that they promised to return in 1851. We entertained hopes of meeting them, but they had not yet come when we left. The Mambari came from the north-west, and live in the vicinity of the sea coast on that side ; while the other slave-dealers came up the Zambesi from the east coast. Can Europeans not equal the slave-dealers in enterprise ? If traders from Europe would come up the Zambesi, the slave-dealer would be soon driven out of the market. It is only three years since we first opened a market for the people on the river Zouga and Lake Ngami. We know of nine hundred elephants having been killed in that period on one river alone. Before we made a way in that quarter there was no market ; the elephants' tusks were left to rot in the sun with the other bones, and may still be seen completely spoiled by sun and rain ; but more than £10,000 worth of ivory has come from that river since its discovery, and if one river helps to swell the commerce of the colony, what may not be expected from the many rivers, all densely populated, which are now brought to light ? 'But the blacks will be supplied with fire-arms, and give the colonists much trouble afterwards.' Yes they will, and that too, most plentifully by those who make the greatest outcry against the trade in arms and the sale of gunpowder. But can the trade in fire-arms be prevented ?

So long as, according to Cumming's statement, three thousand per cent. can be made by it, it is in vain to attempt to stop it. The result of all our observation in the matter is, the introduction of guns among the natives has the same effect among them as among European nations ; it puts an end to most of their petty wars, and renders such as do occur much less bloody than they formerly were. We do not plead for the trade. We only say stop that, and stop the slave trade, by coercion *if you can*. If any one will risk something in endeavouring to establish a trade on the Zambesi, we beg particularly to state that *June, July, and August* are, as far as our present knowledge goes, the only safe months for the attempt. He who does establish a fair trade will be no loser in the end. We had frost on the Chobe in July, but the winter is very short. We saw swallows on Sesheke in the beginning of August, and the trees generally never lose their leaves."

The following account, written by the great traveller of his first passage up the Leeambye, or Zambesi, is dated Town of Sekeletu, Linyanti, 20th September 1853 :—"As soon as I could procure people willing to risk a journey through the country lately the scene of the gallant deeds of the Boers, I left Kuruman ; and my companions being aware of certain wrathful fulminations uttered by General Piet Scholtz to deter me from again visiting the little strip of country which the Republicans fancy lie between Magaliesberg and Jerusalem, our progress was pretty quick till we entered lat. 19°, at a place I have marked on my map as the Fever Ponds. Here the whole party, except a Bakwain lad and myself, was laid prostrate by fever. He managed the oxen and I the hospital, until, through the goodness of God, the state of the invalids permitted us again to move northwards. I did not follow our old path, but from Kamakama travelled on the magnetic meridian (N.N.W.), in order to avoid the *tsetse* (fly). This new path brought us into a densely wooded country, where the grass was from eight to

ten feet high. The greater leafiness of the trees shewed we were in a moist climate, and we were most agreeably surprised by the presence of vines growing luxuriantly, and yielding clusters of dark purple grapes. The seeds, as large as split peas and very astringent, leave but little room for pulp, though the grape itself is of good size. The Bakwain lad now became ill, but by the aid of two Bushmen we continued to make some progress. I was both driver and road-maker, having either the axe or whip in hand all day long till we came to lat.  $18^{\circ} 4'$ . Here we discovered that the country adjacent to the Chobe was flooded: valleys looked like rivers, and after crossing several we came to one, the Sanshureh, which presented a complete barrier to further travelling with waggons. It was deep, half a mile broad, and contained hippopotami. After searching in vain for a ford, our two Bushmen decamped. Being very anxious to reach the Makololo, I took one of the strongest of our invalids, crossed the Sanshureh in a small pontoon, kindly presented by Messrs. Webb and Codrington, and went N.N.W. across the flooded country in search of the Chobe. After splashing through about twenty miles of an inundated plain we came to a mass of reed, which towards the N.E. seemed interminable. We then turned for a short distance in the direction of our former waggon-stand, and from a high tree were gratified by a sight of the Chobe; but such a mass of vegetation grew between the bank and the flowing river that our utmost efforts failed in procuring a passage into it. The water among the reeds either became too deep, or we were unable to bend down the barrier of papyrus and reed, bound together by a kind of convolvulus. You will understand the nature of our struggles when I mention that a horrid sort of grass, about six feet high, and having serrated edges which cut the hands most cruelly, wore my strong moleskin 'unmentionables' quite through at the knees, and my shoes (nearly new) at the toes. My hand-

kerchief protected the former ; but in subsequent travelling through the dense grass of the plains the feet fared badly. Though constantly wet up to the middle during the day, we slept soundly by night during the three days we spent among this mass of reeds, and only effected a passage into the open water of the Chobe river on the fourth day. After paddling along the river in the pontoon about twenty miles, we discovered a village of Makololo. We were unexpected visitors, and the more so since they believed that no one could cross the Chobe from the south bank without their knowledge.

“In their figurative language they said, ‘I had fallen on them as if from a cloud, yet came riding on a hippopotamus’ (pontoon). A vague report of our approach had previously reached the chief, and two parties were out in search of us ; but they had gone along the old paths. In returning to the waggon, which we did in canoes and in a straight line, we found the distance not more than ten miles. Our difficulties were now ended, for a great number of canoes and about one hundred and forty people were soon despatched from the town. They transported our goods and waggon across the country and river, and when we had landed on the other side of the Chobe, we travelled northward till within about one day from Sesheké, in order to avoid the flooded lands adjacent to the river. We there struck upon the path which Mr. Oswell and I travelled on horseback in 1850, and turning into it proceeded S.W. until we came to Sekeletu’s town, Linyanti. Our reception here was as warm as could have been expected. The chief Sekeletu, not yet nineteen years of age, said he had got another father instead of Sebituane ; he was not quite sure, however, about learning to read : ‘he feared it might change his heart and make him content with one wife only, as in the case of Sechele.’ It is pleasant to hear objections frankly stated.

“About the end of July we embarked on our journey to

the north, embarking at Sekhose's village on the Zambesi, or, as the aborigines universally name it, the Leeambye—viz., *the river*. This village is about twenty-five miles west of the town of Sesheké. When I proposed to Sekeletu to examine his country and ascertain if there were any suitable locality for a mission, he consented frankly; but he had not yet seen me enough. Then he would not allow me to go alone; some evil might befall me, and he would be accountable. This and fever caused some delay, so that we did not get off till about the end of July. In the meantime I learned particulars of what had taken place here since my last visit in 1852.

“The daughter of Sebituane had resigned the chieftainship into (Sekeletu's) her brother's hands. From all I can learn she did it gracefully and sincerely. Influential men advised her to put Sekeletu to death, lest he should become troublesome when he became older. She turned from their proposals in disgust, called a meeting, and with a womanly gush of tears said she had been induced to rule by her father, but her own inclination had always been to lead a domestic life. She therefore requested Sekeletu to take the chieftainship, and allow her to marry.

“He was equally sincere in a continued refusal during several days, for he was afraid of being cut off by a pretender, who had the audacity to utter some threatening words in the assembly. I, who had just come from a nine weeks' tour, in company with a crowd who would have been her courtiers, do not now wonder at the resolution of Sebituane's daughter: there was no want of food, oxen were slaughtered almost every day in numbers more than sufficient for the wants of all. They were all as kind and attentive to me as they could have been to her, yet to endure their dancing, roaring, and singing, their jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarrelling, murdering, and meanness, equalled a pretty stiff penance.



"The pretender above referred to, after Sekeletu's accession, and at the time of my arrival, believing that he could effect his object by means of a Portuguese slave-merchant and a number of armed Mambari, encouraged them to the utmost. The selling of children had been positively forbidden by the lawful chief Sekeletu, but his rival transported the slave-trading party across the Leeambye River, and gave them full permission to deal in all the Batoka and Bashukulompo villages to the east of it. A stockade was erected at Katongo, and a flag-staff for the Portuguese banner planted, and in return for numerous presents of ivory and cattle that really belonged to Sekeletu, the pretender received a small cannon. Elated with what he considered success, he came down here with the intention of murdering Sekeletu himself, having no doubt but that after effecting this he should, by the aid of his allies, easily reduce the whole tribe."

"Another Portuguese slave-merchant came also from the west. He remained here only three days, and finding no market, departed. A large party of Mambari was encamped by Katongo, about the time of our arrival at Linyanti. No slaves were sold to them; and when they heard that I had actually crossed the Chobe they fled precipitately. The Makololo remonstrated, saying I would do them no harm, but the Mambari asserted that I would take all their goods from them because they bought children. The merchant I first spoke of had probably no idea of the risk he ran in listening to the tale of a disaffected under-chief. He was now in his stockade at Katongo, and influential men proposed to expel both him and the Mambari from the country. Dreading the results which might follow a commencement of hostilities, I mentioned the difficulty of attacking a stockade which could be defended by perhaps forty muskets. 'Hunger is strong enough,' said an under-chief—'a very great fellow is he.' As the chief sufferers in the event of

an attack would be the poor slaves chained in gangs, I interceded for them, and as the result of that intercession, of which of course they are ignorant, the whole party will be permitted to depart in peace: but no stockading will be allowed again.

“Our company, which consisted of one hundred and sixty men, our fleet of thirty-three canoes, proceeded rapidly up the river towards the Barotse. I had the choice of all the canoes, and the best was thirty-four feet long and twenty inches wide. With six paddlers we passed through forty-four miles of latitude, by one day’s pull of ten-and-a-half hours: if we add the longitude to this, it must have been upwards of fifty miles’ actual distance. The river is indeed a magnificent one. It is often more than a mile broad, and adorned with numerous islands of from three to five miles in length. These and the banks, too, are covered with forest, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banian. The islands at a little distance seem rounded masses of sylvan vegetation of various hues, reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The beauty of the scene is greatly increased by the date palm and lofty palmyra towering above the rest, and casting their feathery foliage against a cloudless sky. The banks are rocky and undulating; many villages of Kanyeti, a poor but industrious people, are situated on both of them. They are expert hunters of hippopotami and other animals, and cultivate grain extensively. At the bend of Katima Molelo the bottom of the river bed begins to be rocky, and continues so the whole way to about lat 16°, forming a succession of rapids and cataracts which are dangerous when the river is low. The rocks are of hard sandstone and porphyritic basalt. The rapids are not visible when the river is full; but the cataracts of Kale Bombwe and Nambwe are always dangerous. The fall of them is from four to six feet in

perpendicular height ; but the cataracts of Gonye (hard by) excel them all. The main fall of these is over a straight ledge of rock, about sixty or seventy yards long and forty feet deep.

“Tradition reports the destruction in this place of two hippopotami hunters, who, too eager in the pursuit of a wounded animal, were with their prey drawn down into the frightful gulf. We also digged some yams in what was said to have been the garden of a man who of old came down the river and led out a portion of it here for irrigation. Superior minds must have risen from time to time in these regions, but, ignorant of the use of letters, they have left no memorial. One never sees a grave nor a stone of remembrance set up. The very rocks are illiterate ; they contain no fossils. All these beautiful and rocky parts of the valley of the river are covered with forest, and infested with the *tsetse* fly ; but in other respects the country seems well adapted for a residence. When however we come to the northern confines of lat. 16°, the *tsetse* suddenly ceases, and the high banks seem to leave the river and to stretch away in ridges of about three hundred feet high to the N.N.E. and N.N.W., until between twenty and thirty miles apart ; the intervening space, one hundred miles in length, is the Barotse country proper : it is annually inundated, not by rains but by the river, as Lower Egypt is by the Nile, and one portion of this comes from the north-west and another from the north. There are no trees in this valley, except such as were transplanted for the sake of shade by the chief Santuru ; but it is covered with coarse succulent grasses, which are the pasturage of large herds of cattle during a portion of the year. One of these species of grass is twelve feet high and as thick as a man’s thumb. The villages and towns are situated on mounds, many of which were constructed artificially.

“I have not put down all the villages that I visited, and

many were seen at a distance; but there are no large towns, for the mounds on which alone towns and villages are built are all small, and the people require to live separate on account of their cattle. Nailele, the capital of the Barotse country, does not contain one thousand inhabitants; the site of it was constructed artificially. It was not the ancient capital. The river now flows over the site of that, and all that remains of what had cost the people of Santuru the labour of many years is a few cubic yards of earth. As the same thing has happened to another ancient site, the river seems wearing eastwards. Ten feet of rise above low-water mark submerges the whole valley, except the foundations of the huts, and two feet more would sweep away the towns. This never happens, though among the hills below the valley the river rises sixty feet, and then floods the land adjacent to Sesheke on both sides. The valley contains, as I said, a great number of villages and cattle-stations. These, and large herds of cattle grazing on the succulent herbage, meet the eye in every direction. On visiting the ridges, we found them to be only the commencement of lands which are never inundated: these are covered with trees, and abound in fruitful gardens, in which are cultivated sugar-cane, sweet potato, two kinds of manioc, two kinds of yam-bananas, millet, &c. Advantage is taken of the inundation to raise large quantities of maize and Kaffre corn, of large grain and beautiful whiteness. These, with abundance of milk and plenty of fish in the river, make the people always refer to the Barotse country as the land of plenty. No part of the country can be spoken of as salubrious. The fever must be braved if a mission is to be established; it is very fatal even among natives. I have had eight attacks of it; the last very severe: but I never laid by. I tried native remedies in order to discover if they possessed any valuable means of cure; but after being stewed in vapour baths, smoked like a red herring over

fires of green twigs in hot potsherds, and physiced *secundum black artem*, I believe that our own medicines are safer and more efficacious. I have not relinquished the search, and as I make it a rule to keep on good terms with my professional brethren, I am not without hope that some of their means of re-establishing the secretions (and to this, indeed, all their efforts are directed) may be well adapted for this complaint.

“I did not think it my duty to go towards Mosioatunya, for though a hilly country, the proximity to Moselekatse renders it impossible for the Makololo to live there; but I resolved to know the whole Barotse country before coming to the conclusion now reached that the ridge east of Nailele is the only part of the country that can be fixed on for a mission. I therefore left Sekeletu’s party at Nailele, the Barotse capital, and went northwards. The river presents the same appearance of low banks, without trees, till we come to  $14^{\circ} 38'$  lat. Here again it is forest to the water’s edge, and *tsetse*. I might have turned now, but the river Londa, or Leeba, comes from the capital of a large state of the former name, and the chief being reported friendly to foreigners, if I succeed in reaching the west coast, and am permitted to return by this river, it will be water conveyance for perhaps two-thirds of the way. We went, therefore, to the confluence of the Leeba or Londa (not Lonto as we have written it) with the Leeambye: it is in  $14^{\circ} 11'$  south. The Leeba comes from the north and by west, or N.N.W.; while the Leeambye there abruptly quits it nothing and comes from the E.N.E. (The people pointed as its course due east. Are the Maninche or Bashukulompo River and Leeambye not one river, dividing and meeting again down at the Zam-besi?) The Loeti, with its light-coloured water, flows into the Leeambye in  $14^{\circ} 18'$ . It comes from Lebale, which is probably a country through which a Portuguese merchant informed me he had passed, and had to cross as many as ten



considerable rivers in one day; the Loeti comes from the W.N.W. The current of the Leeambye is rapid—one hundred yards in sixty seconds of time, or between four and five miles an hour. Our elevation must have been considerable; but I had to regret having no means of ascertaining how much it was. The country flooded by the river ends on the west bank before we reach the Loeti, and there is an elevated tableland, called Mango, on which grows grass, but no trees. The Barotse country, when inundated, presents the appearance of a lake from twenty to thirty miles broad and one hundred long.

“The Makololo quote the precedent of Santuru, who, when he ruled this country, was visited by Mambari, but refused them permission to buy his people as slaves. This enlightened chief deserves a paragraph, and as he was a mighty hunter, you will glance at it with no unfriendly eye. He was very fond of rearing the young of wild animals in his town, and besides a number of antelopes, had two tame hippopotami. When I visited his first capital, the people led me to one end of the mound and shewed me some curious instruments of iron, which are just in the state he left them. They are surrounded by trees, all of which he transplanted when young. ‘On these,’ said the people, ‘Santuru was accustomed to present his offerings to the gods’ (Barimo—which means departed souls too). The instruments consisted of an upright stem, having numerous branches attached, on the end of each of which was a miniature axe, or hoe, or spear. Detached from these was another, which seemed to me to be the guard of a basket-hilted sword. When I asked if I might take it as a curiosity, ‘O no, he refuses.’ ‘Who refuses?’ ‘Santuru.’ This seems to shew a belief in a future state of existence. After explaining to them the nature of true worship, and praying with them in our simple form, which needs no offering on the part of the worshipper except that of the

heart, we planted some fruit-tree seeds, and departed in peace.

"I may relate another incident which happened at the confluence of the Leeba and Leeambye. Having taken lunar observations, we were waiting for a meridian altitude for the latitude before commencing our return. My chief boatman was sitting by, in order to bind up the instruments as soon as I had finished. There was a large halo round the sun, about  $20^{\circ}$  in diameter. Thinking that the humidity of the atmosphere which this indicates might betoken rain, I asked him if his experience did not lead him to the same view. 'O no,' said he, 'it is the Barimo who have called a *picho* (assembly). Don't you see they have placed the Lord (sun) in their centre?'

"On returning towards Nailele, I went to the eastern ridge in order to examine that, and to see the stockade of the Portuguese slave merchant, which was at Katongo. He had come from the furthest inland station of the Portuguese, opposite Benguela. I thought of going westward on my further travels in company with him, but the sight of gangs of poor wretches in chains at the stockade induced me to resolve to proceed alone.

"Some of the Mambari visited us subsequently to their flight, of which I spoke before. They speak a dialect very much resembling the Barotse. They have not much difficulty in acquiring the dialects, even though but recently introduced to each other. They plait their hair in threefold cords, and arrange it down by the sides of the head. They offered guns and powder for sale at a cheaper rate than traders can do who come from the Cape Colony; but the Makololo despise Portuguese guns, because different from those in the possession of other Bechuanas—the bullets are made of iron. The slave-merchant seemed anxious to shew kindness, influenced probably by my valuable passport and letter of introduction from the Chevalier Duprat, who holds

the office of arbitrator in the British and Portuguese mixed commission in Cape Town. This is the first instance in which the Portuguese have seen the Leeambye in the interior. The course of Pereira\* must be shifted northwards. He never visited the Barotse—so the son and companions of Santuru assert—and the event of the visit of a white man is such a remarkable affair among Africans, it could scarcely be forgotten in a century.

“I have not, I am sorry to confess, discovered a healthy locality. The whole of the country of Sebituane is unhealthy. The current of the river is rapid as far as we went, and shewed we must have been on an elevated tableland; yet the inundations cause fever to prevail very extensively. I am at a loss what to do, but will not give up the case as hopeless. Shame upon us missionaries if we are to be outdone by slave-traders! I met Arabs from Zanzibar, subjects of the Imaum of Muscat, who had been quite across the continent. They wrote Arabic fluently in my note-book, and boldly avowed that Mahomet was greatest of all the prophets.

“At one time, as I mentioned above, I thought of going west in company with the slave-traders from Katongo, but a variety of considerations induced me to decide on going alone. I think of Loanda, though the distance is greater, as preferable to Benguela, and as soon as the rains commence will try the route on horseback. Trees and rivers are reported, which would render travelling by means of a waggon impossible. The Portuguese are carried in hammocks hung on poles; two slaves carry a man. It does not look well.

“I am sorry to say that the Boers destroyed my celestial map, and thereby rendered it impossible for me to observe as many occultations as I had intended. I have observed very few; these I now send to Mr. Maclear, in order that

\* A Portuguese traveller.

he may verify my lunars. If I am not mistaken, we have placed our rivers, &c., about  $2^{\circ}$  of longitude too far east. Our waggon-stand, instead of being  $26^{\circ}$  east, is not more than  $23^{\circ} 50'$  or  $24^{\circ}$ . It is probable that an error of my sextant, of which I was not aware, deranged the calculations of the gentleman who kindly undertook to examine them. I send many lunar observations too, and hope it may be convenient for Mr. Maclear to examine them, and let you know whether I am right or wrong in my calculations.

"Sportsmen have still some work before them in the way of discovering all the fauna of Africa. This country abounds in game; and beyond Barotse the herds of large animals surpass anything I ever saw. Elands and buffaloes, their tameness was shocking to me: eighty-one buffaloes defiled slowly before our fire one evening, and lions were impudent enough to roar at us. On the south of the Chobe, where Bushmen abound, they are very seldom heard: these brave fellows teach them better manners. My boatman informed me that he had seen an animal with long wide spreading horns like an ox, called *liombikalela*—perhaps the modern bison; also another animal, which does not live in the water, but snorts like a hippopotamus, and is like that animal in size—it has a horn, and may be the Asiatic rhinoceros. And we passed some holes of a third animal, which burrows from the river inland, has short horns, and feeds only by night. I did not notice the burrows at the time of passing, but I give you the report as I got it.

"The birds are in great numbers on the river, and the sand-martins never leave it. We saw them in hundreds in mid-winter, and many beautiful new trees were interesting objects of observation; but I had perpetually to regret the absence of our friend Mr. Oswell. I had no one to share the pleasure which new objects impart, and instead of pleasant conversation in the evenings, I had to endure the everlasting ranting of Makololo."

## CHAPTER VI.

STARTS ON HIS GREAT JOURNEY—ASCENDS THE LEEAMBYE  
AND THE LEEBA—REACHES LOANDA—VISITS SAINTE—  
WEAK FROM FEVER.

**T**HIS, the longest journey he had yet undertaken, and during which for many months his safety was to be a matter of painful speculation to his friends and the thousands of intelligent men and women throughout the civilised world who had been watching the doings of the intrepid missionary—extended from the south coast to St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola, on the west coast.

As Sekeletu and the headmen of the Makololo were as alive to the advantages which would accrue to them from the opening out of trade with the west coast as Livingstone was for these and higher purposes which they could not comprehend, every assistance was rendered which could help a traveller in carrying out his bold and daring attempt to make his way across the country. A *picho*, or conference of the headmen of the tribe, presided over by the chief, was held to discuss the adventure, and the best way of assisting in it. One of the old men, who was famed as a croaker, said, "Where is he taking you to? This white man is throwing you away. Your garments already smell of blood." This foreboding had no influence on Sekeletu or any of his men; they were too much accustomed to hearing his prognostications of evil from every enterprise, and it was decided that a band of twenty-seven picked men, principally Barotse—they being best acquainted with the tribes to the west—should accompany Livingstone, as the



contribution of the chief and his people towards the accomplishment of an object so desirable to all.

In answer to the question whether, "In the event of your death, will not the white people blame us for having allowed you to go away into an unhealthy and unknown country of enemies?" Livingstone replied that none of his friends "would blame them, because he would leave a book with Sekeletu to be sent to Mr. Moffat in case I did not return, which would explain to him all that had happened until the time of my departure." This book was a volume of his journal, and months afterwards when the Makololo were despairing of ever seeing or hearing anything of him again, it was delivered along with a letter by Sekeletu to a trader to be delivered to Mr. Moffat. No trace of this journal could be found on his return, which was a matter of much regret, as it contained valuable notes on the habits of wild animals, &c.

The following illustrates admirably the spirit which animated this extraordinary man when ready to start on his dangerous enterprise. "The prospect of passing away from this fair and beautiful world thus came before me in a pretty plain matter-of-fact form; and it did seem a serious thing to leave wife and children, to break up all connection with earth, and enter on an untried state of existence. I find myself in my journal pondering over that fearful migration which lands us in eternity, wondering whether an angel will soothe the fluttering soul, sadly flurried as it must be on entering the spirit world, and hoping that Jesus might speak but one word of peace, for that would establish in the bosom an everlasting calm. But as I had always believed that, if we serve God at all, it ought to be done in a manly way, I wrote to my brother, commending our little girl to his care, as I was determined to succeed or perish in the attempt to open up this part of Africa. The Boers, by taking possession of all my goods, had saved me the trouble of making a will; and considering the light heart now left

in my bosom, and some faint efforts to perform the duty of Christian forgiveness, I felt that it was better to be the plundered party than one of the plunderers."

Wisely resolving that his baggage should be so limited in quantity as not to excite the cupidity of any unfriendly tribe, he took with him only three muskets, a rifle, and a double-barrelled gun, with the necessary ammunition, a few biscuits, several pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty pounds of coffee, a beverage greatly relished by the natives. Of wearing apparel, independent of what they wore, they had a small tin canister filled with shirting, trousers, and shoes, to be donned when the party reached the neighbourhood of civilisation, and another supply in a bag was for use during the journey.

Another tin can contained a stock of medicines. A third contained his books, consisting of a nautical almanack, Thomson's Logarithms, and a Bible; and a fourth box contained a magic lantern, a sextant and artificial horizon, a thermometer, a chronometer watch with a stop for seconds, and a small but powerful telescope, with a stand capable of being screwed to a tree, and two compasses, one of them for the pocket, were carried apart. A small gipsy tent to sleep in, a blanket, and a horse-rug, from the simplicity of the other impedimenta, might be termed the luxuries of his baggage-roll. As the country, so far as explored by him, abounded in game, he trusted to his good rifle and double-barrelled gun for furnishing the bulk of the food required; but in case of having to pass through a country where these were not plentiful, twenty pounds of beads of the value of forty shillings were set apart for the purchase of such necessities in the way of food as they might require. In addition to the absolutely necessary baggage, the party carried with them four elephants' tusks belonging to Sekeletu, by the sale of which they were to test the value of the market on the coast.

Surely never was so formidable a journey undertaken with so little preparation in the way of mere personal comfort and convenience; but the want of hundreds of those things usually supposed to be "indispensable to travellers" undertaking journeys of trifling danger and extent in comparison, were more than made up by a large stock of pluck and endurance, and the courage and resolve which are born of an enterprise which had for its object no thought of personal interest, vainglory, or aggrandisement, but was undertaken in the noblest spirit, solely in the interest of the physical and spiritual welfare of the savage tribes of Central Africa.

Scouts were sent to examine the country to the west to discover an outlet from Linyanti by a nearer route than the one taken on the previous journey, but none could be found free from the plague of tsetse, and such as were defiled by the existence of the slave trade; and a passage through the latter for an expedition, the leading material purpose of which was the extinction of that detestable traffic, was out of the question. The expedition started for the Chobe on the 4th November 1853, and commenced their voyage down that river at the island Manuka, where Livingstone had first met Sebituane. Here Sekeletu and several of his principal men who had accompanied them thus far took leave of them, wishing them success. After paddling at the rate of five miles an hour for forty-two hours, they reached the Leeambye, and proceeding up the river, they reached Sesheke on the 19th of November.

Moriantane, a brother-in-law of Sebituane, the chief of the various tribes in and around Sesheke, supplied Livingstone with milk, honey, and meal, and sent scouts up the river to the villages he was to stop at, enjoining the headmen to have food ready for him and his party. The chief and large numbers of the people assembled in the open air to listen to religious addresses from Livingstone. The audiences were very attentive, and appeared anxious to

profit by the instruction received, betraying their interest by asking explanations of those things which were beyond their comprehension. Moriantane acted as a kind of amateur beadle in keeping order, on one occasion hurling his staff at some young man he saw toying with a skin instead of listening to the speaker.

In their passage up the river abundance of food and fruit was provided, and several varieties of the latter are worthy of notice. A fruit about the size of an orange contains a number of seeds or pips imbedded in layers of a pleasant juicy pulp. From the pips and bark are derived a variety of *nux vomica*, from which strychnia is extracted. A fruit called *mobola*, about the size of the date, when stripped of the seeds and dried forms a very palatable dish, with a flavour of strawberries; in a dried state it can be preserved for a considerable period. The most palatable fruit of the district is called the *mamosho*; it is about the size of a walnut. These fruits, which in the Leeambye valley grow on trees, some of them attaining a great size, are found in the Kalahari Desert, where they exist as small herbaceous plants. In the well-watered country, plants which in the dry regions of the south are mere shrubs become great trees, illustrating in a remarkable manner the effect of the drying up of the numerous water-courses in regions once as rich in vegetation as the valleys of the Zambesi and its tributaries. A number of his attendants, with the baggage and oxen of the party, marched by land, the canoe party regulating their advance to suit their rate of progress.

Passing up the placid Leeba he saw a tree in flower, which brought the pleasant fragrance of hawthorn hedges back to memory; its leaves, flowers, perfume, and fruit resembled those of the hawthorn, only the flowers were as large as dog-roses, and the "haws like boys' marbles." On the banks of the Leeba and Leeambye, and further to the north, the flowers are distinguished for their sweet perfume;



a pleasant contrast to many of those further to the south, which emit either no smell or only a nauseous odour.

Crocodiles were very numerous, and as it was the season for hatching, large numbers of young ones, from a foot long and upwards, were met with; the little creatures biting savagely at the spears with which his attendants impaled them. The natives search for and eat the eggs when they are fresh, so that an increase of population would greatly diminish the number of these dangerous reptiles. They feed on fish and the smaller species of game which come to the water to drink; now and again picking a child, a woman, or a man off the banks, or seizing them in the water when bathing. The natives have little dread of them, and when armed with a knife or javelin go into the water and attack and kill them. One of Livingstone's attendants, in swimming across a creek, was seized by one, but being armed with a javelin, he wounded it severely behind the shoulder, and escaped with a severe teeth-wound in the thigh, where the brute had seized him.

Wending their way up stream they arrived at the village of a female chief, Nyamoana, the mother of Manenko and the sister of Shinte, the greatest Balonda chief of the Leeba district. Nyamoana gave Livingstone an audience. She was seated alongside of her husband, on skins, on a raised couch surrounded by a trench. Round this trench sat about a hundred of her people of all ages, the men armed with bows, spears, and broadswords. After a short palaver, Livingstone drew their attention to his hair, which was always a subject of curiosity in the district. They imagined it a wig made of a lion's mane, and could hardly believe it to be hair. He explained to them that his was the real original hair, "such as theirs would have been had it not been scorched and frizzled by the sun." In proof of what the sun could do he uncovered his bosom, and shewed them the contrast between its white hue and his bronzed face and



hands. As they go nearly naked and exposed to the sun, this practical lesson enabled them readily to grasp the idea of a common origin for whites and blacks. This was a familiar illustration of Livingstone's in addressing the natives.

Nyamoana's people were very superstitious, and it was here that he first saw evidence of the existence of idolatry. The idol was a human head rudely carved on a block of wood. His watch and pocket-compass were scanned with much curiosity; but although invited to look at them by her husband, the chief appeared to be afraid of them, and could not be persuaded to approach near enough to see them.

On expressing his intention of proceeding up the Leeba, which appeared still to come from the direction he wished to go, Nyamoana urged him not to do so, as there was a cataract in front, and the Balobale, whose country lies to the west of the river, might kill the party. As the Balobale were unfriendly to the Makololo, his attendants joined with her in urging that they should proceed by land, and visit her brother Shinte. In the midst of the discussion, Manenko appeared upon the scene, and throwing her influence into the scale, carried the day against the further ascent of the river.

Manenko was a tall, well-formed, hardy, and masculine woman, about twenty years of age; a profusion of ornaments and medicines, supposed to act as charms, being suspended about her person. She scarcely wore any clothing, and her body was smeared with a mixture of fat and red ochre, as a protection against the weather. When asked why she, who could procure plenty of clothing, went about in a state of nudity, she replied that it was necessary for her as chief to shew her indifference to the weather. She was a splendid pedestrian, and on a march made her attendants and companions glad when she proposed a halt. Livingstone's people succumbed at once to the strong will of this female

ruler ; and Livingstone himself, though resolute and inflexible in carrying out his own purposes in his own way, was compelled to give way to her wishes. What could he do or say when a difference arose, when, approaching him, she put her hand on his shoulder in a motherly way, and said, "Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done" ?

As the tribes in the districts where he now found himself had no cattle, the party suffered severely from the want of food. All they had had for several days was a small dole of manioc roots every evening from Nyamoana. This was the state of affairs when Mosantu arrived from his visit to Masiko, accompanied by an imposing embassy consisting of his under chiefs, who brought a fine elephant's tusk, two calabashes of honey, and a large piece of blue baize, as presents. He sent his expressions of pleasure at the return of the captives, and at the prospects of a peaceful alliance with the Makololo.

An ox was given by Livingstone as a return for his gifts ; but the poor under chiefs were so hungry that they wished to kill and eat it. On asking his permission to do this he was reluctantly compelled to decline, as he had nothing he could send instead, and had no food to offer them.

Manenko and her husband Sambanza, accompanied by a drummer whose duty it was to thump regularly on his drum in order to acquaint all people they might meet with the fact that a personage of importance was coming, started to escort Dr. Livingstone and his party to Shinte's town. The rain poured in torrents, notwithstanding that her husband endeavoured to stop it by various incantations and vociferations. Manenko marched on unconcernedly at such a rate as made it difficult for the men to keep up with her. Livingstone being still weak from fever, which was aggravated by the low diet of the last few days, was on oxback, the indomitable Manenko walking by his side, keeping up a lively conversation. All suffered from want in this journey ;

the bulk of what they got was begged from the inhabitants of the villages they passed, and they were a sad contrast to the kindly Makololo, for on several occasions they refused to give them even the scantiest supply. Even when, on one occasion Manenko herself went to beg something for Livingstone, she only managed to procure five ears of maize, and this notwithstanding that the headman of the village was a subject of her uncle's.

In the forests they came upon artificial beehives, which are formed by removing the bark whole from a tree, which is then sewn up, closed at both ends, and after a hole is perforated in each for the bees to pass in and out by, they are hung upon the trees. The bees finding so suitable a place for the deposit of their honey and wax, take possession of it, and at the proper season their store is removed by the natives. In this way all the honey and wax exported from Loanda is collected. A piece of medicine (a charm) is attached to the tree, and proves a sufficient protection. Their idolatry is the result of fear only; and their dread of unknown and terrible consequences keeps the people honest under such circumstances.

To the west of the Leeba, Livingstone and his men found it useless to follow the fluttering flight of the bee eater, or honey bird, as all the bees of the district were artificially provided with hives; and he would not permit any of the hives to be interfered with.

Great quantities of edible mushrooms were found in the forest, and as they were pleasant to eat, some of them even when raw, they proved a great blessing in their present half-starved condition. Some of these grow to a great size—as large as the crown of a hat—and several of them are of colours unknown to Europe, one being dark blue. In this district he first saw signs of the insecurity of life and property. The huts were closed with upright stakes, which were removed and replaced as the inmates went in or

departed. The dealings with the Mambari in slaves, and the over-reaching nature of their bargainings, had introduced a lower state of morals than he found prevailing among the Bechuanas and the Makololo, where theft and over-reaching were all but unknown in their transactions with each other, and the relations between the members of each tribe were conducted with primitive simplicity and justice. In all ages and at all times, wherever slavery exists and is fostered by white men, the vices of civilisation, without its virtues, become rampant.

Kabompo, Shinte's town, stands in a pleasant green valley with a limpid brook running through it. The town was embowered in trees, and the huts were well built, and had square walls (the first he had seen) and circular roofs. The streets were straight, and each hut had its patch of ground, in which tobacco, sugar-cane, and bananas were carefully cultivated, the whole being surrounded by a straight fence of upright poles a few inches apart, with grass or leafy branches interwoven between. Outside these fences trees of the *Ficus Indica* family, which they hold in veneration, form a grateful shade. Two native Portuguese traders, and a large number of Mambari were in the town, dealing in their wares and trading in human flesh. For the first time the Makololo men saw slaves in chains. "They are not men," they exclaimed, "who treat children so."

Shinte gave Livingstone a grand reception in the Kotla, or place of assemblage. About a hundred women were present; this was the first occasion in which he had seen women present in the Kotla on a formal or state occasion. A party of musicians, consisting of three drummers and four performers on the marimba, filled up the intervals with music. The marimba "consists of two bars of wood placed side by side, here quite straight, but farther north, bent round so as to resemble half the tire of a carriage wheel;



across these are placed about fifteen wooden keys, two or three inches broad and fifteen inches long ; their thickness is regulated according to the deepness of the note required ; each of the keys has a calabash beneath it. From the upper part of each a portion is cut off to enable them to embrace the bars, and form hollow sounding-boards to the keys ; and little drumsticks elicit the music. Rapidity of execution seems much admired among them, and the music is pleasant to the ear."

After a man had imitated "the most approved attitudes observed in actual fight, as of throwing one javelin, receiving another on the shield, springing to one side to avoid a third, running backward and forward, leaping, &c., Sambanza (Manenko was indisposed) and the spokesman of Nyamoana stalked backward and forward before Shinte, giving him a full and true account, so far as they knew, of the white man and his object in passing through the country, recommending him to receive him well and send him on his way. Several speakers among his own headmen also delivered orations, the women bursting into a plaintive melody between each. This over, Shinte stood up, and the reception was at an end. The power and standing of Shinte among the Balonda chiefs was borne out by the numbers present, there being about a thousand people and three hundred armed men."

On this occasion no communication passed between Livingstone and Shinte. By some mistake the former was permitted to take a seat at a considerable distance from the latter ; and the one being too dignified to approach his guest, and the other imagining that all was according to etiquette at Kabompo, they parted without exchanging a word, but it was remarked by his attendants that Shinte scarcely took his eyes off Livingstone during the interview. Next day Livingstone was commanded to visit him, and found him frank and straightforward ; he was about fifty-



five years of age, about the middle height, and of dignified bearing. After discussing Livingstone's plans, he signified his approval of them. After the business was over, Livingstone inquired if he had ever seen a white man before. "Never; you are the very first man I have seen with a white skin and straight hair; your clothing, too, is different from any we have ever seen."

On receiving a hint that "Shinte's mouth was bitter for want of tasting ox-flesh," Livingstone presented him with one, to his great delight, recommending him to trade in cows with the Makololo, as his country was so well adapted for them. When he visited him on the return journey Livingstone found that this shrewd savage had followed his advice. When Manenko, who was busy preparing a hut and courtyard suitable to her pretensions, heard that the white man had presented her uncle with an ox, she was very wroth. "This white man belonged to her. She had brought him, and therefore the ox was hers, not Shinte's," and ordering her men to bring it, she had it slaughtered, only sending her uncle a leg, with which he appeared to be quite contented. She evidently had her own way with him, as with all others with whom she came in contact.

The magic lantern was a never-failing source of interest and instruction everywhere; the simple savages never tired of looking at the pictures, many of them travelling miles to see them, chiefs and people inquiring minutely as to the meaning of every picture. As many of them were illustrations of Scripture subjects, he found it a ready means of introducing them to Bible truths. A kind of beer or mead is largely drunk among the Balonda, and many cases of intoxication—a thing unknown further south—were observed. Sambanza, the husband of Manenko, got hopelessly tipsy on one occasion, and staggered towards the hut of his wife; and although, as Livingstone says, she "had never promised 'to love, honour, and obey him,' she had not

been 'nursing her wrath to keep it warm,' so she coolly bundled him into the hut and put him to bed."

At their last interview Shinte presented Livingstone with a string of beads and the end of a common sea-shell mounted with string, "which is considered in regions far from the sea of as great value as the Lord Mayor's badge in London. He hung it round my neck, and said, 'There, now you *have* a proof of my friendship.'" For two such shells he afterwards found a slave could be bought, and five of them were considered a handsome price for an elephant's tusk worth ten pounds.

The following extract from Livingstone's first letter to Sir Roderick Murchison supplements the above account of his interview with Shinte :—

"We were received in what they consider grand style. The old chief sat upon a species of *Ficus Indica*, on a raised seat, having some hundreds of women behind him, all decked out in their best, and that best was a profusion of red baize. Some drums and primitive instruments made of wood were powerfully beaten; and different bands of men, each numbering about fifty or eighty persons, well armed with large bows and iron-headed arrows, short broadswords and guns, rushed yelling towards us from different quarters. As they all screwed up their faces so as to look very fierce and savage, I supposed they were trying whether they could not make us take to our heels. But they knelt down and made their obeisance to Shinte, which in all this country consists in rubbing dust on the upper and front part of the arms and across the chest. When several hundreds had arrived, speeches were delivered, in which my history, so far as they could extract it from my companions, was given. 'The Bible containing a message of peace;' 'the return of two captives to Shinte;' 'the opening of a new path for trade,' &c., were all described. 'Perhaps he is fibbing, perhaps not; they rather thought he was.' 'But as they were good-

hearted, and not at all like the Balobale, or people of Sekeletu, and had never done any evil to any one, Shinte had better treat him well and send him on his way.' The women occasionally burst forth with a plaintive ditty, but I could not distinguish whether it was in praise of the speakers or of themselves; and when the sun became hot the scene closed.

"Shinte came during the night and hung around my neck a particular kind of shell, which is highly valued as a proof of the greatest friendship; and he was greatly delighted with some Scriptural pictures which I shewed him from a magic lantern. The spirit of trade is strong in all Africans, and the Balonda chiefs we visited all highly approved of our journey. Each expressed an earnest hope that the projected path might lead through his town. Shinte facilitated our progress to the next important chief, named Katema."

After furnishing him with guides and a stock of provisions, they parted with mutual good wishes, each being serviceable to the other to an extent of which Shinte had little idea.

The great explorer was now in regions where his knowledge of the language of the Bechuanas and the Makololo was of no service to him; and he speaks bitterly of the inconvenience and drawbacks of speaking through an interpreter.

From Kabompo to Katema's town, Livingstone and his party passed across a beautiful country rich in woods and fertile plains, the latter covered from a depth of a few inches to several feet with water, the result of the incessant rains which fell daily. In this vast plain the rivers which unite to form the Zambesi take their rise. The people at the various villages were very friendly, presenting Livingstone and his party with abundance of food, and even striving who should have the pleasure of entertaining them. The people were very superstitious, their superstition taking the form of a dread and terror of some being or beings unseen, and supposed to be near and dangerous. In the forests

medicines were found fixed to the trees as charms; human faces cut out of the bark, and propitiatory gifts hung in the branches, and bundles of twigs, to which every passer-by added his or her quota, all designed as offerings to the unseen powers, who draw them by fear and not by love, were frequently met with.

Several remarkable chiefs and headmen were met and conversed with during this stage of the journey. Mozinkwa, a headman of Katema's and his wife (he had only one), were above the ordinary run in character and intelligence. They had a large and well-kept garden, hedged round. The hut and courtyard were surrounded by a living and impenetrable wall of banian trees. Cotton grew round all the premises. Plants used as relishes to the insipid porridge of the district, castor-oil plants, Indian brignalls, yams, and sweet potatoes were carefully and successfully cultivated. Several large trees planted in the middle of the yard formed a grateful shade to the huts of the family, who were fine specimens of the negro race at its best. Livingstone was much touched by the worth and kindness of this family, and amongst other things promised to bring the wife a cloth from the white man's country on his return; but alas! before his return she was dead, and Mozinkwa and his family had forsaken their pleasant huts and gardens as a Balonda man cannot live in a spot where a favourite wife has died.

In speaking to these people on religious subjects, he found that nothing made so much impression upon them as the fact that the Son of God came down from heaven to die for men, and really endured death in our stead out of pure love, and to tell about God and the place from whence He had come. If this method of interesting them did not succeed, he found it impossible to move them. As human sacrifices had been at one time common among the Balonda, and at the time of Livingstone's visit were still practised to

a limited extent on the occasion of the death of great chiefs, &c., they readily appreciated the extent of the sacrifice made by a great being in submitting himself to death in the place of others.

Quendende, the father-in-law of Katema, a fine old man with long woolly hair reaching to the shoulders, plaited on either side, and the back hair gathered into a lump on the nape of the neck, received a visit which gratified him much. Quendende was a snuff-taker, and prepared the titillating powder in a primitive fashion; the leaves of the tobacco plant after being dried at the fire were pounded in a mortar, after which it was ready for use. The whole party were hospitably entertained by him, and he took great interest in all that the white man told him, and gave him much information as to the Balonda and their habits in return. Speaking of Matiamvo, a powerful chief of the district, he said that so absolute was he, that when any of the mountain traders arrived, he would select a large portion of their goods, and hand over a number of his people, or even the inhabitants of an entire village, as payment. He was a man of violent temper, and appeared to have been really insane, as "he sometimes indulged in the whim of running a-muck in the town, and beheading whomsoever he met, until he had quite a heap of human heads." That these people have some notion of a future state is evident from the answer of an ambassador of Matiamvo when he was rebuked for his cruelty, and told that he would be judged in company with those he destroyed. "We do not go up to God as you do; we are put into the ground."

Katema received the party seated on a sort of a throne, with about three hundred of his principal men round him, and thirty women said to be his wives, seated behind. The main body of the people were seated in a semi-circle about fifty yards distant. Intemese, the chief guide sent with Livingstone by Shinte, in a speech, gave the history of the



white man, his doings and intentions. Katema placed twelve large baskets of meal, half a dozen fowl, and a dozen eggs before them, telling them to "go home and cook and eat, and you will then be in a fit state to speak to me at an audience I will give you to-morrow." Katema was described by Livingstone as "a tall man, about forty years of age, and his head was ornamented with a helmet of beads and feathers. He had on a well worn snuff-brown coat, with a broad band of tinsel down the arms, and carried in his hand a large tail made of the caudal extremities of a number of gnus," which had charms attached to it.

He had a great idea of his own importance, and did not fail to give Livingstone the benefit of it on the morrow. "I am the great Moene (lord) Katema, the father of Matiamvo. There is no one in this country equal to Matiamvo and me; I have always lived here, and my forefathers too. There is the house in which my father lived. You found no human skulls near the place where you encamped. I never killed any of the traders, they all come to me. I am the great Moene Katema, of whom you have heard."

Livingstone presented him with several small articles, apologising for the meagreness of his gift, and asking him what he should bring him from the coast, hinting that it might not be bulky. Everything (he said laughing) of the white people would be acceptable, and he would receive anything thankfully; but the coat he had then on was old, and he would like another.

Unlike the chiefs farther to the south, he had a herd of cattle reared from two he had bought from the Balobale when he was young. They were fine animals, almost white, and as handsome and nearly as active as elands. As he did not milk them they were in a semi-wild state; and when he wanted to kill one it had to be stalked and shot.

Livingstone explained to him how to milk them. The

Balonda are remarkable for a formal etiquette which will not permit them to eat meat prepared by others, or to eat in the presence of strangers; and when an inferior meets a superior he drops on his knees and puts handfuls of dust on his breast. He says in a letter:—"They are a friendly and industrious race, and thousands of the Balobale find an asylum among them from the slave-dealing propensities of their chiefs. They seem to possess a more vivid conviction of their relation to the unseen world than any of the southern tribes. In the deep dark forests near their villages we always met with idols and places of prayer. The latter are spots about four feet broad and forty long, kept carefully clear of vegetation and falling leaves. Here, in the still darkness of the forest night, the worshipper, either male or female, comes alone and prays to the gods (Barimo) or spirits of departed relatives, and when an answer to the petition seems granted, meal or other food is sprinkled on the spot as a thank-offering.

"The inhabitants of the Balonda country belong to the true woolly-headed negro race, and differ remarkably from the Bechuanas and other tribes in the south in their treatment of females and in the practice of idolatry. They swear by their mothers, and never desert them; they allow the women a place and voice in their public assemblies, and frequently elevate them to the chieftainship.

"The Bechuanas, on the contrary, swear by their fathers, glory in the little bit of beard which distinguishes them from the sex which they despise, and though they have some idea of a future state it exerts but little influence on their conduct. Their supreme God is a cow, and they never pray.

"The Balonda extend to 7° south latitude, and their paramount chief is always named Matiamvo. There are many subordinate chiefs, all nearly independent. The Balobale possess the same character, but are more warlike, yet

no prudent white man would be in the least danger among them. It seems proper to refer to the Chiboque, Bashingo, and Bangala, who treated us more severely than any I had previously met with in Africa. Sometimes they levelled their guns at us, and it seemed as if we must fight to prevent entire plunder and reduction to slavery. But I thank God we did them no harm, and no one need fear vengeance on our account. A few more visits on this principle would render them as safe as all other tribes, concerning which it may confidently be stated, that if one behaves as a Christian and a gentleman he will invariably be treated as such. Contrary conduct will give rise to remarks and treatment of scorn."

Here several of Livingstone's people suffered from fever, and he had another attack himself. These frequent seizures had reduced his strength, but had not impaired in the slightest degree that resolute and iron will which allowed nothing to interfere with the great end he had in view. Before he was quite recovered he was on the move again, accompanied by three guides given by Katema. While here and at Shinte's town they had wanted for nothing the people had to give, and they were able to return the compliment, as while there they killed an ox, a share of which was a great boon to people who seldom tasted flesh meat. The want of cattle throughout a district so admirably adapted for them, on account of the abundance of grass and water and its freedom from *tsetse*, struck him as singular.

Pushing on through flooded plains and dank forests the party reached the narrow end of Lake Dilolo, which at its widest is about three miles broad, and is about seven miles long. Livingstone's weak state rendered it undesirable that he should examine it carefully, even although this only involved a few miles of travel. The frequent attacks of fever from which he had suffered made him anxious to loiter as little by the way as possible. His passionate desire was

to reach the coast; and the only dread that seemed to possess him was, that he might succumb before accomplishing his purpose, in which case his long and toilsome journey would have been useless to mankind. On reaching the unflooded higher lands beyond the plain Livingstone discovered to his joy and surprise that he now stood on an elevated plateau which formed the water-shed both of the northern and the southern rivers. The streams running north fell into the Kasai, or Loke, and those to the south united to form the Zambesi (under the names of the Leeba and the Leeambye), the upward course of whose waters he had followed with so much ease and comfort. Unwittingly he had also reached the western extremity of the water-shed of the great Lualaba, about which he had so much to tell us years afterwards.

Here the valleys were deeper and more beautiful than any he had yet seen; their steep sides were seamed with water-courses; and as each of these valleys was drained by a running stream, the growth of the trees was not impeded by the accumulation for months annually of stagnant water. Many of these trees grew to a great height—sixty and eighty feet of clean straight trunk ere the branches were reached being not uncommon. The ground underneath was covered with a luxuriant crop of green grass, through and over which beautiful flowers of all colours stood out, gladdening the sight and perfuming the air.

Turning westward through such scenery as this, Livingstone found himself among tribes who owed allegiance to Katema, and whose dealings with the Mambari had taught them to give nothing to strangers out of friendship. Gunpowder or calico was demanded for everything, and as he had none of these to spare, and as his last parcel of beads was about all he had to traffic with during the long and arduous journey still before him, he began to dread that the expedition was doomed to suffer more from hunger than it

had yet done. Kangerke, a chief whose village is near the Kasai, although not inclined to play the generous host, readily furnished guides, enabling the party to proceed at once. They crossed the Kasai in canoes, the men pointing out its course, saying, "Though you sail along it for months, you will turn without seeing the end of it." The Kasai and its tributaries unite and form the Congo, which falls into the Atlantic Ocean four degrees to the north of Loanda, whither the expedition was bound, so that its course was long enough to give these untravelled savages a high notion as to its unknown extent. Speaking of the stream where the party crossed it, Livingstone likens it to his native Clyde, which in its lower reaches above Glasgow is richly wooded.

Food was now getting scarce, as none could be got unless in exchange for something out of their little store. One of the guides caught a blue mole and two mice, which he dressed for his supper, a distinct indication that larger game was scarce, or not to be had. Since his entrance into the country of Balonda the sight of herds of game, and even single individuals, had become few and far between, and these had become so shy from being hunted that there was no chance of getting within gun-shot of them without horses and other hunting appliances, which he had not got. The weakness caused by the frequent attacks of fever, and the bad setting of his shoulder, which had been shattered by the lion that attacked him at Chounane, left him hardly able to carry or hold his gun straight. Katende, a chief, sent a message to Livingstone that he must give him either a man, a tusk, beads, copper rings, or a shell, before he would be allowed to pass; to which demand an explanation of his circumstances, and one of his remaining shirts, was sent, together with a message that if he liked he might come and take anything else, in which case he would reach his own chief naked, and have to account for it by telling



that Katende had taken them. The shirt was detained, and a little meal and manioc, and a fowl sent in exchange to the famishing band.

They passed onward without seeing Katende, and reached a river with a wooden bridge across it, which Livingstone was surprised to find in the possession of a "pikeman" who demanded toll—a functionary he had not expected to meet with so far from the confines of civilisation. A payment of three copper bracelets secured the passage of the party. For days their route was across a country intersected by valleys, through each of which flowed a flooded stream more or less difficult to cross. In passing one of these Livingstone lost his hold of the tail of an ox, and swam unassisted to the other side, to the great joy of his men, who leaped into the water to save him. They had not known till then that he could swim, and expressed their satisfaction and contempt for future difficulties of a similar nature by saying, "We can all swim. Who carried the white man across the river but himself?"

For several days he suffered severely from fever, being scarcely able to sit upon his ox, and when quite prostrate from its effects a mutiny arose among his men, who were dissatisfied on account of some presents he had made to his guides and chief men, who had become disheartened, and whose goodwill and courage were so necessary to the safety of the expedition. Having explained the matter to them, and promising to slay an ox at the next village they reached, he imagined that harmony was restored. Some time after, on recovering from a stupor induced by fever, he found matters in a worse state than ever. Feeling how necessary it was that order should be restored, he staggered from his bed armed with his double-barrelled pistol, and partly by threats and cajolery restored amity amongst them. Several days afterwards the exactions of the Chiboque and the dangers with which they were daily beset sapped the courage

of his men, and they demanded to be led back to their homes, as they saw no hope of being able to reach the coast. After using all his power of persuasion without avail, he announced his intention in the event of their deserting him of proceeding to his destination alone. This had the desired effect ; some of them made answer : " We will never leave you. Do not be disheartened. Wherever you lead we will follow. Our remarks were made only on account of the injustice of these people."

Those who had accompanied him all the way said " they were all my children ; they knew no one but Sekeletu and me, and they would die for me." At every step of his journey we are called upon to admire the wisdom and courage of this heroic man. On many occasions the slightest indiscretion or rashness would have ruined the expedition by exciting the jealous and suspicious nature of those savage tribes ; and when real danger threatened, his cool and resolute bearing—offering no violence, but shewing unmistakably that if such were absolutely necessary it would be forthcoming—saved them frequently from plunder and a violent death. A man like this, who knows his own powers thoroughly, and possesses the unusual faculty of commanding himself, his passions and feelings, in all cases, illustrates our highest idea of what " a leader of men " should be. To such men few undertakings, however dangerous, are impossible ; their courage and honesty conquer the stranger, while their followers cannot help imbibing these qualities to an extent which makes them capable of efforts they would have shrunk from under inferior guidance.

The travellers passed rapidly over the remainder of their route to the Quango, avoiding villages, as the visiting of these only led to delays, no food being procurable without making sacrifices of their now scanty necessaries. On passing a village swarms of children would rush out and run for long distances alongside of them, viewing them with wonder.

They suffered greatly from hunger, but the near prospect of reaching Portuguese territory and finding friends kept them up, and induced them to strain every nerve to reach it as speedily as possible.

On the 30th of March, when so weak from fever and hunger that he had to be led by his men to prevent his falling, Livingstone looked down from the high land upon a valley about a hundred miles wide, through which the broad Quango wound its way to the north-west. This great valley is nearly covered with dark forest, excepting along the course of the river, which gleamed here and there from the midst of the green meadows which extend a considerable way from its banks. On the further side lofty mountains rose indistinctly through the haze, while the high ground from which he viewed the magnificent scene was about a thousand feet above the level of the stream. Weary and worn with want and disease, one can readily imagine the feelings of this remarkable man as he surveyed the magnificent valley spread out before him, and had his eyes refreshed and his spirit stirred by the sight of blue mountain summits, after hundreds of miles of travel through a country all but flat. Beyond that broad stream lay friendly territory! A few days more of trial and difficulty and he would be among a people who would aid him in the completion of his great enterprise, and esteem it an honour to supply him with the comforts and necessaries of which he stood so much in need!

The chief of the Bashinje, a people on the east bank of the Quango, made himself as troublesome as possible, as Livingstone would neither give him a man nor one of the tusks belonging to Sekeletu. Everything they had possessed, save the tusks and his instruments, was gone, and the clothes of the travellers were hanging about them in tatters. The chief, a young man of pleasing countenance, visited Livingstone, who shewed him his watch, which so

excited his fear and wonder that he declined to see the magic-lantern and his pocket-compass. Hunger and the near prospect of succour had made the whole party determined to march on, even if they should have to cut their way through these unfriendly people. In answer to the threats and demands of the chief, he was told firmly that they "should certainly go forward next day, and if he commenced hostilities the blame before God would be his;" and Livingstone's interpreter added of his own accord, "How many white men have you killed in this path?" meaning, "You have never killed any white man, and you will find one more difficult to manage than you imagine."

Arrived at the Quango, another Bashinje chief insisted upon having an ox, a man, or a gun, before he would permit them to be ferried across. Livingstone's men stripped off the last of their copper rings and gave them to him, but he still insisted upon a man. While in the midst of this difficulty a young half-caste Portuguese sergeant of militia, Cypriano di Abreu, who had crossed from the other side to purchase beeswax, made his appearance, and joined with Livingstone in inducing his men to go down to the river bank. There Cypriano succeeded in arranging matters with the ferryman, and to their great joy they found themselves in Portuguese territory. They passed with light hearts through the tall grass, which in the valley of the Quango is frequently over six feet in height. Three miles to the west of the river they came to several neat square houses, before which many cleanly looking half-caste militiamen, part of Cypriano's command, stood and saluted them.

Livingstone's tent was pitched in front of Cypriano's dwelling, and in the morning his men were plentifully supplied with pumpkins and maize, while Livingstone was entertained to a breakfast in his dwelling of ground nuts, roasted maize, and boiled manioc roots, with guavas and honey as a dessert. "I felt sincerely grateful," says Living-

stone, "for such a breakfast." Several of Cypriano's friends joined them at dinner, before partaking of which each guest had water poured on his hands to wash them by a female slave.

One of the guests cut up a fowl with a knife and fork, the only set in the house, so that they all partook of the fowl with their fingers, their hands being washed at the conclusion of the dinner as at the commencement.

During the few days they remained with Cypriano he killed an ox for their entertainment, and stripped his garden of its produce to feed them; nor did his kindness end here, as he furnished them with as much food as would serve them during the four or five days' journey to Cassange.

As the party had crossed several streams, and had marched for miles among wet grass which grew two feet over their heads, they had a very forlorn appearance as they entered Cassange, the farthest Portuguese settlement, and presented themselves to the gaze of civilised men. The first gentleman Livingstone met asked him for his passport, "and said it was necessary to take me before the authorities. As I was in the same state of mind in which individuals are who commit a petty depredation in order to obtain the shelter and food of a prison, I gladly accompanied him to the house of the commandant, Senor de Silva Rego. Having shewn my passport (letters of recommendation from the Chevalier Du Prat, of Cape Town) to the gentleman, he politely asked me to supper, and as we had eaten nothing except the farina of Cypriano, from the Quango to this, I suspect I appeared particularly ravenous to the other gentlemen around the table." One can readily sympathise with him when he adds, "Had they not been present, I might have put some in my pocket to eat by night: for after fever the appetite is unusually keen, and manioc is one of the most unsatisfying kinds of food." One of the guests, Captain Antonio Rodrigues



Neves, took the worn and exhausted traveller to his house with him, where he remained during his stay, and presented him with a decent suit of clothing. This kindly man also furnished food for the famishing party.

At Cassange the tusks belonging to Sekeletu were sold, and as two muskets, three small barrels of gunpowder, and English baize and calico sufficient to clothe the whole party, with several large bunches of beads, were received for one tusk, Livingstone's companions were quite delighted, as in their own country they only received one gun for two tusks. Another tusk was sold for calico, with which to pay their way to the coast, as it is the chief currency of the district, and the remaining two were sold for money to buy a horse for Sekeletu at Loanda.

Livingstone was astonished to find that the traders at Cassange had an accurate knowledge of the country and the courses of the rivers far to the east, although this information had never appeared on any European map.

The commander handsomely sent a soldier with the party as a guide to Ambaca, entertained Livingstone to a farewell dinner, and presented his companions with an ox to regale themselves with. The merchants accompanied him some distance in hammocks carried by slaves, and having given him letters of introduction to their friends in Loanda, they parted with mutual expressions of goodwill. Livingstone's guide was a man of colour, a native of Ambaca, and a full corporal in the militia. He was attended by three slaves, two of whom carried his hammock, in which he always reclined in state on entering and leaving a village; the third slave carried a box which contained his dishes, clothing, and writing materials, for he could both read and write, as nearly all his brethren could. Although a pure native himself, when he lost his temper in dealing with any of his slaves he called him a "negro," as if he meant it as a term of reproach.

Crossing the high lands which bounded the Quango valley to the west, Livingstone found no difficulty in procuring abundance of food from the inhabitants of the numerous villages in exchange for pieces of calico and beads. The rains and night dews brought on another attack of fever, and a considerable portion of the journey was made in pain and misery. The skin of his body became abraded in various places, and his strong courage almost failed him even when the hour of his success was so near at hand.

Arrived at Ambaca, Livingstone was hospitably entertained by the commandant, who recommended wine for his debility, and here he took the first glass of that beverage he had taken in Africa. While sleeping in the house of the commandant he was bitten by an insect called the *tampan*, a kind of tick, varieties of which range in size from a pin's head to a pea. It invariably attacks the parts between the toes, sucking the blood till quite full. Its bite is poisonous, and causes a sensation of pain and itching, which passes up the limb until it reaches the abdomen, when it causes purging and retching. When these effects do not follow, fever often sets in, which frequently results in death. Before starting, the commandant gave them two militia soldiers as guides to replace their Cassange corporal, who left them here, and provided them with as much bread and meat as would serve them until they reached the next station. With characteristic liberality Livingstone tells us that the ability of so many of the people of Ambaca to read and write "is the fruit of the labours of the Jesuit and Capuchin missionaries, for they taught the people of Ambaca; and ever since the expulsion of the teachers by the Marquis of Pombal the natives have continued to teach each other. These devoted men are held in high estimation throughout the country to this day. All speak well of them, and now that they are gone from this lower sphere I could not help wishing that their own Roman Catholic

fellow Christians had felt it their duty to give the people the Bible, to be a light to their feet when the good men themselves were gone."

Nothing of note occurred during the remainder of the journey. The Portuguese, without exception, treated the party with the utmost consideration and kindness, which was all the more gratifying to him on account of his debilitated condition. Parties of Mambari were met who did not seem pleased at finding Makololo men so far from their native Zambesi, and so near a market where they would discover the true value of their elephants' tusks. They tried to induce them to return by repeating the legend that the white men lived in the sea, and that harm would happen to them. But Livingstone's companions were now proof against such fables, and although full of wonder and doubt as to the new world they were about to enter, and the treatment they might receive, they determined to stand by him to the last.

On catching their first glimpse of the sea the astonishment of his companions was boundless. Speaking of their first sight of it on their return to their friends, they said: "We marched along with our father, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world had no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished, there is no more of me.'"

There was only one Englishman in Loanda—which had then a population of eleven thousand souls—Mr. Gabriel, the British commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade, and he gave his countryman a warm welcome. He had sent an invitation to meet him on the way from Cassange, whence intelligence of the arrival of an Englishman from the interior of Africa—a region from which no European had ever before come—had reached Loanda, but it had missed him on the way. After partaking of refreshments, and noticing how ill his guest looked, he conducted him to

bed. "Never shall I forget," says he, "the luxuriant pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch after six months' sleeping on the ground. I was soon asleep, and Mr. Gabriel coming in almost immediately rejoiced at the soundness of my repose."

The following extracts from a letter written by Dr. Livingstone give a graphic account of the countries and peoples he had visited in this famous journey:—

"The region traversed may be described as an extensive plain, intersected in every direction by large rivers, with their departing and re-entering branches. They bear on their bosoms volumes of water such as are totally unknown in the south, and never dry up as the Orange and most other African rivers do. They appear as possessing two beds, one of inundation and another cut out exactly like the Clyde above Bothwell Bridge. They overflow annually during the rainy season in the north, and then the beds of inundation, the haughs or holms, are all flooded, though, as in the Barotse valley, they may be more than twenty miles broad. The country over which the rivers never rise is nearly two hundred feet higher than the holms.

"The country of the Balonda through which we passed was both fertile and beautiful. Dense forests alternate constantly with open valleys covered with grass resembling fine English meadows. The general surface, though flat, seems covered with waves disposed lengthways from N.N.E. to S.S.W. The crest of each of these earthen billows is covered with forest four or five miles broad, while the trough, about a mile wide, has generally a stream or bog in the centre, with the habitations and gardens of the inhabitants on the sides. The forests consist of lofty evergreen trees standing close together, and interlaced with great numbers of gigantic climbers. The trees, covered with lichens, and the ground with mosses and ferns, indicate a much more humid climate than is to be found in the south.

The only roads through these dense thickets are small winding footpaths; and as an attempt to stop an ox suddenly only makes him rush on, we were frequently caught by the overhanging climbers, and came to the ground head-foremost. On this account I never trusted to the watch alone for longitudes.

"This country, as compared with that to the south, is well peopled. We came to villages every few miles, and often passed as many as ten in a day. Some were extremely neat, others were so buried in a wilderness of weeds that, though sitting on the ox in the middle of the village, we could see only the tops of the houses. There is no lack of food, manioc or the tapioca plant is the staff of life, and requires but little labour for its cultivation. The seasons seem to allow of planting or reaping all the year round. The Balonda were all extremely kind, and indeed had they been otherwise we should have starved, for there is no game, and all the goods which I had brought from the Cape were expended before we started, excepting a few beads.

"When we came near to the Portuguese possessions the tribes altered very much for the worse, and the Chibouque so annoyed us by heavy fines levied on the most frivolous pretences that we changed our course from N.W. to N. This did not relieve us long, for when we came near Cassange we found our route obstructed by the M'bangala, who demanded payment of 'a man, an ox, or a gun,' for leave to pass at all. A refusal on our part was sometimes followed by a whole tribe surrounding us, brandishing their swords, arrows, and guns, and tumultuously vociferating their demands. The more we yielded the more unreasonable the mob became, till at last, in order not to aid in robbing ourselves, we ceased speaking, after telling them that they must strike the first blow. My men, who were inured to fighting by Sebituane, quickly surrounded the chief and councillors. These felt their danger, and speedily



became more amicable. They never disputed the proposition that the ground they cultivated alone belonged to them, and all the rest of the country to God. This being the idea in the native mind, they readily admitted that they had no right to demand payment for treading on the soil of our common Father. But they pleaded custom; 'slave-traders always gave them a slave.' My companions, being all free subjects of Sekeletu, had as good a right to give me as I had to give one of them, and the affair usually ended by our agreeing to give each other food in token of friendship. I had to part with an ox, and their part of the contract was sometimes fulfilled by sending us two or three pounds of the meat of our own animal, with many expressions of regret at having nothing else to give. It was impossible to avoid laughing at the coolness of the generous creatures. I had paid away my razors, shirts, and everything I could dispense with; but though I shewed these extortioners the instruments and all we had as being perfectly useless to them, the oxen, men, and guns still remained. 'You may as well give what we ask for, as we shall get the whole to-morrow after we have killed you,' or 'You must go back from whence you came, and say we sent you,' were some of the witticisms which, with hunger, were making us all sully and savage. If Sekeletu had allowed my companions to bring their shields, I could not have retained them; but we never came into actual collision, and as far as we were concerned the way is open for our journey. On the last occasion on which we parted with an ox objections were raised against one which had lost his tail, because they imagined a charm had been inserted in the stump which might injure them, and the remaining four still in our possession very soon exhibited the same peculiarity of their caudal extremities. Attempts have frequently been made by the Balonda and other distant tribes to open up commercial intercourse with the Portuguese, and these have always been rendered abortive by the borderers."


And now he had achieved his purpose: the mystery of South Africa was solved. Instead of being a vast barren desert he had found it to be a populous and fertile region, watered by splendid streams, navigable for hundreds of miles, abounding in animal life of all kinds, and inhabited by tribes capable of benefiting from the civilising and humanising influences of honest commerce and the teaching of the Gospel. What are the triumphs of arms compared with the great work this heroic man had achieved? On these vast fertile plains there is room for millions of human beings living peaceful and industrious lives. Is it too much to hope that within a period not very remote the tribes of South and Central Africa will have become all that he believes them capable of becoming, and that they will hold in reverence the name and memory of the undaunted Englishman who first introduced them and their country to the knowledge of the civilised world?

Livingstone and his party started from Linyanti on the 11th of November 1853, and reached Loanda on the 31st of May 1854, the journey thus occupying something more than six months, during which period none of his friends, either savage or civilised, heard anything of him. He had disappeared into the wilderness, and like many more daring spirits, it was supposed that he had fallen a victim to the climate or the cruelty of some savage chief. Not the least remarkable fact connected with his journey was, that he had not lost a man in the long and toilsome journey, and as we shall see he was equally fortunate in returning.



## CHAPTER VII.

STAY AT LOANDA—STARTS ON RETURN JOURNEY—DR. LIVINGSTONE AGAIN STRUCK DOWN WITH FEVER—ARRIVAL AT LINYANTI.

S LIVINGSTONE'S illness was of so serious a nature as to require a considerable period of rest and treatment, he remained at the house of Mr. Gabriel, where he was treated with every kindness and attention; nor was the comfort and wellbeing of his attendants forgotten. Mr. Gabriel presented them with red caps and striped cotton jackets, in which costume they were presented by Dr. Livingstone to the bishop, who was acting as provisional Governor. The bishop, who took a warm interest in Livingstone and his attendants, offered the latter a free passage to Loanda as soon as they might wish to return. Two British ships of war, engaged in the suppression of the slave trade, having come into the harbour, their commanders, Captain Skene and Commander Bedingfield, invited the party to visit their ships. Nearly the whole of them went, although filled with misgivings as to what might befall them. The kindness of the sailors, who gave them a share of their dinners, put them at their ease. The firing of a cannon gave them a high idea of the power and the determination of the countrymen of Livingstone in their endeavour to put down the slavery. The size of the ship filled them with amazement. "It is not a canoe, it is a town," they said of the brig of war; "and what sort of town is this which you must climb up into with a rope?"

Through the intelligent kindness of the authorities and

merchants at Loanda, the expedition left that place handsomely provided with comforts and necessities. The authorities sent a colonel's uniform and a horse for Sekeletu, and gave suits of clothing to all the men. The public subscription among the merchants provided two donkeys, in the hope of introducing the ass into districts where its insensibility to the poison of the *tsetse* would make it invaluable as a beast of burden. His man-of-war friends provided Livingstone with a good new tent, manufactured by the crew of the *Philomel*. Livingstone provided each man with a musket, and procured a good stock of ammunition, beads, and cotton cloth. They set out on the 20th of September 1854, having remained at Loanda nearly four months. Their baggage was as heavy as it was valuable; and they were much beholden to the bishop, who furnished them with twenty carriers, to assist them to the nearest station, and ordered the commandants of the districts they had to pass through to give Livingstone and his party all needful help.

The hard dry ground tried the feet of his attendants severely; and on account of this, and an attack of malaria, from which several of them suffered, their progress was slow. Towards the middle of December they reached the estate of Colonel Pires, which is situated to the south of the Lucalla, one of the tributaries of the Coanza, in the district of Pungo Andongo, where he learned to his great sorrow and regret that the *Forerunner* was lost, and that his despatches, journals, and maps had gone to the bottom with her. It was matter for congratulation to him that his friend Captain Bedingfield was among the saved; and with characteristic energy he set to work, while under the hospitable roof of Colonel Pires, to re-write his journal. Colonel Pires had two estates, and was the most energetic and successful planter of the district. His slaves in consequence of being so well treated might readily, from their

zeal and efficient service, have been taken for free servants. Through his exertions the district has become the garden of Angola, producing abundant crops of figs, grapes, wheat, butter, cheese, &c.

Crossing the Coanza and several of its tributaries, they reached Tala Mungongo, where they made a short stay, and suffered from a plague of red ants, which were so numerous and so formidable that slaves were obliged to sit up all night burning fires of straw round the slaughtered carcase of a cow, otherwise the insects would have devoured it. These march in a compact band, several inches wide, and attack man and every animal crossing their track with determined pugnacity. The stinging pain caused by their bites is compared by Livingstone to that produced by sparks of fire falling upon the bare skin. They perform considerable service in devouring any carrion they come across, and by eating the white ants, rats and mice, small snakes, and even the large pythons, when they find them in a state of surfeit. They do not form hills like the white ants, but construct their nests in burrows at some distance from the surface of the ground.

At Cassange he was again hospitably entertained by Captain Neves; and during his short stay he finished the re-writing of his journal, and to his great joy received a packet of the "Times" newspaper, which gave him, among other news, "an account of the Russian war up to the terrible charge of the light brigade. The intense anxiety I felt to hear more may be imagined by every true patriot; but I was forced to live on in silent thought, and utter my poor prayers for friends who, perchance, were now no more, until I reached the other side of the continent." When he next came within reach of news from home, the Russian war was ended, and the Indian mutiny was the absorbing topic of interest and anxiety among his countrymen. This complete isolation from all news from the civilised quarters



of the world was not the least of the trials to which his adventurous career exposed him.

But for the prevalence of fever, which perhaps improved cultivation might tend to diminish, Livingstone speaks of Angola as being "in every other respect an agreeable land, and admirably adapted for yielding a rich abundance of tropical produce for the rest of the world." He further says that, "had it been in the possession of England, it would now have been yielding as much or more of the raw materials of her manufactures as an equal extent of territory in the cotton-growing states of America. A railway from Loanda to this valley (the Quango) would receive the trade of most of the interior of South Central Africa." Livingstone's men, during their passage through Angola, collected better breeds of fowls and pigeons than those in their own country. The native tribes of Angola are very superstitious; and notwithstanding the vigilance of the Portuguese government, practise many of their inhuman rites, notably the ordeal for witchcraft, which consists in the accused party drinking the sap of a poisonous tree, a test which very frequently proves fatal.

After partaking of the hospitality of their good friends in Portuguese territory, they bade adieu to civilised society, and crossed the Quango, reducing the ferryman's charge from thirty yards of calico to six, their more prosperous appearance and better armament having its effect in expediting their progress where they had previously suffered so much. Sleeping on the damp ground during the incessant rains brought on a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which delayed his journey for twenty days, as the faithful Makololo would not stir during his weak state. Petty chiefs endeavoured to extract handsome presents for permission to pass through their small territories, but experience had taught the explorer to set them at defiance, the wisdom of which course was shewn when the party were attacked in a

forest by a chief and his braves, whom they confronted so resolutely as to make them glad to be permitted to depart with whole skins.

As the Makololo suffered from sickness, their progress was slow, about two-thirds of their time being taken up with stoppages to recruit or to collect provisions. Making a detour to the south the party came in contact with several tribes who had not been contaminated by connection with slave traders; and amongst these they procured abundance of food on reasonable terms. The men were great dandies, the oil dripping from their hair on to their shoulders, until every article of clothing was saturated with it. These tribes amused themselves with various kinds of musical instruments of most primitive manufacture, and never went out save armed to the teeth; their guns and bows were ornamented with strips of the hides of the various animals they had shot. Their women tended pet lap-dogs with as much care as their civilised sisters, with a better excuse for their peculiar taste in pets, as these were fattened for eating. Flesh meat was so scarce with them that they were always pleased to give something in return for the smallest piece of ox flesh. Rats, mice, lizards, and birds, especially the latter, were so diligently hunted and trapped for food, that they were seldom seen. Parasitic plants were so plentiful, that in many places a man had to precede the party in the forests armed with a hatchet to cut a passage. The luggage on the backs of the oxen was frequently entangled by them and thrown to the ground, the same fate frequently overtaking the leader of the party himself. Provisions were exceedingly cheap, a fowl and twenty pounds of manioc meal costing a yard of calico, worth threepence. From the Quango valley the party had been accompanied by Paseval and Favia, two half-caste slave traders. It was instructive to notice that they could not carry on their peculiar traffic without paying heavy black-

mail in the shape of presents to every petty chief whose village they visited; nor could they trust their native bearers, who seemed to consider it the right thing to plunder them on all occasions. They were compelled to wink at these irregularities, as the safety of their merchandise was entirely in their hands.

Kawawa, a Balonda chief, being baulked in his endeavours to extract black-mail from the party, sent forward four of his men to the ferry across the Kasai, with instructions to the ferrymen that they should not be carried across the stream, which was about a hundred yards broad and very deep, unless they got a man, an ox, a gun, and a robe. At night Pitsane, who had seen where the canoes were hidden among the reeds on the opposite side of the stream, secured a canoe, in which they all passed safely across, to the chagrin of the ferrymen and Kawawa's messengers, who could hardly guess how they managed to cross, as the canoes were all safe on their side of the stream. Pitsane had replaced the canoe after it had done its work, and swam across to join his comrades, some beads being left in it as payment for a small quantity of meal got from the ferrymen on the previous day. In their mortification at being so completely worsted, Kawawa's people shouted across to them, "Ah, you are bad!" to which the Makololo returned for answer, "Ah, you are good! and we thank you for the loan of your canoe."

The country before them might now be considered as friendly territory in which the simple inhabitants could be trusted to assist them in their onward progress, and whose generous kindness would render less serious the exhausted condition of their stores of baggage and ornaments, which had disappeared through the exactions of the unfriendly chiefs and tribes whose territory they had passed through since crossing the Quango, and the payment for provisions during the long delays caused by the ill health of the party.

The goods and ornaments the Makololo had received in presents, or had purchased out of their earnings at Loanda, had nearly all gone, together with the iron they had purchased for Sekeletu.

The open plains of the Balonda country were comparatively clear of water, save in low-lying spots, and as the vegetation was less dense than they had found it further to the east, their progress was more easy. Animal life became more abundant as they proceeded, giving cheering token of the land of plenty to which they were approaching—vultures sailed overhead; swifts and several varieties of swallows flitted about; wild ducks and other water-fowl were seen in considerable numbers in the neighbourhood of the streams and pools; small herds of the larger game, rendered very shy in consequence of being regularly hunted by the natives, were frequently seen; and jet black larks made the air musical with their song in the early mornings. The plain was radiant with flowers; one Livingstone specially noticed, which grows in such numbers as to give its hue to the ground. The variety of colour of this flower was remarkable. A broad band of yellow on being closely examined would resolve itself into individual flowers, exhibiting every variety of colour from the palest lemon to the richest orange. A hundred yards of this rich carpeting would be succeeded by another broad band of the same flower of a blue colour, made up of every variation of that tint from the lightest to the darkest blue, and even purple. The colour of the birds was as variable in this and other districts as that of the flowers.

On the second day's journey from the Kasai, Livingstone suffered from his twenty-seventh attack of fever; and after an exhausting journey he reached Lake Dilolo. "The sight of the blue waters," he tells us, "and the waves lashing the shore, had a most soothing influence on the mind, after so much of lifeless flat and gloomy forest. The heart yearned



for the vivid impressions which are always created by the sight of the broad expanse of the grand old ocean." Livingstone's old friend, Katema, entertained the party most hospitably, presenting them with a cow and abundance of meal. According to promise, Livingstone presented him with a cloak of red baize, a cotton robe, a quantity of beads, an iron spoon, and a tin pannikin containing a quarter of a pound of powder. Katema had come from his hunting ground to meet the party, to which he returned after his interview with Livingstone, leaving instructions with his headmen to attend to their wants and provide them with a guide to the Leeba.

At Shinte's town the party were most hospitably entertained by that intelligent chief; and Nyamoana, his sister, who had changed the site of her village in consequence of the death of her husband, treated him with every kindness, and gave them the loan of five small canoes in which to proceed down the Leeba. Livingstone's companions also bought several light sharp-prowed canoes for hunting animals in the water. Manenko was unable to visit the party in consequence of a burn in the foot, but her husband, Sambanza, came instead, and as an earnest of goodwill performed the ceremony called *kasendi*—Pitsane and Sambanza being the parties engaged. The hands of the parties were joined, and small incisions sufficient to cause bleeding made in the hands, on the pits of the stomachs, the right cheeks, and the foreheads. Drops of blood were conveyed from the wounds of each on a stalk of grass and dipped in beer—the one drinking the beer mixed with the other's blood. During the drinking of the beer members of the party beat the ground with clubs and muttered sentences by way of ratifying the treaty. This ceremony constitutes the parties engaged in it blood relations, each being bound to warn the other of impending evil, even if it involved the disclosure of an intended attack on the tribe of the other by



his own chief. After the ceremony they exchanged presents—Pitsane getting an abundant supply of food and two shells, and Sambanza receiving Pitsane's suit of green baize, faced with red.

Below the confluence of the Leeba and the Leeambye the party met some native hunters well provided with the dried flesh of the hippopotamus, buffalo, and the crocodile. Here Livingstone had a narrow escape from a bull buffalo, which charged him at full speed. In rounding a bush the animal exposed his shoulder, into which he sent a bullet. "The pain must have made him renounce his purpose, for he bounded past me into the water, where he was found dead."

At Libonta they were received with every demonstration of joy and thankfulness for their return. For months they had been given up as dead; such a scene of kissing and hand-shaking ensued as made Livingstone glad when they were all quietly seated in the *kotla* to hear the report of their adventures. He wisely declined to be the spokesman of the party himself, but Pitsane enlarged for a whole hour on the wonders they had seen and the adventures they had come through. The members of the party had with pardonable vanity throughout all their trials preserved a suit of white European clothing, with red caps, and these were donned for the occasion, and excited the admiration of their friends. Next day they had two religious services in the *kotla*, where Livingstone "addressed them all on the goodness of God in preserving us from all the dangers of strange tribes and disease." The men presented them with two fine oxen, and the women brought abundance of milk, meal, and butter. They explained the total expenditure of their means in the return journey as a reason for their giving nothing in return; and the good Libontese answered, "It does not matter; you have opened a path for us, and we shall have sleep (peace)."

All the way down the Barotse valley they were received

with the same enthusiasm, and as generously treated. At Chitlane's village they were invited to collect a colony of *yonubi linkololo*, a long-legged bird about the size of a crow, which breeds among the reeds on the banks of the Leeambye. They secured a hundred and seventy-six of them, and when roasted they made capital eating. All along their route it was a continuous feast of joy—the donors partaking with the party of the meats they furnished.

At Sesheke Livingstone found several packages sent up the river to him by Dr. Moffat, whose long and fatiguing journey in search of him, already briefly related, will be found fully described further on. In these, which had been carefully kept by the Makololo in a hut on an island in the river, as they feared witchcraft on the part of the Matabeles (their enemies) who had brought them, he found English newspapers and magazines, and some preserved eatables. Amongst other information the papers contained was the explanation by Sir Roderick Murchison, after a study of Mr. Barnes' geological map, and discoveries made by Livingstone and Mr. Oswell, of the peculiar conformation of the continent of Central Africa. Speaking of this wonderful prediction of the physical characteristics of a country of which Sir Roderick had no knowledge save that supplied by induction, Livingstone says:—"There was not much use in nursing my chagrin at being thus fairly cut out by the man who had foretold the existence of Australian gold before its discovery, for here it was in black and white. In his easy-chair he had forestalled me by three years, though I had been working hard through jungle, marsh, and fever since the light dawned in my mind at Dilolo. I had been cherishing the pleasing delusion that I should be the first to suggest the idea that the interior of Africa was a watery plateau of less elevation than flanking hill ranges."

Arriving at Linyanti in September, Livingstone found his waggon and goods standing where he had left them

more than twelve months before. Not an article had been touched, although they all possessed great value in the eyes of the Makololo. Chief and people were loud in their demonstrations of joy at the unlooked-for return of the wanderers. A great meeting was held to receive their report and the presents sent from the Governor and merchants of Loanda. The wonderful story of their adventures lost nothing in the telling at the hands of the Makololo who had accompanied him, and the presents sent to the chief filled them with unbounded admiration. Sekeletu was proud of his colonel's uniform, and when he donned it at the first religious service held after their arrival, his splendid suit attracted more attention than the sermon. The two donkeys were greatly admired, as they promised to be the parents of a flock of domestic animals of great value. They had borne the long journey with that patient and untiring endurance so characteristic of their species, and took very kindly to the abundant vegetation of their new home.

For a great part of the journeys now so happily closed, Dr. Livingstone, on account of his weakness, rode on ox-back. The back of an ox is a very uneasy seat, and slow and sedate as the animal usually appears, he can be skittish and mischievous enough. Sinbad, Dr. Livingstone's ox, was not by any means free from the vices of his kind. "He had," he says, "a softer back than others, but a much more intractable temper. His horns were bent downwards, and hung loosely, so he could do no harm with them; but as we wended our way slowly along the narrow path, he would suddenly dart aside. A string tied to a stick put through the cartilage of the nose serves instead of a bridle, but if you jerk this back it makes him run faster on; if you pull it to one side he allows his head and nose to go, but keeps the opposite eye directed to the forbidden spot, and goes in spite of you. The only way he can be brought to a stand is by a stroke with a wand across the nose.

When Sinbad ran in below a climber stretched over the path, so low that I could not stoop under it, I was dragged off and came down on the crown of my head; and he never allowed an opportunity of the kind to pass without trying to inflict a kick, as if I neither had nor deserved his love."

Having been so long separated from his family, and having come through so many trials and difficulties, which left him feverish and enfeebled, no one would have blamed him if he had harnessed his oxen to his waggon and departed for Kuruman or the Cape, to rest and recruit before attempting another journey. But this was not in accordance with Livingstone's sense of duty. His popularity gave him hopes of being able to make an impression on the Makololo by his religious teaching; and their kindness and their confidence in him made him desirous of serving them in other ways. The road to Loanda was long and difficult; and so much of it passed over land inhabited by unfriendly tribes, that he felt this was not the proper outlet for the merchandise of Central Africa. For months his mind had wandered down the course of the great Zambesi to the east coast; and the more he thought over the matter the more he became convinced that that was the proper route, and that it was his duty to settle the point without delay.

He was all but destitute, and was indebted to the faithful Makololo for everything he required while amongst them; and he could not carry out his intention of passing to the coast without their aid in men, oxen, and material. Nor were these wanting. Explaining to Sekeletu the method of preparing sugar, the latter asked him if he could purchase a mill for him at the east coast. On his replying that he had nothing with which to buy a mill, Sekeletu and his councillors said, "The ivory is all your own; if you leave any in the country it will be your own fault." Sekeletu then gave him an order for a sugar mill, "and for all the varieties of clothing he had ever seen, and especially a

Mohair coat, a good rifle, beads, brass wire, &c., and any other beautiful thing you may see in your own country."

As he had found the two horses left with him when Livingstone started for Loanda of great use, especially in hunting, he was anxious to have more; and these Livingstone expected to be able to get for him at the nearest Portuguese settlements.

"I return," he says, "because I feel that the work to which I set myself is only half accomplished. The way to the eastern coast may be less difficult than I have found that to the west. If I succeed, we shall at least have a choice. I intend, God helping me, to go down the Zambesi or Leeambye to Killimane. I know not whether I shall reach it. I mean to try. I may—in order to avoid the falls of Mosioatunya and the rapid and rocky river above that part—go across from Sesheke to the Mauniche-Loeuge or river of the Bashokolompo, and then descend it to the Zambesi. If I cannot succeed I shall return to Loanda, and thence embark for England."





## CHAPTER VIII.

STARTS FOR THE EAST COAST—THE VICTORIA FALLS—THE  
BATOKA TRIBES—REACHES ZUMBO—DEPARTURE FOR  
ENGLAND—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.



ON the 3rd of November 1855, Livingstone and his fellow-adventurers, accompanied by Sekeletu with two hundred of his followers, who were to accompany them as far as Kalai, on the Leeambye, started from Linyanti. The whole party were fed at Sekeletu's expense—the cattle for the purpose being taken from his cattle stations, which are spread over the whole territory owing him allegiance. Passing through a *tsetse* district when dark, to escape its attacks, they were overtaken by a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, which thoroughly drenched the party. Livingstone's extra clothing having gone on, he was looking forward ruefully to the prospect of passing the night on the wet ground, when Sekeletu gave him his blanket, lying uncovered himself. He says: "I was much touched by this little act of genuine kindness. If such men must perish by the advance of civilisation, as certain races of animals do before others, it is a pity. God grant that ere this time comes they may receive that gospel which is a solace for the soul in death!"

Writing to Sir Roderick Murchison about this touching incident, and the general kindness of Sekeletu, he uses words which, at the risk of repetition, are worth quoting:—"When passing Sheseke on our way down the river in November last, Sekeletu generously presented ten slaughter-cattle and three of the best riding oxen he could

purchase among his people, together with supplies of meal and everything else he could think of for my comfort during the journey. Hoes and beads were also supplied to purchase a canoe, when we should come to the Zambesi again, beyond the part where it is constricted by the rocks. These acts of kindness were probably in part prompted by the principal men of the tribe, and are valuable as shewing the light in which our efforts are viewed; but as little acts often shew character more clearly than great ones, I may mention that—having been obliged to separate from the people who had our luggage, and to traverse about twenty miles infested by the *tsetse* during the night—it became so pitchy dark, we could only see by the frequent gleams of lightning, which at times revealed the attendants wandering hither and thither in the forest. The horses trembled and groaned, and after being thoroughly drenched by heavy rain we were obliged to give up the attempt to go farther, and crawled under a tree for shelter. After the excessive heat of the day one is peculiarly sensitive to cold at night. The chief's blanket had fortunately not gone on; he covered me with it, and rested himself on the cold wet ground until the morning. If such men must perish before the white race by an immutable law of heaven, we must seem to be under the same sort of 'terrible necessity' in our 'Kaffre wars' as the American professor of chemistry said he was when he dismembered the man whom he murdered."

On the island of Kalai they found the grave of Sekote, a Batoka chief, who had been conquered by Sebituane, and had retreated to this place, where he died. The ground near the grave was garnished by human skulls, mounted on poles, and a large heap of the crania of hippopotami—the tusks being placed on one side. The grave was ornamented with seventy large elephants' tusks, planted round it with the points inwards, forming an ivory canopy; and thirty more were placed over the graves of his relatives. As they

neared the point from which the party intended to strike off to the north-east from the river, Livingstone determined to visit the falls of Mosioatunya, known as the falls of Victoria since his visit. He had often heard of these falls from the Makololo. None of them had visited them, but many of them had been near enough to hear the roar of the waters and see the cloud of spray which hangs over them. The literal meaning of the Makololo name for them is, "smoke does sound there," or "sounding smoke."

He visited them twice on this occasion, the last time along with Sekeletu, whose curiosity had been aroused by his description of their magnificence. Just where the sounding smoke of which Sebituane and the Makololo had told him rises up for several hundred feet into the sky, and is visible for over twenty miles—a spectacle of ever changing form and colour—the mighty stream nearly a mile in width plunges in a clear and unbroken mass into a rent in the basaltic rock which forms the bed of the river and the low hills which bound the river in front and on either side for a considerable distance of its course. This chasm is from eighty to a hundred feet in width, and of unknown depth, the thundering roar of the falling waters being heard for a distance of many miles. The throbbing of the solid ground, caused by the immense weight and force of the falling water is felt at a great distance from the tremendous chasm in which the great river is engulfed.

After a descent of several yards the hitherto unbroken mass of water presents the appearance of drifted snow, from which jets of every form leap out upon the opposite side of the chasm. For about a hundred feet its descent can be traced to where it reaches the seething surface of the water below, from which it arises in jets of water like steam. A dense smoke-cloud of spray which, descending on all sides like rain, wets the onlooker to the skin, maintains a constant green verdure within the reach of its influence. The

depth of the narrow chasm which draws off such a vast volume of water must be great. At one place it has been plumbed to a depth of more than twice that of the pool into which the St. Lawrence falls at Niagara. The great smoke clouds are formed by five distinct columns of spray, which ascend from the gulf to a height of from two to three hundred feet. Three of these columns—two on the right and one on the left of Garden Island, which overlook the falls, appeared to Livingstone to contain as much water in each as there is in the Clyde at the fall of Stonebyres during a flood. The waters are drained off near the eastern end of the falls by a prolongation of the rocky chasm, which pursues its way with little variation as to breadth in a zigzag course through the mass of low hills for over thirty miles, when the tormented waters break into the plain and spread out to their former width, to be here and there narrowed by the several rapids which interrupt its navigation, in some cases even to the light canoes of the bold and skilful Makalaka and Batoka men.

The following is Dr. Livingstone's account of the Victoria Falls, as furnished to Sir Roderick Murchison:—

“Our convoy down to Mosioatunya consisted of the chief and about two hundred followers. About ten miles below the confluence of the Chobe and Leeambye, or Zambesi, we came to the commencement of the rapids. Leaving the canoes there, we marched on foot about twenty miles further along the left or northern bank to Kalai, otherwise called the island of Sekote. It was decided by those who knew the country well in front that we should here leave the river, and avoid the hills through which it flows, both on account of *tsetse* and the extreme ruggedness of the path. By taking a north-east course the river would be met where it has become placid again. Before leaving this part of the river I took a canoe at Kalai, and sailed down to look at the falls of Mosioatunya, which proved to be the finest

sight I have seen in Africa. The distance to the 'smoke-sounding' falls of the Zambesi was about eight miles in a S.S.E. direction, but when we came within five miles of the spot we saw five large columns of 'smoke' ascending two hundred or three hundred feet, and exhibiting exactly the appearance which occurs on extensive grass-burnings in Africa. The river above the falls is very broad, but I am such a miserable judge of distances on water that I fear to estimate its breadth. I once shewed a naval officer a space in the bay of Loanda which seemed of equal breadth with parts of the river which I have always called four hundred yards. He replied, 'That is nine hundred yards.' Here I think I am safe in saying it is at least a thousand yards. You cannot imagine the glorious loveliness of the scene from anything in England. The 'falls,' if we may so term a river leaping into a sort of strait-jacket, are bounded on three sides by forest-covered ridges about four hundred feet in height. Numerous islands are dotted over the river above the falls, and both banks and islands are adorned with sylvan vegetations of great variety of colour and form.

"At the period of our visit many of the trees were spangled over with blossoms, and towering above them all stands the great burly baobab, each of whose (syemite-coloured) arms would form the bole of a large ordinary tree. Groups of graceful palms, with their feathery-formed foliage, contribute to the beauty of the islands. As a hieroglyphic, they always mean 'far from home;' for one can never get over their foreign aspect in picture or landscape. Trees of the oak-shape and other familiar forms stand side by side with the silvery Mohonono, which in the tropics looks like the cedar of Lebanon. The dark cypress-shaped Motsouri, laden with its pleasant scarlet fruit, and many others, also attain individuality among the great rounded masses of tropical forest. We look and look again, and hope that scenes lovely enough to arrest the gaze of angels may never



vanish from the memory. A light canoe, and men well acquainted with the still waters caused by the islands, brought us to an islet situated in the middle of the river, and forming the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. Creeping to the verge, we peer down into a large rent which has been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and there we see the stream of a thousand yards in breadth suddenly compressed into a channel of fifteen or twenty. Imagine the Thames flanked with low tree-covered hills from the tunnel to Gravesend, its bed of hard basaltic rock instead of London mud, and a rent or fissure made in the bed from one end of the tunnel to the other, down through the keystones of the arch to a depth of one hundred feet, the lips of the fissure being from sixty to eighty feet apart. Suppose farther the narrow rent prolonged from the tunnel to Gravesend along the left bank, and the Thames leaping bodily into this gulf, compressed into fifteen or twenty yards at the bottom, forced to change its direction from the right to the left bank, then turning a corner and boiling and roaring through the hills, and you may conceive something similar to this part of the Zambesi.

“In former days the three principal falls were used as places where certain chiefs worshipped the Barimo (gods or departed spirits). As even at low water there are from four hundred to six hundred yards of water pouring over, the constancy and loudness of the sound may have produced feelings of awe, as if the never-ceasing flood came forth from the footstool of the Eternal. It was mysterious to them, for one of their canoe songs says—

‘The Leeambye—nobody knows  
Whence it comes or whither it goes.’

“Perhaps the bow in the cloud reminded them of Him who alone is unchangeable and above all changing things. But not aware of His true character, they had no admiration of the beautiful and good in their bosoms. Secure in

their own island fortresses they often inveigled wandering or fugitive tribes on to others which are uninhabited, and left them there to perish. The river is so broad that, when being ferried across, you often cannot see whether you are going to the mainland or not. To remove temptation out of the way of our friends, we drew the borrowed canoes last night into our midst on the island where we slept, and some of the men made their beds in them.

“Before concluding this account of the falls, it may be added that the rent is reported to be much deeper further down, perhaps two hundred or three hundred feet ; and at one part the slope downward allows of persons descending in a sitting posture. Some Makololo, once chasing fugitives, saw them unable to restrain their flight, and dashed to pieces at the bottom. They say that the river appeared as a white cord at the bottom of an abyss, which made them giddy and fain to leave. Yet I could not detect any evidence of wear at the spot which was examined, though it was low water, and from seven to ten feet of yellow discolouration on the rock shewed the probable amount of rise. I have been led to the supposition by the phenomena noticed by both Captain Tuckey and Commander Bedingfield in the Congo or Zaire, that it as well as the Orange River seems to be discharged by a fissure through the western ridge. The breadth of the channel among the hills, where Captain Tuckey turned, will scarcely account for the enormous body of water which appears farther down. Indeed, no sounding can be taken with ordinary lines near the mouth, though the water runs strong and is perfectly fresh.

“On the day following my first visit I returned to take another glance and make a little nursery garden on the island, for I observed that it was covered with trees, many of which I have seen nowhere else ; and as the wind often wafted a little condensed vapour over the whole, it struck me this was the very thing I could never get my Makololo

friends to do. My trees have always perished by being forgotten during droughts, so I planted here a lot of peach and apricot stones and coffee-seed. As this island is unapproachable when the river rises, except by hippopotami, if my hedge is made according to contract, I have great hopes of Mosioatunya's ability as a nurseryman. On another island close by your address of 1852 remained a whole year. If you had been a lawyer instead of a geologist your claims to the discovery would have been strong, as 'a bit of your mind' was within sight and sound of the falls very long before the arrival of any European.\* I thank you for sending it."

Taking leave of Sekeletu and his followers the party pushed northwards through the Batoka country. This powerful and numerous tribe had been conquered and decimated by Sebituane and the Matabele until vast tracts of fruitful hill and plain, in which the larger game abounded, were almost devoid of human life. The Batoka people are of a low type, and are of a cruel and vindictive disposition, evil qualities, probably fostered by the wars they have been forced to wage against more powerful tribes. They have a barbarous habit of knocking out the front teeth of the upper jaw, which gives to their face a hideous expression. They explained that they did this in order to look like oxen, and not like the zebras, as they hold the latter animals in detestation.

In the valley of the Lekone, a considerable river which falls into the Zambesi below the falls, they rested a day at the village of Moyara, whose father had been a powerful chief, with many followers and large herds of cattle and goats. His son lives among the ruins of his town with five wives and a handful of people, while the remains of his

\* Sir Roderick's address was contained in the packages sent by Dr. Moffat from Moselekatse's country, all of which Livingstone found carefully preserved on an island in the Zambesi on his return from the west coast.

warlike and more powerful father are buried in the middle of his hut, covered with a heap of rotting ivory. Bleached skulls of Matabele, evidences of his power and cruelty, were stuck on poles about the village. The degraded condition of the Batoka among the more powerful tribes was exemplified by the fact that a number of them were introduced into his party by Sekeletu to carry his tusks to the nearest Portuguese settlement.

The open plains and the short grass and firm ground made travelling a luxury compared with their experiences in going to the west coast, and the party marched on in the highest spirits. Fruit trees, yielding edible fruit, were abundant; several of them were similar to those they had seen on the coast near Loanda. Buffaloes, antelopes, elephants, zebras, and lions and other felines abounded in the district crossed by them during the early part of their journey. In consequence of being little disturbed the larger game were very tame. Livingstone shot a buffalo among a herd. When wounded the others tried to gore it to death. This herd was led by a female, and he remarks that this is often the case with the larger game, as the leader is not followed on account of its strength, but its wariness and its faculty of discerning danger. The cow buffalo-leader, when she passed the party at the head of the herd, had a number of buffalo birds seated upon her withers. By following the honey-birds his attendants procured abundance of honey, which formed an agreeable addition to their meals.

The ruins of many towns were passed, proving the density of the population before the invasion of the country by Sebituane, and his being driven out of it by the Matabele and other rival tribes. At the River Dila they saw the spot where Sebituane had lived. The Makololo had never ceased to regret their enforced departure from this healthy, beautiful, and fertile region; and Sekwebu had been instructed by

Sekeletu to point out to Livingstone its advantages as a position for their future headquarters. Beyond the Dila they reached a tribe hostile to the Makololo, but although they assumed a threatening attitude, the party, owing to Livingstone's courage and firmness, passed through unharmed. Save on this occasion the Batoka were most friendly, great numbers of them coming from a distance with presents of maize and fruit, and expressing their great joy at the first appearance of a white man amongst them. The women clothe themselves much as the Makololo women do, but the men go about in *puris naturalibus*, and appeared to be quite insensible to shame. The country got more populous the farther east they advanced, but the curiosity and kindness of the people fell off as they proceeded. Food was abundant; the *masuka* tree was plentiful, and its fruit was so thickly strewn about the ground that his men gathered and ate it as they marched. Everywhere among these unsophisticated sons of nature, who had all they wished for in their genial climate—plentiful herds and abundant crops of maize and fruit—the cry was for peace. Before the advent of Sebituane the country had been swept by a powerful chief named Pingola, who made war from a mere love of conquest, and the memory of their sufferings had entered deeply into their hearts. A sister of Monze, the head chief of the tribes in the district they were now traversing, in expressing her joy at the prospect of being at peace, said, "It would be so pleasant to sleep without dreaming of any one pursuing them with a spear."

Monze visited the party wrapped in a large cloth, and rolled in the dust, slapping the outside of his thighs with his hands—a species of salutation Livingstone had a strong repugnance to, especially when performed by naked men, but no expression of his feelings tended to put a stop to it. Monze gave them a goat and a fowl, and a piece of the flesh of a buffalo which had been killed by him, and was greatly



pleased with a present of some handkerchiefs. The head men of the neighbouring villages also visited them, each of them provided with presents of maize, ground nuts, and corn. Some of these villagers had the hair of their heads all gathered in a mass, and woven into a cone from four to eight inches in width at the base, ending in a point more or less prolonged.

Livingstone's own sketch of the country, and the mode of travel, &c., in one of his letters, merits a place here:—

“When we ascended the Zambesi, towards Kabompo, in January 1854, the annual flood which causes inundation had begun, and with the exception of sand, which was immediately deposited at the bottom of the vessel, there was no discolouration. Ranges of hills stand on both banks as far as we have yet seen it. The usual mode of travelling is by canoe, so there are generally no paths, and nothing can exceed the tedium of winding along through tangled jungle without something of the sort. We cannot make more than two miles an hour; our oxen are all dead of *tsetse*, except two, and the only riding ox is so weak from the same cause as to be useless. Yet we are more healthy than in the journey to Loanda. The banks feel hot and steamy both night and day, but I have had no attack of fever through the whole journey. I attribute this partly to not having been ‘too old to learn,’ and partly to having had wheaten bread all the way from the waggon at Linyanti. In going north we braved the rains, unless they were continuous, and the lower half of the body was wetted two or three times every day by crossing streams. But now, when rain approaches we halt, light large fires, and each gets up a little grass shed over him. Tropical rains run through everything, but, though wetted, comparatively little caloric is lost now to what would be the case if a stream of water ran for an hour along the body. After being warmed by

the fire all go on comfortably again, and the party has been remarkably healthy. In the other journey too, wishing to avoid overloading the men, and thereby making them lose heart, I depended chiefly on native food, which is almost pure starch, and the complete change of diet must have made me more susceptible of fever. But now, by an extemporaneous oven, formed by inverting a pot over hot coals, and making a fire above it, with fresh bread and coffee in Arab fashion, I get on most comfortably. There is no tiring of it. I mention this because it may prove a useful hint to travellers who may think they will gain by braving hunger and wet."

As buffaloes and elephants were plentiful, one was now and again shot, so that the party seldom wanted flesh meat. A party of his men on one occasion slaughtered a female elephant and her calf with their spears, native fashion. The mother had much the appearance of a huge porcupine, from the number of spears sticking into her flesh when she fell exhausted by the loss of blood. This was a needlessly cruel method of recruiting their stores of food, and Livingstone did not encourage it, although he found shooting the larger game for food both trying and hazardous, as he could make little use of the arm which had been fractured by the lion when among the Bakwains. His skill was very much impaired, and was provokingly enough at its lowest ebb when meat was most wanted.

"I never before saw," he says in one of his letters, "elephants so numerous or so tame as at the confluence of the Kafue and Zambesi. Buffaloes, zebras, pigs, and hippopotami were equally so, and it seemed as if we had got back to the time when megatheriæ roamed about undisturbed by man. We had to shout to them to get out of the way, and then their second thoughts were—'It's a trick.' 'We're surrounded'—and back they came, tearing through our long-extended line. Lions and hyænas are so numerous

that all the huts in the gardens are built on trees, and the people never go half-a-mile into the woods alone."

They had now got into a district where rains were frequent, and so much had they been spoiled by the beautiful dry weather and fine open country they had passed through, that at first, as he has told us above, they invariably stopped and took shelter when it fell.

It was on the 18th December they reached the Kafue, the largest tributary of the Zambesi they had yet seen. It was about two hundred yards broad, and full of hippopotami. Here they reached the village of Semalembue, who made them a present of thirty baskets of meal and maize, and a large quantity of ground nuts. On Dr. Livingstone explaining that he had little to give in return for the chief's handsome gift, he accepted his apologies politely, saying that he knew there were no goods in the country from which he had come. He professed great joy at the words of peace which Livingstone addressed to him, and said, "Now I shall cultivate largely, in the hope of eating and sleeping in peace." The preaching of the Gospel amongst these people gave them the idea of living at peace with one another as one of its effects. It was not necessary to explain to them the existence of a Deity. Sekwebu pointed out a district, two-and-a-half days' distance, where there is a hot fountain which emits steam, where Sebituane had at one time dwelt. "There," said he, "had Sebituane been alive, he would have brought you to live with him. You would be on the bank of the river, and by taking canoes you would at once sail down to the Zambesi, and visit the white people at the sea."

Every village they passed furnished two guides, who conducted them by the easiest paths to the next. Along the course of the Zambesi, in this district, the people are great agriculturists—men, women, and children were all very busily at work in their gardens. The men are strong and

robust, with hands hardened by toil. The women disfigure themselves by piercing the upper lip and inserting a shell. This fashion universally prevails among the Maran, which is the name of the people. The head-men of the villages presented the party freely with food, and one of them gave Livingstone a basinful of rice, the first he had seen for a long time. He said he knew it was white man's meal, and refused to sell a quantity unless for a man. Strange that his first introduction to one of the products of civilisation in this, to him, new region should be simultaneous with the appearance of a hateful commerce, fostered by a race holding themselves so much superior to the savage tribes of the interior through which they had passed, who held it in abhorrence.

Beyond the river they came upon the ruins of stone houses, which were simply constructed, but beautifully situated on the hill-sides commanding a view of the river. These had been the residences of Portuguese traders in ivory and slaves when Zumbo, which they were now approaching, had been a place of considerable importance as a Portuguese trade settlement. Passing Zumbo, they slept opposite the island of Shotanaga in the Zambesi, and were surprised by a visit from a native, with a hat and jacket on, from the island. He was quite black, and had come from the Portuguese settlement of Tete, which they now learned to their chagrin was on the other side of the stream. This was all the more awkward, as he informed them that the people of the settlement had been fighting with the natives for two years. Mpende, a powerful chief who lived farther down the river, had determined that no white man should pass him. All this made them anxious to cross to the other bank of the river, but none of the chiefs whose villages lay between their present position and Mpende's town, although in every other way most friendly, dared to ferry them across, in dread of offending that powerful chief.

All but unarmed as they were, and dependent upon the kindness of the people through whose country they were passing, their progress being retarded by the feebleness of their *tsetse*-bitten oxen, there was no help for it but to proceed, and trust to Providence for the reception they might receive from the dreaded chief who was at war with the Portuguese in their front. Trusting in the purity of his motives, and that dauntless courage, tempered with discretion, which had never deserted him, Livingstone passed on, the fear of what awaited him in front not preventing him from admiring the beauty of the country, and its capability under better circumstances of maintaining a vast population in peace and plenty. Nearing Mpende's village, where a conical hill, higher than any he had yet seen, and wooded heights and green fertile valleys commanded his admiration, he all but forgot the danger of his situation, until forcibly reminded of it by the arrival of a formidable number of Mpende's people at his encampment, uttering strange cries, waving some red substance towards them, and lighting a fire on which they placed chains—a token of war—after which they departed to some distance, where armed men had been collecting ever since daybreak.

Fearing a skirmish, Livingstone slaughtered an ox, according to the custom of Sebituane, with the view of raising the courage of his men by a plentiful meal. Although only half-armed, in rags, and suffering from their march, yet inured as they were to fatigue, and feeling a confidence in their superiority over the Zambesi men, notwithstanding all drawbacks in comfort and circumstances, Livingstone had little fear of the result if fight he must; but in accordance with his constant policy he was bound to accomplish his object in peace, if that were possible. His men were elated at the prospect of a fight, and looked forward to victory as certain, and the possession of corn and clothes in plenty, and of captives to carry their tusks and baggage for



them. As they waited and ate their meat by their camp-fire, they said, "You have seen us with elephants, but you don't know yet what we can do with men."

By the time breakfast was despatched, Mpende's whole tribe was assembled at about half-a-mile distant from their encampment; spies, who refused to answer any questions, advanced from among the trees which hid the position of the main body, and came up to the encampment of the party. To two of these Livingstone handed the leg of an ox, desiring them to carry it to Mpende. This brought a visit from two old men, who asked Livingstone who he was. "I am a Lekoa" (Englishman) he replied. "We don't know the tribe," they said; "we suppose you are Mozanga (Portuguese), with whom we have been fighting." As the Portuguese they knew were half-castes, Livingstone bared his bosom and asked if they had hair and skin like his. "No," they replied, "we never saw skin so white as that. Ah! you must be one of that tribe that loves the black man."

Through the intercession of one of these men, Sindese Oalea, the head-man of a neighbouring village, Mpende, after a long discussion with his councillors, was induced to believe Livingstone's account of himself and his intentions, and to treat him and his party with great generosity and kindness. Sekwebu was sent to the chief with a request that he might buy a canoe to convey one of his men who was ill. Mpende said, "That white man is truly one of our friends. See how he lets me know his afflictions." "Ah!" said Sekwebu, "if you only knew him as well as we do who have lived with him, you would understand that he highly values your friendship and that of Mburuma, and as he is a stranger he trusts in you to direct him." He replied, "Well, he ought to cross to the other side of the river, for this bank is hilly and rough, and the way to Tete is longer on this than on the opposite bank." "But who will take

us across if you do not?" "Truly," replied Mpende, "I only wish you had come sooner to tell me about him; but you shall cross." And cross they did, leaving the place in very different spirits from those with which they had approached it.

A little way down the river they arrived opposite an island belonging to a chief called Mozinkwa; here they were detained by heavy rains and the illness of one of the Batoka men, who died. He had required to be carried by his fellows for several days, and when his case became hopeless they wanted to leave him alone to die, but to such an inhuman proposal Livingstone could not of course give his consent. Here one of the Batoka men deserted openly to Mozinkwa, stating as his reason that the Makololo had killed both his father and his mother, and that he would not remain any longer with them.

Towards the end of January they were again on their way; and early in February, as his men were almost in a state of nudity, Livingstone gave two tusks for some calico, marked Lawrence Mills, Lowell, U.S. The clayey soil and the sand-filled rivulets made their progress slow and difficult. The sand rivers are water-courses in sandy bottoms, which are full during the rainy seasons and dry at other times, although on digging a few feet into the bed of the stream water is found percolating on a stratum of clay. "This," Livingstone says, "is the phenomenon which is dignified by the name of rivers flowing underground." In trying to ford one of these sand rivers—the Zingesi—in flood, he says: "I felt thousands of particles of coarse sand striking my legs, and the slight disturbance of our footsteps caused deep holes to be made in the bed. The water . . . dug out the sand beneath the feet in a second or two, and we were all sinking by that means so deep that we were glad to relinquish the attempt to ford it before we got half way over; the oxen were carried away down to the Zambesi. These sand rivers

remove vast masses of disintegrated rock before it is fine enough to form soil. The man who preceded me was only thigh-deep, but the disturbance caused by his feet made it breast-deep for me. The stream of particles of gravel which struck against my legs gave me the idea that the amount of matter removed by every freshet must be very great. In most rivers where much wearing is going on a person diving to the bottom may hear literally thousands of stones knocking against each other. This attrition, being carried on for hundreds of miles in different rivers, must have an effect greater than if all the pestles and mortar mills of the world were grinding and wearing away the rocks."

At the village of a chief called Monina, Monahin, one of Livingstone's men, disappeared through the night. As he had been ill for some time, and had complained of his head, Livingstone imagined that he had wandered in an insane state, and been picked up by a lion. They prowled about the native settlements at night with great boldness, making it dangerous for any one to be about after dark. He had proved very valuable to Livingstone, and he felt his loss greatly. The general name of the people of this district is Banyai; they are ruled over by several chiefs, the government being a sort of feudal republican. The people of a tribe, on the death of their chief, have the privilege of electing any one, even from another tribe, to be his successor, if they are not satisfied with any of the members of his family. The sons of the chiefs are not eligible for election among the Banyai. The various chiefs of the Banyai acknowledge allegiance to a head-chief. At the time of Livingstone's visit, this supreme position was held by a chief called Nyatewe. This custom appears to prevail in South and Central Africa, and if the chief who wields supreme power is a wise and prudent ruler, the result is highly beneficial.

Among the Banyai the women are treated with great respect, the husband doing nothing that his wife disapproves.

Notwithstanding this, a barbarous custom prevails amongst them if a husband suspects his wife of witchcraft or infidelity. A witch-doctor is called, who prepares the infusion of a plant named *goho*, which the suspected party drinks, holding up her hand to heaven in attestation of her innocence. If the infusion causes vomiting she is declared innocent, but if it causes purging she is held to be guilty, and burned to death. In many cases the drinking of the infusion causes death. This custom prevails, with modifications, amongst most of the tribes of Central Africa, and is found as far west as Ambaca. When a Banyai marries, so many head of cattle or goats are given to the parents, and unless the wife is bought in this way the husband must enter the household of his father-in-law and do menial offices, the wife and her family having exclusive control of the children. The Banyai men are a fine race, but the superior courage and skill Livingstone's men displayed in hunting won the hearts of the women; but none of them would be tempted into matrimony where it involved subjection to their wives.

Within eight miles of Tete Livingstone was so fatigued as to be unable to go on, but sent some of his men with his letters of recommendation to the commandant. About two o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of March the encampment was aroused by the arrival of two officers and a company of soldiers, sent with a supply of provisions for the party by the commandant. As Livingstone and his men had been compelled for several days to live on roots and honey, their arrival was most timely. He says: "It was the most refreshing breakfast I ever partook of, and I walked the last eight miles without the least feeling of weariness, although the path was so rough that one of the officers remarked to me, 'This is enough to tear a man's life out of him.' The pleasure experienced in partaking of that breakfast was only equalled by the enjoyment of Mr. Gabriel's bed when I

arrived at Loanda. It was also enhanced by the news that Sebastopol had fallen, and the war was finished."

Major Sicard, the Portuguese commandant at Tete, treated Livingstone and his men with the greatest generosity. He clothed himself and his men, and provided them with food and lodgings, declining to receive several tusks which were offered in compensation. As the most of his men were to be left here, Major Sicard gave them a portion of land on which to cultivate their own food, and permission to hunt elephants—the money they made from the tusks and dried meat to be used for the purchase of articles to take to Sekeletu on their return.

As Livingstone was in a very emaciated state, and fever was raging at Kilimane, the point on the coast to which he was bound, he was induced to remain at Tete for a month, during which time he occupied himself by making several journeys in the neighbourhood, visiting a coalfield, &c., &c. The village of Tete he found to consist of a large number of wattle-and-daub native huts, with about thirty European houses built of stone. The place had declined greatly in importance through the introduction of the slave trade. In former times considerable quantities of wheat, maize, millet, coffee, sugar, oil, indigo, gold dust, and ivory were exported, and as labour was both abundant and cheap the trade was profitable. Livingstone says: "When the slave trade began it seemed to many of the merchants a more speedy mode of becoming rich to sell off the slaves than to pursue the slow mode of gold-washing and agriculture, and they continued to export them until they had neither hands to labour nor to fight for them. . . . The coffee and sugar plantations and gold-washings were abandoned because the labour had been exported to the Brazils."

In consequence of a sudden change of temperature, Major Sicard and Livingstone, and nearly every person in the house, suffered from an attack of fever. Livingstone soon



recovered, and was unremitting in his attention to the others. His stock of quinine becoming exhausted, his attention was drawn by the Portuguese to a tree called by the natives *kumbanzo*, the bark of which is an admirable substitute. He says: "There was little of it to be found at Tete, while forests of it are at Senna and near the delta of Kilimane. It seems quite a providential arrangement that the remedy for fever should be found in the greatest abundance where it is most needed. . . . The thick soft bark of the root is the part used by the natives; the Portuguese use that of the tree itself. I immediately began to use a decoction of the bark of the root, and my men found it so efficacious that they collected small quantities of it for themselves, and kept it in little bags for future use."

On the 22nd of April Livingstone started on his voyage down the river to Kilimane, having selected sixteen men from among his party who could manage canoes. Many more wished to accompany him, but as there was a famine at Kilimane in consequence of a failure of the crops, during which thousands of slaves were dying of hunger, he could take no more than was absolutely necessary. The commandant sent Lieutenant Miranda with Livingstone to convey him to the coast. At Senna, where they stopped, they found a more complete ruin and prostration than at Tete. For fifteen miles from the head of the delta of the Zambesi, the Mutu, which is the head-waters of the Kilimane river, and was then erroneously supposed to be the only outlet to the Zambesi, was not navigable, and the party had to walk under the hot sun. This, together with the fatigue, brought on a severe attack of fever, from which Livingstone suffered greatly. At Interra, where the Pangaze, a considerable river, falls into the Muto, navigation became practicable. The party were hospitably entertained by Senhor Asevedo, "a man who is well known by all who ever visited Kilimane, and who was presented with a gold

chronometer watch by the Admiralty for his attentions to English officers." He gave the party the use of his sailing launch for the remainder of the journey, which came to its conclusion at Kilimane on the 20th of May 1856, "which wanted (Livingstone says) only a few days of being four years since I started from Cape Town." At Kilimane Colonel Galdino Jose Nunes received him into his house, and treated him with marked hospitality. For three years he had never heard from his family direct, as none of the letters sent had reached him. He had now the gratification of receiving a letter from Admiral Trotter, "conveying information of their welfare, and some newspapers, which were a treat indeed. Her Majesty's brig, the *Frolic*, had called to inquire for me in the November previous, and Captain Nolloth of that ship had most considerately left a case of wine, and his surgeon, Dr. James Walsh, divining what I should need most, left an ounce of quinine. These gifts made my heart overflow. . . . But my joy on reaching the coast was sadly embittered by the news that Commander McLune, of Her Majesty's brigantine *Dart*, in coming into Kilimane to pick me up had, with Lieutenant Woodruffe and five men, been lost on the bar. I never felt more poignant sorrow. It seemed as if it would have been easier for me to have died for them than that they should all have been cut off from the joys of life in generously attempting to render me a service." In speaking of the many kind attentions he received while at Kilimane, he says: "One of the discoveries I have made is that there are vast numbers of good people in the world; and I do most devoutly tender my unfeigned thanks to that gracious One who mercifully watched over me in every position, and influenced the hearts of both black and white to regard me with favour."

Ten of the smaller tusks belonging to Sekeletu were sold to purchase calico and brass wire for the use of his attendants

at Tete, the remaining twenty being left with Colonel Nunes, with orders to sell them and give the proceeds to them in the event of his death or failure to return to Africa. Livingstone explained all this to the Makololo who had accompanied him to Kilimane, when they answered, "Nay, father, you will not die; you will return to take us back to Sekeletu." Their mutual confidence was perfect; they promised to remain at Tete until he returned to them, and he assured them that nothing but death would prevent his rejoining them. The kindness and generosity of the Portuguese merchants and officers have already been alluded to; a continuance of the same was promised to his men during his absence, and it was understood that the young King of Portugal, Don Pedro, as soon as he heard of their being in his territory, sent orders that they should be maintained at the public expense of the province and Mozambique until Livingstone should return to claim them.

After waiting about six weeks at Kilimane the *Frolic* arrived, bringing abundant supplies for all his needs, and £150 to pay his passage home from the agent of the London Missionary Society at the Cape. The admiral at the Cape sent an offer of a free passage to the Mauritius, which Livingstone gladly accepted. As six of the eight of his attendants who had accompanied him to Kilimane had, by his instructions, gone back to Tete to await his return, while the other eight who had accompanied him as far as the delta of the Zambesi had also returned, only two were left with him when the *Frolic* arrived.

At the Mauritius Livingstone was hospitably entertained by Major-General C. M. Hay, and was induced to remain some time there to recruit his shattered health. On the 12th of December 1856 he arrived in England after an absence of seventeen years, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company generously refunding his passage-money when made aware of the distinguished personage they had

had the honour of carrying. On the day preceding his arrival the "Times" informed the country that:—"The Rev. Dr. Livingstone arrived at Marseilles from Tunis on the 6th inst., and was then in good health; his left arm is however broken, and partly useless, it having been torn by a lion. When he was taken on board the *Frolic* on the Mozambique coast he had great difficulty in speaking a word of English, having disused it so long while travelling in Africa. He had with him a native from the interior of Africa. This man, when he got to the Mauritius, was so excited with the steamers and various wonders of civilisation, that he went mad, and jumped into the sea and was drowned. Dr. Livingstone had been absent from England seventeen years. He crossed the great African continent almost in the centre, from west to east, has been where no civilised being has ever been before, and has made many notable discoveries of great value. He travelled in the twofold character of missionary and physician, having obtained a medical diploma. He is rather a short man, with a pleasant and serious countenance, which betokens the most determined resolution. He continued to wear the cap which he wore while performing his wonderful travels. On board the *Candia*, in which he voyaged from Alexandria to Tunis, he was remarkable for his modesty and unassuming manners. He never spoke of his travels except in answer to questions. The injury to his arm was sustained in the desert while travelling with a friendly tribe of Africans. A herd of lions broke into their camp at night and carried off some of their cattle. The natives, in their alarm, believed that a neighbouring tribe had bewitched them. Livingstone taunted them with suffering their losses through cowardice, and they then turned to face and hunt down the enemy. The doctor shot a lion, which dropped wounded. It afterwards sprang on him, and caught him by the arm, and after wounding two natives who drew it off him, it fell down

dead. The wounded arm was not set properly, and Dr. Livingstone suffered excruciating agony in consequence."

In England curiosity had been excited by the appearance of short paragraphs in the newspapers treating of his discoveries, but it was not until a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on which occasion the society's gold medal was presented to the distinguished traveller, that the magnitude of his discoveries and the heroic character of the man came to be properly understood.

It was on the 15th of December 1856 that the special meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held to receive and do honour to Dr. Livingstone. Dr. Livingstone, in his reply to the president, Sir R. Murchison, who made the presentation, said:—"Sir, I have spoken so little in my own tongue for the last sixteen years, and so much in strange languages, that you must kindly bear with my imperfections in the way of speech-making. I beg to return my warmest thanks for the distinguished honour you have now conferred upon me, and also for the kind and encouraging expressions with which the gift of the gold medal has been accompanied. As a Christian missionary I only did my duty in attempting to open up part of Southern inter-tropical Africa to the sympathy of Christendom; and I am very much gratified by finding in the interest which you and many others express a pledge that the true negro family, whose country I traversed, will yet become a part of the general community of nations. The English Government and the English people have done more for Central Africa than any other, in the way of suppressing that traffic which has proved a blight to both commerce and friendly intercourse. May I hope that the path which I have lately opened into the interior may never be shut; and that in addition to the repression of the slave trade there will be fresh efforts made for the development of the internal resources of the country? Success in this, and the




spread of Christianity, alone will render the present success of our cruisers in repression complete and permanent. I cannot pretend to a single note of triumph. A man may boast when he is pulling off his armour, but I am just putting mine on; and while feeling deeply grateful for the high opinion you have formed of me, I fear that you have rated me above my deserts, and that my future may not come up to the expectation of the present."

Next day the London Missionary Society honoured him with a public reception, and in the evening he was entertained by them at dinner. A great meeting was held at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor in the chair, for the purpose of raising a fund towards presenting a testimonial to Dr. Livingstone. Upwards of £450 was subscribed in the room, and soon after was raised to a thousand guineas. In Scotland a special Livingstone Testimonial Fund was instituted, and £1000 collected. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge conferred the degree of C.D.L. and LL.D. on him respectively. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hamilton, and other towns, presented him with the freedom of their corporations, and entertained him with banquets. Dr. Livingstone remained in England until the 10th of March 1858, in the interval publishing his "Missionary Travels in South Africa." Finding that his freedom of action might be encumbered by his continuance with the Missionary Society, he separated himself from it. His pay as a missionary was too small for the calls upon him as a husband and a father, and he concluded that funds would be forthcoming from Government to enable him to continue his efforts for opening up the interior of Africa.

## CHAPTER IX.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND HIS FELLOW-TRAVELLERS LEAVE FOR AFRICA—ASCENDS THE ZAMBESI AND THE SHIRE—DISCOVERS LAKES SHIRWA AND NYASSA.

HE interest felt by the public in the second mission of Dr. Livingstone to Africa was shared by the Government of the day. Lord Palmerston, who was then at the head of Her Majesty's Government, readily assented to rendering assistance to enable him to prosecute his researches in the valley of Zambesi. Lord Clarendon then held the seals of the Foreign Office, and under his auspices a mission was formed and means furnished to enable Dr. Livingstone to provide himself with efficient assistance and equipment for the proper prosecution of his new enterprise. This provision included his brother, the Rev. Charles Livingstone, who had joined him from the United States; Dr. Kirk, as botanist, since well known to the public as Her Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar; Mr. R. Thornton, as geologist and naturalist; Mr. Baines, as artist; and Captain Bedingfeld, as navigator and surveyor of the river systems. A small steamer constructed of steel, and christened the *Ma-Robert* in honour of Mrs. Livingstone, was specially designed for the navigation of the Zambesi.

The party proceeded to the Cape on board Her Majesty's Colonial steamship *Pearl*, where they were joined by Mr. Francis Skead, R.N., as surveyor, and arrived off the mouths of the Zambesi in May. The real mouths of the Zambesi were little known, as the Portuguese Government had let it be understood that the Kilimane was the only navigable

outlet of the river. This was done to induce the English cruisers employed in the suppression of the slave trade to watch the false mouth while slaves were quietly shipped from the true one—this deception being propagated, even after the publication of Livingstone's discoveries, in a map issued by the Portuguese colonial minister. The *Ma-Robert* was put together and launched, and four inlets to the river, each of them superior to the Kilimane, discovered and examined. The four mouths are known as the Milambe, the Luabo, the Timbwe, and the Kongone—the latter being selected as the most navigable.

Dr. Livingstone's manly exposure of the deception practised by the Portuguese Government for the purpose of encouraging the slave trade excited the wrath and jealousy of the Portuguese Government officials, who have vainly endeavoured to throw discredit upon his discoveries. This feeling was not shared by the local authorities, who were, or pretended to be, really ignorant of the existence of the true channel, and shewed their appreciation of his discovery by establishing a fort at the mouth of the Kongone.

Steaming up the channel, the natives retreating in terror at their approach, the party had an opportunity of admiring the fertility of the soil, and the abundant animal and vegetable life with which the delta abounds. The delta is much larger than that of the Nile, and if properly cultivated would, Livingstone thinks, grow as much sugar-cane as would supply the wants of the whole of Europe. The dark woods of the delta "resound with the lively and exultant cries of the kinghunter, as he sits perched on high among the trees. As the steamer moves on through the winding channel a pretty little heron or bright kingfisher darts out in alarm from the edge of the bank. . . . The magnificent fish-hawk sits on the top of a mangrove tree digesting his morning meal of fresh fish, and is clearly unwilling to stir until the imminence of the danger compels him at last to

spread his great wings for flight. The glossy ibis, acute of ear to a remarkable degree, hears from afar the unwonted sound of the paddles, and springing from the mud where his family has been quietly feasting, is off screaming out his loud, harsh, and defiant ha! ha! ha! long before the danger is near.

"The mangroves are now left behind, and are succeeded by vast level plains of rich dark soil, covered with gigantic grasses, so tall that they tower over one's head and render hunting impossible. Beginning in July the grass is burned off every year after it has become dry. . . . Several native huts now peep out from the bananas and cocoa-palms on the right bank; they stand on piles a few feet above the level of the low damp ground, and their owners enter them by means of ladders." The native gardens were in a high state of cultivation—rice, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, tomatoes, cabbages, onions, peas, cotton, and sugar-cane being freely cultivated. The natives they met with were well fed, but very scantily clothed. They stood on the banks and gazed with wonder at the *Pearl* and the *Ma-Robert*, one of them, an old man, asking if the former was made out of one tree. They were all eager to trade, coming alongside the steamers in their canoes with fruit, and food, and honey, and beeswax, and shouting, "*Malonda, Malonda!*—Things for sale."

When the water became too shallow for the passage of the *Pearl* she left the party, Mr. Skead and a Mr. Duncan who had accompanied them from the Cape returning with her. Several members of the expedition were left on an island, which they named Expedition Island, from the 18th of June until the 13th of August, while the others were conveying the goods up to Shupanga and Senna. This was a work of some danger, as the country was in a state of war—a half-caste chief called Mariano, who ruled over the country from the Shire down to Mazaro at the head of the

delta, having waged war against the Portuguese for some time previous to their visit. He was a keen slave-hunter, and kept a large number of men well armed with muskets. So long as he confined himself to slave-hunting forays among the helpless tribes, and carried down his captives in chains to Kilimane, where they were sold and shipped as "free emigrants" to the French island of Bourbon, the Portuguese authorities did not interfere with him, although his slave-hunting expeditions were conducted with the utmost atrocity, he frequently indulging his thirst for blood by spearing large numbers of helpless natives with his own hand. Getting bolder, he began to attack the natives who were under the protection of the Portuguese, and then war was declared against him. He resisted for a time, but fearing that he would ultimately get the worst of it, he went to Kilimane to endeavour to arrange for peace with the governor; but Colonel da Silva refused his proffered bribes, and sent him to Mozambique for trial. When Livingstone's party first came in contact with the rebels at Mazaro they looked formidable and threatening, but on being told that the party were English they fraternised with them, and warmly approved of the objects of the expedition.

A little later a battle was fought between the contending parties within a mile and a half of Livingstone's party; and on landing to pay his respects to several of his old friends who had treated him kindly on the occasion of his former appearance amongst them, he found himself among the mutilated bodies of the slain. The governor was ill of fever, and Livingstone was requested to convey him to Shupanga; and just as he had consented, the battle was renewed, the bullets whistling about his ears. Failing to get any assistance, Livingstone half supported and half carried the sick governor to the ship. His Excellency, who had taken nothing for the fever but a little camphor, and being a disbeliever in Livingstone's mode of treatment, was



after some difficulty cured against his will. A little after this, Bonga, Mariano's brother, made peace with the governor, and the war came to an end.

For miles before reaching Mazaro the scenery is uninteresting, consisting of long stretches of level grassy plains, the monotony of which is broken here and there by the round green tops of stately palm-trees. Sand martins flitted about in flocks, darting in and out of their holes in the banks. On the numerous islands which dot the broad expanse of the stream many kinds of water-fowl, such as geese, flamingoes, herons, spoonbills, &c., were seen in large numbers. Huge crocodiles lay basking on the low banks, gliding sluggishly into the stream as they caught sight of the steamer. The hippopotamus "rising from the bottom, where he has been enjoying his morning bath after the labour of the night on shore, blows a puff of spray out of his nostrils, shakes the water out of his ears, puts his enormous snout up straight and yawns, sounding a loud alarm to the rest of the herd, with notes as of a monstrous bassoon."

The Zulus or Landeens are the lords of the soil on the right bank of the Zambesi, and take tribute from the Portuguese at Senna and Shupanga. Each merchant pays annually two hundred pieces of cloth of sixteen yards each, beside beads and brass wire; and while they groan under this heavy levy of black-mail they are powerless, as a refusal to pay it would involve them in a war in which they would lose all they possess. In the forests near Shupanga, a tree called by the natives *mokundu-kundu* abounds; it attains to a great size, and being hard and cross-grained, is used for the manufacture of large canoes. At the time of Livingstone's visit, a Portuguese merchant at Kilimane paid the Zulus 300 dollars per annum for permission to cut it.

Livingstone's old friends, Colonel Nunes and Major Sicard, received the traveller and his party with much

goodwill, causing wood to be cut for fuel for the steamer. The wood used for this purpose was *lignum vitæ* and African ebony; Rae, the engineer, knowing the value of these at home, "said it made his heart sore to burn woods so valuable." The india-rubber tree and calumba root were found to be abundant in the interior; and along the banks of the river indigo was growing in a wild state. The *Ma-Robert* turned out a failure, the builder having deceived Livingstone as to her power, &c. It took hours to get up steam, and she went so slowly that the heavily-laden native canoes passed more rapidly up the river than she did. One can hardly think with temper on a misadventure like this, and can readily sympathise with his feeling of annoyance when he found that for all practical purposes she was worse than useless. Near the mouth of the Shire, Bonga, with some of his principal men, visited the party, and presented them with two sheep and a quantity of firewood. Within six miles of Senna the party had to leave the steamer, the shoal channel not being deep enough for her draught; the narrow winding path along which they had to march in Indian file lay through gardens and patches of wood, the loftiest trees being thorny acacias. "The sky was cloudy, the air cool and pleasant, and the little birds in the gladness of their hearts poured forth sweet strange songs, which, though equal to those of the singing birds at home on a spring morning, yet seemed somehow as if in a foreign tongue. We met many natives in the wood, most of the men were armed with spears, bows and arrows, and old Tower muskets; the women had short-handled iron hoes, and were going to work in the gardens: they stepped aside to let us pass, and saluted us politely, the men bowing and scraping, and the women, even with heavy loads on their heads, curtsying—a curtsy from bare legs is startling!"

On an island near Senna they visited a small fugitive tribe of hippopotami hunters who had been driven from

their own island in front. They are an exclusive people, and never intermarry with other tribes. These hunters frequently go on long expeditions, taking their wives and children with them, erecting temporary huts on the banks of the rivers, where they dry the meat they have killed. They are a comely race, and do not disfigure themselves with lip-ornaments as many of the neighbouring tribes do. Livingstone gives the following description of the weapon with which they kill the hippopotamus:—"It is a short iron harpoon inserted in the end of a long pole; but being intended to unship, it is made fast to a strong cord of milola or hibiscus bark, which is wound closely round the entire length of the shaft and secured at its opposite end. Two men in a swift canoe steal quietly down on the sleeping animal; the bowman dashes the harpoon into the unconscious victim, while the quick steersman sweeps the light craft back with his broad paddle. The force of the blow separates the harpoon from its corded handle; which, appearing on the surface, sometimes with an inflated bladder attached, guides the hunters to where the wounded beast hides below until they despatch it."

Near Tete a seam of excellent coal, of twenty-five feet in thickness, was visited and examined. Coal and iron are common on the lower Zambesi, the latter being of excellent quality, and quite equal to the best Swedish. The existence of these minerals must play an important part in the regeneration of the people and the civilisation of this vast and important district.

The *Ma-Robert* anchored in the stream off Tete on the 8th of September, and great was the joy of the Makololo men when they recognised Dr. Livingstone. Some were about to embrace him; but others cried out, "Don't touch him, you will spoil his new clothes." They listened sadly to the account of the end of Sekwebu, remarking, "Men die in any country." They had much to tell of their own doings

and trials. Thirty of their number had died of small-pox, and other six becoming tired of wood-cutting went away to dance before the neighbouring chiefs. They visited Bonga, the son of Nyaude (not the brother of Mariano), who cruelly put them to death. "We do not grieve," they said, "for the thirty victims of small-pox who were taken away by *Morimo* (God), but our hearts are sore for the six youths who were murdered by Bongo." If any order had been given by Don Pedro for the maintenance of the Makololo men during Livingstone's absence, it never reached Tete; and they were dependent on their own exertions and the kindness of Major Sicard, who treated them most generously, and gave them land and tools to raise some food for themselves.

At Tete the party took up their abode in the Residency House, and received the most generous hospitality from Major Sicard and all the Portuguese residents. A singular case of voluntary slavery came under Livingstone's notice here. Chibanti, an active young fellow, who had acted as pilot to the expedition, sold himself to Major Sicard, assigning as a reason that he had neither father nor mother, and that Major Sicard was a kind master. He sold himself for three-and-thirty yard pieces of cloth. With two of the pieces he bought a man, a woman, and a child; afterwards he bought more slaves, and owned a sufficient number to man one of the large canoes with which the trade of the river is carried on. Major Sicard subsequently employed him in carrying ivory and other merchandise to Kilimane, and gave cloth to his men for the voyage. The Portuguese, as a rule, are very kind to their slaves; but the half-castes are cruel slave-holders. Livingstone quotes a saying of a humane Portuguese which indicates the reputation they bear:—"God made white men, and God made black men, but the devil made half-castes."

The party visited and examined the Kebra-basa Rapids,

and found them very formidable barriers to the navigation of the river. They are so called from a range of rocky mountains which cross the Zambesi at that spot. The river, during the dry season, is confined to a narrow channel, through which the water forces itself, boiling and eddying within a channel of not more than sixty yards in width, the top of the masts of the *Ma-Robert*, although thirty feet high, not reaching to the flood-mark on the rocky sides. The whole bed and banks of the stream are broken by huge masses of rock of every imaginable shape. The rapids extend for upwards of eight miles, and could only be passed by a steamer during the floods. The march along the banks of the river among the rocks, which were so hot from the heat of the sun as to blister the bare feet of the Makololo men, was most fatiguing. Several miles above these rapids is the cataract of Morumbwa, where the river is jammed into a cavity of not more than fifty yards in width, with a fall of twenty feet in a slope of thirty yards. During floods it is navigable, the rapids being all but obliterated through the great rise in the river, the rocks shewing a flood-mark eighty feet above the level of the stream.

Finding it impossible to take their steamer through the Kebra-basa Rapids, the party forwarded from Tete, to which they had returned, information to that effect to the English Government, requesting that a more suitable vessel for the ascent of the river should be sent out to them. In the meantime they determined on ascending the Shire, which falls into the Zambesi about a hundred miles from its mouth. The Portuguese could give no information about it, no one having gone up it for any distance or found out from whence it came. Years ago they informed him that a Portuguese expedition had attempted to ascend it, but had to turn back on account of the impenetrable masses of duckweed which grew in its bed and floated in shoals on its surface. The natives on its banks were reported to be



treacherous, thievish, and bloodthirsty, and nothing but disaster was predicted at the end of such a foolhardy expedition.

Dr. Livingstone and his party had come all the way from England to explore the district, and were not to be lightly turned aside from their object, so early in January 1859 they boldly entered the Shire. They found for the first twenty-five miles that a considerable quantity of duckweed was floating down the river, but not in sufficient quantity to interrupt its navigation, even in canoes. As they approached the native village the men assembled on the banks armed with bows and arrows, but it was not until they reached the village of a chief called Tingane, who had gained considerable notoriety by his successful prevention of the Portuguese slave-traders from passing further to the north, that they met anything like serious opposition. Here five hundred armed men were collected, who commanded them to stop. Livingstone boldly went on shore, and at an interview with the chief of his headmen explained the objects of the party and their friendly disposition. Tingane, who was an elderly, well-made man, grey-headed, and over six feet high, withdrew his opposition to their further progress, and called all his people together, so that the object of the exploring party might be explained to them.

Following the winding course of the river for about two hundred miles, their further progress was arrested by a series of cataracts, to which the party gave the name of "The Murchison," in honour of the great friend of the expedition, Sir Roderick Murchison. In going down the stream the progress of the *Ma-Robert* was very rapid. The hippopotami kept carefully out of the way, while the crocodiles frequently made a rush at the vessel as if to attack it, coming within a few feet of her, when they sank like a stone, to re-appear and watch the progress of the unknown invader of their haunts when she had passed.

We again turn to Dr. Livingstone's communications to the Foreign Office, with a view of supplementing our narrative at this stage:—

“In accordance with the intention expressed of revisiting the River Shire as soon as the alarm created by our first visit had subsided, I have the pleasure of reporting to your lordship that, having found the people this time all friendly, we left the vessel in charge of the quartermaster and stoker, with a chief named Chibisa (latitude  $16^{\circ} 2'$  south, longitude  $35^{\circ}$  east), and, with Dr. Kirk and thirteen Makololo, advanced on foot till we had discovered a magnificent inland lake called Shirwa. It has no known outlet, but appears particularly interesting, from a report of the natives on its banks, that it is separated from Lake Nyassa, which is believed to extend pretty well up to the equator, by a tongue of land only five or six miles broad; and as we ascertained, the southern end of the Shirwa is not more than thirty miles distant from a branch of the navigable Shire.

“We had traced the Shire up to the northern end of Zomba, but were prevented by a marsh from following it further on that side. Coming round the southern flank of the mountain, on the 14th April, we saw the lake, and were then informed that the river we had left so near it had no connection with Lake Shirwa. We then proceeded eastwards, and on the 18th April reached its shores: a goodly sight it was to see, for it is surrounded by lofty mountains, and its broad blue waters, with waves dashing on some parts of its shore, look like an arm of the sea. The natives know of no outlet. We saw a good many streams flowing into it, for the adjacent country is well watered; several rivulets which we crossed unite and form the Talombe and Sombane, which flow into the lake from the south-west. The water of the Shirwa has a bitter taste, but is drinkable. Fish abound, and so do alligators and hippopotami. When the

southerly winds blow strongly, the water is said to retire sufficiently from that side to enable the people to catch fish in weirs planted there.

"We made frequent inquiries among the people if they had ever been visited by white men before, and we were invariably answered in the negative. A black woolly-haired slave-trader once visited the part, but the discovery is not spoken of in reference to such, the lake being surrounded by them; but it is claimed for Dr. Kirk and myself as Europeans who accomplished it, entirely ignorant of any information that may or may not be locked up in Portuguese archives."

As their provisions were almost exhausted, the chief members of the party proceeded down the river to meet some of Her Majesty's cruisers off the Kongone; and here they were compelled to beach the *Ma-Robert* for repairs. Besides being a bad sailer, she leaked so that the cabin was constantly flooded, the water coming not only from below, but through the deck whenever it rained. The damp caused by this state of affairs was very prejudicial to their health, and also caused the destruction of many botanical specimens, occasioning much worry and loss of time in replacing them with others. After receiving a supply of provisions from Her Majesty's brig *Persian* the party returned to Tete, and started on their third ascent of the Shire. On this occasion they examined a lagoon, called "the Lake of Mud" in the language of the natives, in which grows a lotus-root called *nyika*, which the natives collect; when boiled or roasted it resembles our chestnuts, and as it is common throughout South Africa it is extensively used as food. These lagoons and marshes, which are common in the course of the great rivers of South Africa, mark the spot where extensive lakes existed when the waters passed off to the sea at a higher level than they do at the present day.

As the miserable little steamer could not carry all the

men they required in this more extended expedition, they were compelled to place some of them in boats, which were towed astern. Unfortunately one of these capsized, and one of the Makololo men was drowned. At Mboma, where the people were eager to sell any quantity of food, the party were entertained by a native musician, who drew excruciating notes from a kind of one-stringed violin. As he threatened to serenade them all night, he was asked if he would not perish from cold. "Oh no," he replied, "I shall spend the night with my white comrades in the big canoe; I have often heard of the white men, but never have seen them till now, and I must sing and play well to them." A small piece of cloth bought him off, and he departed well satisfied.

On the banks were many hippopotami traps, which "consist of a beam of wood five or six feet long, armed with a spear-head or hardwood spike covered with poison, and suspended by a forked pole to a cord, which, coming down to the path, is held by a catch, to be set free when the animal treads on it. . . . One got frightened by the ship as she was steaming close to the bank. In its eager hurry to escape it rushed on shore, and ran directly under a trap, when down came the heavy beam on its back, driving the poisoned spear-head a foot into its flesh. In its agony it plunged back into the river, to die in a few hours, and afterwards furnish a feast for the natives. The poison on the spear-head does not affect the meat, except the part around the wound, which is cut out and thrown away."

In the Shire marshes, in addition to abundance of the large four-footed game, water-fowl of many kinds were seen in prodigious numbers. Dr. Livingstone says:—

"An hour at the mast-head unfolds novel views of life in an African marsh. Near the edge, and on the branches of some favourite tree, rest scores of plotuses and cormorants, which stretch their snake-like necks, and in mute amaze-

ment turn one eye and then another towards the approaching monster. The pretty ardetta, of a light yellow colour when at rest, but seemingly of a pure white when flying, takes wing and sweeps across the green grass in large numbers, often shewing us where buffaloes are by perching on their backs. Flocks of ducks, of which the kind called *soiriri* is most abundant, being night feeders, meditate quietly by the small lagoons, until startled by the noise of the steam machinery. Pelicans glide over the water catching fish, while the scopus and large herons peer intently into the pools. The large black and white spur-winged goose springs up and circles round to find out what the disturbance is, and then settles down again with a splash. Hundreds of linongolas rise from the clumps of reeds or low trees, in which they build in colonies, and are speedily in mid-air. Charming little red and yellow weavers remind one of butterflies as they fly in and out of the tall grass, or hang to the mouths of their pendant nests, chattering briskly to their mates within. . . . Kites and vultures are busy overhead beating the ground for their repast of the carrion, and the solemn-looking, stately-stepping marabout, with a taste for dead fish, or men, stalks slowly along the almost stagnant channels. . . . Towards evening hundreds of pretty little hawks are seen flying in a southerly direction, and feeding on dragon-flies and locusts. . . . Flocks of scissor-bills are then also on the wing, and in search of food, ploughing the water with their lower mandibles, which are nearly half-an-inch longer than the upper ones."

On the 28th of August Livingstone and his three white companions, accompanied by two guides and thirty-six Makololo men, left the vessel in charge of the remainder of the party, and started in search of Lake Nyassa. A short march up a beautiful little valley, through which flowed a small stream, led them to the foot of the Manganja hills, over which their course lay. Looking back from a height



of a thousand feet, the beautiful country, for many miles, with the Shire flowing through it, excited their admiration; while as they approached the summit of the range, innumerable valleys opened out to their admiring gaze, and majestic mountains reared their heads in all directions. This part of the journey was exceedingly toilsome, but the uniform kindness of the inhabitants and the beauty of the scenery made up for their exertions. Among the hill-tribes women are treated as if they were inferior animals, but in the upper valley of the Shire they found that women were held in great respect, the husband seldom doing anything unless the wife approved. A portion of the valley was ruled over by a female chief named Nyango. On reaching the village the party went to the *boalo*, or speaking-place, under the shade of lofty trees, where mats of split reeds or bamboo were usually placed for the white members of the party to sit upon. Here the grand palaver was held, at which their objects and intentions in visiting the country were discussed with due gravity and form.

The inhabitants of this district are very industrious; in addition to cultivating the soil extensively, they work in iron, weave cotton, and make baskets. Each village has its smelting-house, charcoal-burners, and blacksmiths. The axes, spears, needles, arrowheads, bracelets, and anklets are excellent, and are sold exceedingly cheap. Crockery and pottery of various kinds are also largely manufactured; and fishing-nets are made from the fibres of the *buaze*, a shrub which grows on the hills.

The use of ornaments on the legs and arms is common, but the most extraordinary custom is that of the *pelele*, worn by women. A small hole is made in the upper lip and gradually widened—the process of widening extending over several years—until an aperture of from one or two inches is rendered permanent; into this a tin or ivory ring is forced, until the lip protrudes a couple of inches beyond

the nose. "When an old wearer of a hollow ring smiles, by the action of the muscle of the cheeks, the ring and lip outside it are dragged back and thrown over the eyebrows. The nose is seen through the middle of the ring, and the exposed teeth shew how carefully they have been chipped to look like those of the crocodile." No reason was given for this monstrosity, excepting that it was the fashion. The prevalence of such a hideous custom is the more to be wondered at, as the Manganja are a comely people, intelligent-looking, with well-shaped heads and agreeable features.

They brew large quantities of a kind of beer. "The grain is made to vegetate, dried in the sun, pounded into meal, and gently boiled. When only a day or two old, the beer is sweet, with a slight degree of acidity, which renders it a most graceful beverage in a hot climate, or when fever begets a sore craving for acid drinks." It is pinkish in colour, and of the consistency of thin gruel. It takes a large quantity of it to produce intoxication; but as they must drink it rapidly, as it will not keep for any time, intoxication among the Manganjas is very common, whole villages being often found by the travellers on the spree. It apparently has no baneful effects upon them, nor does it shorten life, as the party never saw so many aged people as they did while amongst this people. One aged chief, Muata Manga, appeared to be about ninety years of age. "His venerable appearance struck the Makololo. 'He is an old man,' they said; 'a very old man; his skin hangs in wrinkles, just like that on elephants' hips.'"

Speaking of the drinking habits of the Manganjas, Dr. Livingstone said in one of his letters: "I saw more intoxication in the forty days of our march on foot than I had seen in other parts during sixteen years. It is a silly sort of drunkenness; only one man had reached the fighting stage, and he was cured by one of the Makololo thrusting him aside from the path he wished to obstruct, and giving him a

slap in the face." It would appear that, like many combative people nearer home, he was only "pot valiant."

They very rarely wash, and are consequently very dirty. An old man told them that he had once washed, but it was so long since that he did not remember how he felt; and the women asked the Makololo, "Why do you wash; our men never do!" As might have been expected, skin diseases were common. They believe in a Divine being whom they call Morungo, and in a future state; but where or in what condition the spirits of the dead exist they do not know, as although the dead they say sometimes returns to the living and appear to them in their dreams, they never tell them how they fare or whither they have gone.

Lake Nyassa was discovered a little before noon on the 16th of September 1859, with the river Shire running out at its southern end in  $14^{\circ} 25'$  S. latitude. The chief of the village near the outlet of the Shire, called Mosauka, invited the party to visit his village, and entertained them under a magnificent banyan-tree, giving them as a gift a goat and a basket of meal. A party of Arab slave-hunters were encamped close by. They were armed with long muskets, and were a villainous-looking set of fellows. Mistaking the country of the white men they had met so unexpectedly, they offered them young children for sale; but on hearing that they were English, they shewed signs of fear, and decamped during the night. Curiously enough, one of the slaves they had with them recognised the party; she had been rescued by Her Majesty's ship *Lynx* at Kongone along with several others. She said "that the Arabs had fled for fear of an uncanny sort of Basunga" (white men or Portuguese).

Several great slave-paths from the interior cross the upper valley of the Shire. The chiefs are ashamed of the traffic, and excuse themselves by saying that they "do not sell many, and only those that have committed crimes." The

great inducement to sell each other is that they have no ivory and nothing else with which to buy foreign goods: a state of matters which the Arab traders know how to take advantage of, as they want nothing but slaves and the food they may require when on the hunt. Nothing but the establishment of legitimate commerce can be expected to put a stop to the slave traffic in such circumstances as these. The sight of slaves being led in forked sticks excited the indignation of the Makololo, and they could not understand why Livingstone did not allow them to set them free, by force if necessary. They said, "Ay, you call us bad, but are we yellow-hearted like these fellows? Why don't you let us choke them?" These slave-sticks were about three feet in length, with a fork at one end, into which the neck is thrust. The stick is retained in its position by putting a piece of stout wire through the ends of the fork, which is turned down at either end. The price of slaves near Lake Nyassa was four yards of cotton cloth for a man, three for a woman, and two for a boy or girl. When flesh and blood cost so little as an absolute purchase, free labour could be bought at a price which would make the rearing of cotton, corn, &c., a profitable speculation if a proper means of communication with the coast were opened up. Water carriage by the Shire and the Zambesi exists all the way, save for a distance of about thirty miles at the Murchison Cataracts, and from the character of the country the making of a road for this distance would be no serious difficulty. At the time of Livingstone's visit, cotton, of which the Manganja grew considerable quantities for their own use, was worth less than a penny per pound.

The party returned to the steamboat after a land journey of forty days, very much exhausted at eating the cassava root. In its raw state it is poisonous, but when boiled twice, and the water strained off, it has no evil effect. The cook, not knowing this, had served it up after boiling it

until the water was absorbed, and it was only after it had been tried with various mixtures, and the whole party had suffered for days from its effects, that the cause was discovered.

At Elephant Marsh, on their return, they saw nine vast herds of elephants; they frequently formed a line two miles long.

From Chibisa's village Dr. Kirk and Mr. Rae, with guides, went overland to Tete, and suffered greatly from the heat on the journey, arriving there very much exhausted. The steamer, with the other members of the expedition, had arrived at Tete before them, and gone down to Kongone, as it was necessary to beach the vessel for repairs, as she leaked worse than ever. Off Senna, Senhor Ferrao sent them a bullock, which was a very acceptable gift. At Kongone they were supplied with stores from Her Majesty's ship *Lynx*: but unfortunately a boat was swamped in crossing the bar, and the mail bags, with despatches from Government and letters from home, were lost. It is easy to sympathise with Livingstone's distress at this most unfortunate accident. "The loss of the mail bags," he says, "was felt severely, as we were on the point of starting on an expedition into the interior which might require eight or nine months; and twenty months is a weary time to be without news of friends and family. After returning to Tete, where they stayed some time enjoying the hospitality of the Portuguese merchants, Livingstone and his companions, before proceeding inland to visit the Makololo country, sailed down the Zambesi with Mr. Rae (the engineer), who was about to return to England to superintend the construction of a successor to the *Ma-Robert*, which was of no use for the purposes for which she was intended. At Shupanga, Sininyane, one of the Makololo, exchanged names with a Zulu, and ever afterwards only answered to the name of Moshoshoma. This custom is common among



the tribes on the Zambesi. After exchanging names the parties owe to each other special duties and services ever afterwards. While at Kebra-basa Charles Livingstone was made a comrade for life—names not being exchanged—of a hungry native traveller, to whom he gave some food and a small piece of cloth. Eighteen months afterwards, the man having prospered in the interval, he came into the camp of the party while on their journey into the interior, bringing a liberal present of rice, meal, beer, and a fowl, saying “that he did not like them to sleep hungry or thirsty.” Some of the Makololo took the names of friendly chiefs, and others took the names of famous places they had visited; the assumed names being retained after their return to their own country.

At Senna and Tete he noticed a singular service in which domesticated monkeys were engaged. In speaking of the opportunities the merchants at these places allow to pass them of creating a thriving legitimate commerce, he says: “Our friends at Tete, though heedless of the obvious advantages which other nations would eagerly seize, have beaten the entire world in one branch of industry. It is a sort of anomaly that the animal most nearly allied to man in structure and function should be the most alien to him in respect to labour or trusty friendship, but here the genius of the monkey is turned to good account. He is made to work in the chase of certain ‘wingless insects, better known than respected.’ Having been invited to witness this branch of Tete industry, we can testify that the monkey took it kindly, and it seemed profitable to both parties.”

The following is taken from Dr. Livingstone’s report on the Shire Valley:—

“I have the honour to convey the information that we have traced the River Shire up to its point of departure from the hitherto undiscovered Lake Nyinyesi, or Nyassa,

and found that there are only thirty-three miles of cataracts to be passed above this, when the river becomes smooth again, and continues so right into the lake in lat.  $14^{\circ} 25'$  south. We have opened a cotton and sugar-producing country of unknown extent, and while it really seems to afford reasonable prospects of great commercial benefits to our own country, it presents facilities for commanding a large section of the slave-market on the east coast, and offers a fairer hope of its extirpation by lawful commerce than our previous notion of the country led us to anticipate. The matter may appear to your lordship in somewhat the same light, if the following points in the physical conformation of the country are borne in mind.

“There is a channel of about from five to twelve feet at all seasons of the year, from the sea at Kongone harbour up to this cataract, a distance of about two hundred miles, and very little labour would be required to construct a common road past the cataracts, as the country there, though rapidly increasing in general elevation, is comparatively flat near the river.


“Dr. Kirk and I, with four Makololo, went up to the worst or unapproachable rapid, called ‘Morumbua.’ Our companions were most willing fellows, but at last gave in, shewing their horny soles blistered, and the blisters broken. Our good strong boots were quite worn through; a pair of *powries* (none-such) went as the others, though in ordinary travelling there was no wearing them down. On still urging the Makololo to another effort, they said that ‘they always believed I had a heart till then; I had surely become insane, and they were sorry Kirk could not understand them, for if he could he would go back with them.’ A fortnight and thirty miles made us all lean and haggard, as if recovering from severe illness. Had I come by this way in 1856 I should never have reached Tete. I do not attempt to describe the rocks, broken, twisted, huddled about in the

wildest manner and confusion, over which we struggled : it is impossible. But this region, with its lofty healthy mountains, will yet become famous for tourists. We climbed over mountains two thousand or two thousand three hundred feet high, and cut our way through the tangled forest that covers them. I once thought highly of field geography, and despised that of the easy-chair, but I gave in now. Commend me to travelling with a pair of compasses or seven-league boots, without any regard to the slight obstacles which Nature has interposed. Easy-chair geography will do for all the easy-going people, and is often believed in by even the public ; but you need not suppose I have been going the length of making no observations, though I cannot send you any on this occasion. No time to transcribe."



## CHAPTER X.

STARTS FOR LINYANTI—THE “GO-NAKED” TRIBES—THE  
VICTORIA FALLS.

S Livingstone felt bound in honour to revisit Sekeletu and take back the men who had accompanied him from that chief in his wanderings, together with the merchandise he had purchased for his use with the tusks entrusted to him, the party started from Tete to Linyanti on the 15th of May, leaving ten English sailors in charge of the ship until their return. As many of the men had taken up with slave women, they did not leave with much goodwill, and before the party had reached Kebra-basa Rapids thirty of them had deserted. Before starting Livingstone had paid them in cloth, &c., for their services in the expedition, being anxious that they should make as good an appearance as possible when they reached Linyanti. Many of them had earned a good deal during their stay at Tete while Dr. Livingstone was absent in England, but as they unfortunately picked up many of the evil habits of the natives round Tete, they had squandered all they possessed. It is painful to think that these unsophisticated sons of nature should have come so far to see and meet civilised people with such results. Not only were the slave and half-caste population drunk and immoral, but the Portuguese merchants, with few exceptions, were no better.

A merchant at Tete sent three of his men with the party to convey a present for Sekeletu, two other merchants sent him a couple of donkeys, and Major Sicard sent them men to assist them on their return, when, of course, their attendants

would be reduced, should the Makololo men elect to remain and no one volunteer to accompany them on their return down the river. In order to escape the exactions of the Banyai tribes, the party proceeded up the left bank of the river.

"It is believed also," says Dr. Livingstone, "that the souls of departed chiefs enter into lions, rendering them sacred. On one occasion, when we had shot a buffalo in the path beyond the Kafue, a hungry lion, attracted probably by the smell of the meat, came close to our camp, and roused up all hands by his roaring." One of their native followers, imbued with the belief that the brute was a chief in disguise, took him to task in his intervals of silence for his meanness in wanting to plunder the camp.

"You a chief, eh? You call yourself a chief do you? What kind a chief are you to come sneaking about in the dark, trying to steal our buffalo meat? Are you not ashamed of yourself? A pretty chief truly; you are like the scavenger beetle, and think of yourself only. You have not the heart of a chief; why don't you kill your own beef? You must have a stone in your chest, and no heart at all indeed!"

In camping, the men by turns cut grass for the beds of the three Englishmen—Dr. Livingstone being placed in the middle, Dr. Kirk on the right, and Charles Livingstone on the left. Their bags, rifles, and revolvers were placed near their beds, and a fire was kindled near their feet. A dozen fires were kindled in the camp nightly, and replenished from time to time by the men who were awakened by the cold. On these grass beds, with their rugs drawn over them, the three Englishmen slept soundly under some giant tree, through whose branches, when awake, they could look up to the clear star-spangled moonlit sky. Their attendants slept between mats of palm leaves, which were sewn together round three sides of the square, one



being left open to enable the man to crawl in between the two. These sleeping bags are called *fumbas*, and when they were all at rest within the encampment they had the appearance of sacks strewn round about the camp-fires.

In camp, when food was plenty, there was no lack of amusement. After the camp-fires were lighted, and the important labours consequent on cooking and eating were over, the party sat round the fires talking and singing.

“Every evening one of the Batoka played his *sansa*, and continued at it until far into the night. He accompanied it with an extempore song, in which he rehearsed their deeds ever since they left their own country.” Political discussions frequently arose, in which radical and revolutionary theorists combatted loyal and constitutional orators, after the manner of political clubs at home. On these occasions “the whole camp was aroused, and the men shouted to one another from the different fires; whilst some whose tongues were never heard on any other subject now burst forth into impassioned speech. The misgovernment of chiefs formed an inexhaustible theme.”

About five o'clock in the morning the camp was astir; the blankets were folded and stowed away in bags; the *fumbas* and cooking-pots were fixed on the end of the carrying sticks, which were borne on the shoulders. The cook carried the cooking utensils used for the Englishmen, and after a cup of tea or coffee the whole party were on the march before sunrise. At nine, breakfast was prepared at a convenient spot. In the middle of the day there was a short rest, and early in the afternoon they pitched their camp, the white men going a-hunting if food was required, and examining the neighbourhood. Their rate of progress was about two-and-a-half miles an hour as the crow flies, and their daily march lasted about six hours. After several days of this the natives complained of being fatigued, even

when well fed with fresh meat. They lacked the stamina and endurance of the Europeans, although travelling in their own country.

In the Chicova plains a chief named Chitora brought the party a present of food and drink, because, he said, "He did not wish us to sleep hungry: he had heard of Dr. Livingstone when he passed down, and had a great desire to see and converse with him; but he was a child then, and could not speak in the presence of great men. He was glad that he had seen the English now, and was sorry that his people were away, or he should have made them cook for us." Here and at other places they noticed that the natives filtered their water through sand, even although at the time the water of the river was clear and limpid. During the flood, as the water is polluted with all sorts of filth collected near the native villages, the filtering process is very necessary.

Of the effect the white men have upon the native population on a first encounter, Dr. Livingstone says:—

"There must be something in the appearance of white men frightfully repulsive to the unsophisticated natives of Africa, for on entering villages previously unvisited by Europeans, if we met a child coming quietly and unsuspectingly towards us, the moment he raised his eyes and saw the men in 'bags' (trousers) he would take to his heels in an agony of terror, such as we might feel if we met a live Egyptian mummy at the door of the British museum. Alarmed by the child's wild outcries, the mother rushes out of her hut, but darts back again at the first glimpse of the same fearful apparition. Dogs turn tail and scour off in dismay, and hens, abandoning their chickens, fly screaming to the tops of the houses. The so-lately peaceful village becomes a scene of confusion and hubbub, until calmed by the peaceful assurance of our men that white people do not eat black folks—a joke having oftentimes greater influence in

Africa than solemn assertions. Some of our young swells, on entering an African village, might experience a collapse of self-inflation at the sight of all the pretty girls fleeing from them, as from hideous cannibals, or by witnessing, as we have done, the conversion of themselves into public hobgoblins; the mammas holding naughty children away from them, and saying, 'Be good, or I shall call the white men to bite you.'

The two donkeys rivalled them in the interest they excited. "Great was the astonishment when one of the donkeys began to bray. The timid jumped more than if a lion had roared beside them. All were startled, and stood in mute amazement at the harsh-voiced one till the last broken note was uttered; then, on being assured that nothing in particular was meant, they looked at each other and burst into a loud laugh at their common surprise. When one donkey stimulated the other to try his vocal powers, the interest felt by the startled natives must have equalled that of the Londoners when they first crowded to see the famous hippopotamus."

Here they examined seams of excellent coal, and found lumps of it which had been brought down from the near hill ranges by the brooks, and astonished the natives by shewing them that the black stones would burn. They stated that there was plenty of it among the hills. Some of the chiefs wore wigs made of the fibrous leaves of a plant called *ife*, allied to the aloes. When properly dyed these wigs have a fine glossy appearance. Mpende and his people, who were objects of some dread to Livingstone and his companions in their journey to the coast from Linyanti, were now most friendly, the chief apologising for his want of attention to the traveller and his party as they passed on their way to the coast. Several Banyai chiefs sent their headmen across the stream to demand tribute, but the travellers were glad to be in a position to resist such exac-

tions. Halting near the village of a chief named Pangola, he demanded a rifle in exchange for the food they needed, and refused to trade on any other terms. Fortunately a member of the party managed to shoot a water-buck, which rendered them independent of the greedy savage, who was intensely mortified at seeing them depart without his having traded with them in any way. He cried after them as they passed on their way, "You are passing Pangola. Do not you see Pangola?" But the whole party were so disgusted at him that they would have no dealings with him on any terms.

The only thing edible they wanted in the central plains was vegetables. Now and again they got a supply of sweet potatoes, which allayed the disagreeable craving that a continuous diet of meat and meal had induced. After crossing the Kafue the party got amongst a people of Batoka origin, and belonging to the same tribe as several of the attendants who had left Linyanti with Livingstone. Here they were told that Moselekatse's (Sebituane's great enemy) chief town was above three hundred miles distant, and that the English had come to him and taught him that it was wrong to kill people, and that now he sent out his men to collect and sell ivory. It was refreshing to find that news of this description had travelled so far. The Bawee, a people who go entirely nude, or clothed only in a coat of red ochre, were very friendly. The party tried to discover the reason for their going naked, but could only learn that it was the custom. The habit was only confined to the males, the women being always more or less clothed. They felt no shame, nor could any feeling be aroused by laughing and joking at their appearance. They "evidently felt no less decent than we did with our clothes on; but whatever may be said in favour of nude statues, it struck us that man in a state of nature is a most ungainly animal. Could we see a number of the degraded of our own lower classes in

like guise, it is probable that, without the black colour which acts somehow as a dress, they would look worse still."

Leaving the bank of the Zambesi for a time, the party travelled through the Batoka highlands, where the free air of the hill-side was most invigorating and beneficial, especially to Dr. Kirk, who had suffered from fever. The country, although very fertile, is thinly populated, Sebituane and Moselekatse having ravaged it in their numerous forays. The Batoka are a peace-loving and industrious people; they were so hospitable that it would have pained them if the party had passed without receiving something. Very frequently they prepared their camp for them—smoothing the ground with their hoes for their beds, collecting grass and firewood, erecting a bush fence to protect them from the wind, and carrying water from the distant well or stream.

Once they were visited by a noble specimen of the Go-nakeds, clothed only in a tobacco-pipe, with a stem two feet long wound round with polished ivory. "God made him naked," he said, "and he had therefore never worn any clothing."

Great quantities of tobacco are grown in the Batoka country, which is famed for its quality. They are inveterate smokers, but always had the politeness to ask the white men's permission before smoking in their presence. Above Kariba the people had never before been visited by white men. The chief of Koba, on being asked if any tradition existed among his people of strangers having visited the country, answered, "Not at all; our fathers all died without telling us that they had seen men like you. To-day I am exalted in seeing what they never saw;" while others, in a spirit worthy of Charles Lamb, who threatened to write for the ancients because the moderns did not appreciate him properly, said, "We are the true ancients; we have seen stranger things than any of our ancestors, in seeing you."



At Moachemba, the first of the Batoka villages which owed any allegiance to Sekeletu, the party distinctly saw the smoke of the Victoria Falls, twenty miles distant. Here their native attendants heard news from home. Takelang's wife had been killed by Sekeletu's headmen at the falls on a charge of witchcraft; Inchikola's two wives, believing him to be dead, had married again; and Masakasa was intensely disquieted to hear that two years before his friends, giving him up for dead, had held a kind of Irish wake in his honour, slaughtered all his oxen, and thrown his shield over the falls. He declared he would devour them, and when they came to salute him would say, "I am dead; I am not here; I belong to another world, and should stink if I came among you." The Batoka wife of Sima, who had remained faithful to him during his absence, came to welcome him back, and took the young wife he had brought with him from Tete away with her without a murmur of disapproval. At night, when the camp was quiet, Takelang fired his musket, and cried out, "I am weeping for my wife; my court is desolate; I have no home!" ending with a loud wail of anguish.

Dr. Livingstone and his English friends had news also to receive of a painful character. An attempt to establish a mission at Linyanti under the Rev. F. C. Helmore had failed. The mission originally consisted of nine Europeans and thirteen coloured people from the neighbourhood of Kuruman. Of these, five Europeans, including Mr. Helmore and his wife, and four natives, died within three months, and the survivors retreated disheartened from the region which had been so deadly to their devoted companions. Sekeletu had behaved very badly to the members of the mission, and got into trouble on account of his conduct with Sechele, who considered himself the guardian and protector of the white man in these parts.

The various headmen of Sekeletu having been holding

forays among the Batoka, had to be lectured by Dr. Livingstone—a discipline which they took in good part, excusing themselves by endeavouring to prove that they were in the right, and could not avoid fighting.

On the 9th of August 1860 the party reached the Victoria Falls, and Dr. Livingstone and his two companions were rowed through the rapids to Garden Island to obtain a view of the falls. The canoe in which they sat was owned by Tuba Mokoro, which means “smasher of canoes,” a somewhat ominous title, which his success and skill on the present occasion belied. The party had to embark several miles above the falls, and were strictly enjoined to maintain silence. For a considerable distance the river was smooth and tranquil, the beautiful islands, densely covered with tropical vegetation, adding to the pleasure felt in the rapid and easy movement of the craft. Near the falls the surface of the river is broken by rocks, which, as the water was then low, protruded their heads above the stream, breaking the current into boiling and foaming eddies, which required all the skill of the boatmen to pilot their way through. “There were places,” Livingstone says, “where the utmost exertion of both men had to be put forth in order to force the canoe to the only safe part of the rapids, and to prevent it from sweeping down broadside, when in a twinkling we should have found ourselves floundering among the plotuses and cormorants, which were engaged in diving for their breakfast of small fish. At times it seemed as if nothing could save us from dashing in our headlong race against the rocks, which, now that the river was low, jutted out of the water; but just at the very nick of time Tuba passed the word to the steersman, and then with ready pole turned the canoe a little aside, and we glided smoothly past the threatened danger. Never was canoe more admirably managed. . . . We were driven swiftly down. A black rock, over which the foam flew, lay directly in our path.

The pole was planted against it as readily as ever, but it slipped just as Tuba put forth his strength to turn the bow off. We struck hard, and were half-full of water in a moment. Tuba recovered himself as speedily, shoved off the bow, and shot the canoe into a still shallow place to bale out the water."

At the falls they met an Englishman, a Mr. Baldwin, from Natal, who had reached them, his only guide for the greater part of the way being his pocket-compass. He had anticipated the arrival of his waggon by two days. Mashotlam had ferried him across the stream, and when nearly over he had jumped out and swam ashore. "If," said the chief, "he had been devoured by one of the crocodiles which abound there, the English would have blamed us for his death. He nearly inflicted a great injury upon us, therefore we said he must pay a fine." Mr. Baldwin was, when Dr. Livingstone and his friends met him, contentedly waiting the arrival of his waggon, so that he might pay the fine.

On reaching Sesheke, where Sekeletu was, Dr. Livingstone found matters in a bad way with the Makololo. Sekeletu was suffering from leprosy, and had withdrawn himself from the sight of his people. A long-continued drought had almost destroyed the crops, and the country was suffering from a partial famine. The illness and inactivity of Sekeletu had induced chiefs and headmen at a distance to do as they pleased, which meant too often the ill-usage of their immediate dependents, and the plundering of neighbouring and friendly tribes.

On the arrival of the party, an unbroken stream of visitors poured in upon them, all desirous of paying their respects to Dr. Livingstone, and to tell him the haps and mishaps which had befallen them during his absence. All were in low spirits. Sekeletu, believing himself bewitched, had slain a number of his chief men, together with their families; distant friendly tribes were revolting; famine was upon

them, and the power of the Makololo was passing away. These forebodings were only too soon realised. In 1864 Sekeletu died, and in the struggle which ensued for the succession, the wide kingdom his father had conquered and ruled over, with a wisdom unexampled among his peers, was broken up.

They found Sekeletu sitting in a covered waggon, which was enclosed in a high wall of reeds. His face was slightly disfigured by the thickening and discolouration of the skin where the leprosy had passed over it. He had a firm belief that he had been bewitched. As the doctors of his own tribe could do nothing for him, a female doctor of the Manyeti tribe was endeavouring to cure him at the time of Dr. Livingstone's arrival. After some difficulty she allowed the white man to take her patient in charge, and under their treatment he all but recovered.

The two horses left by Dr. Livingstone in 1853 were still alive, notwithstanding the severe discipline to which they had been subjected. Sekeletu had a great passion for horses, and about a year before the arrival of Livingstone and his friends from Tete, a party of Makololo were sent to Benguela on the west coast, who had purchased five horses, but they had all died on the journey, through being bewitched as they believed, and they arrived with nothing to shew for them save their tails. The merchants at Benguela had treated them kindly, and made them presents of clothing and other articles. As they had only recently arrived, and their clothes were comparatively unworn, they proved, when arrayed in their best, to be as well if not better dressed than Livingstone and his white friends. "They wore shirts well washed and starched, coats and trousers, white socks, and patent leather boots, a red Kilmarnock cowl on the head, and a brown wide-awake on the top of that." They and the travelling natives who had come from Tete fraternised, and held themselves to be something superior on account of what they had seen ; but,

as in more enlightened regions, there was not wanting a party who believed in ignorance. "They had seen the sea, had they?" these would say, "and what is that?—nothing but water. They could see plenty of water at home—ay, more than they wanted to see; and white people came to their town—why then travel to the coast to look at them?"

Sekeletu was well pleased with the articles brought for him. The sugar-mill had been left at Tete, being too bulky to be carried with them. On the arrival of a proper steamer for the navigation of the Zambesi, he was informed, it would be sent up as far as the falls. In his ignorance as regarded the power of artillery, he asked him if cannon could not blow away the falls, and allow the vessel to come up to Sesheke.

Two packages containing letters and newspapers from Kuruman were lying at Linyanti, and a messenger was sent for them, who returned with only one (the other being too heavy for him) within seven days, during which time he had travelled two hundred and forty miles.

As Dr. Livingstone wished to get some more medicine and papers out of the waggon he had left at Linyanti in 1853, he determined to proceed there himself. On his arrival he found the waggon and its contents untouched from the time of his departure in 1853, and everything in its place. This illustrates the trustworthy character of the Makololo, which was still further exemplified by the discovery of one of the books of notes he had left with Sekeletu on his departure for the west coast in 1853. It will be remembered that, fearing he was dead, Sekeletu had given two books, together with a letter addressed to Mr. Moffat, to a native trader, and that nothing further had been heard of them. On being told that the trader, to whom they had said they had given the books and letters, had denied having received them, Seipone, one of Sekeletu's wives, said, "He lies; I gave them to him myself." The trader afterwards



went to Moselekatse's country, and his conscience having bothered him, it is presumed "one of the volumes was put into the mail-bag coming from the south, which came to hand with the lock taken off in quite a scientific manner."

In the waggon Livingstone found the supply of medicine he had left there untouched, and it was a melancholy reflection that Mr Helmore and the other members of his mission should have died there, with the medicines they needed lying within a hundred yards of their encampment. In returning to Sesheke he heard of a lion being killed by the bite of a serpent. Animals were frequently the victims of poisonous snakes, but he seldom heard of their attacking human beings. While the Makololo generally accepted the leading truths of Christianity, there were some habits and superstitions which it was found difficult to shake. The belief in witchcraft and sorcery was deeply rooted. They said: "They needed the Book of God; but the hearts of black men are not the same as those of the whites. They had real sorcerers among them. If that was guilt which custom led them to do, it lay between the white man and Jesus, who had not given them the Book, nor favoured them as He had the whites." As to cattle-lifting from their weaker neighbours, they said, "Why should these Makalaka (a term of contempt for the blacker tribes) possess cattle if they cannot fight for them?" The pithy border creed—

" . . . the good old rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can,"

—was universally understood in its naked simplicity; and despite their general ignorance they could reason very ingeniously. The cattle they took from neighbouring tribes were in all likelihood the descendants of cattle which at an earlier period had belonged to themselves; how, therefore,


could it be a sin, they argued, to take back what was their own? We question whether any border cattle-lifter of the seventeenth century could have given a better reason for his cattle-stealing proclivities than this!

The party "met a venerable warrior, sole survivor save one, probably, of the Mantatee host which threatened to invade the colony in 1824. He retained a vivid recollection of their encounter with the Griquas. 'As we looked at the men and horses puffs of smoke arose, and some of us dropped down dead! Never saw anything like it in all my life—a man's brains lying in one place and his body in another!' They could not understand what was killing them; a ball struck a man's shield at an angle, knocked his arm out of joint at the shoulder, and leaving a mark or burn, as he said, on the shield, killed another man close by. We saw the man with his shoulder still dislocated. Sebituane was present at the fighting, and had an exalted opinion of the power of white people ever afterwards."



## CHAPTER XI.

RETURN JOURNEY—ARRIVAL AND DEATH OF MRS. LIVINGSTONE  
—DR. LIVINGSTONE RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

HE party left Sesheke on the 17th of September 1860 on their return journey to Kongone, at the mouth of the Zambesi, Leshore and Pit-sane (the latter the factotum of Dr. Livingstone in his journey to and from Loanda), and several Batoka men being sent with them to aid them in their journey, and bring the merchandise left at Tete, and a supply of medicine for Sekeletu, who was then nearly cured of his loathsome complaint. Although he and his people were suffering from famine, Sekeletu had been generous in his treatment of Dr. Livingstone and his companions, and when they left he gave them six oxen for their support until they reached the country below the falls, where food was more abundant. The party passed down the valley of the Zambesi, sometimes by land and sometimes in canoes—the latter being either bought or borrowed, or freely loaned for their use without reward, according to the friendly or unfriendly character of the proprietors.

At the Mburuma Rapids the party had a striking instance of the presence of mind and devotion of the Makololo. While passing the most dangerous of the rapids, the two canoes filled with water, and were in danger of being swamped, when of course the whole party must inevitably have perished. Two men, without a moment's hesitation, leaped out of each of the canoes, and ordered a Batoka man to do the same, as "the white men must be saved." "I cannot swim," said the Batoka. "Jump out, then, and

hold on to the canoe!" Swimming alongside, they guided the canoes down the swift current to the foot of the rapid, and then ran them ashore to bale them out.

The party arrived safely at Tete on the 23rd of November, after an absence of a little over six months. The two English sailors had enjoyed excellent health, and behaved themselves admirably during the absence of the party. Their gardening operations turned out a failure. A hippopotamus had paid the garden a visit and eaten up all the vegetables, and the sheep they had ate up the cotton when it was in flower, the crocodiles devoured the sheep left with them, and two monkeys they purchased ate the eggs of the fowls, and in turn the natives relieved them of all care of the latter by landing on the island during the night and stealing them. They were more successful in bargaining with the natives for food; their purchases were all made on board the steamer, and when more was demanded than the market price they brought a chameleon out of the cabin, an animal of which the natives have a mortal dread, and thus settled the matter at once by clearing the deck of the exorbitant traders.

Starting for the mouth of the Kongone, where they expected to meet some English cruisers with supplies, and the new steamer they had ordered, they were compelled to abandon the *Ma-Robert*, as she would keep afloat no longer. They reached the mouth of the Kongone on the 4th of January 1861, and found that the Portuguese had erected a custom-house there, and also a hut for a black lance-corporal and three men. The party took up their quarters in the custom-house. The soldiers were suffering from hunger. The provisions of Dr. Livingstone's party were also becoming exhausted, but as large herds of water-bucks were found in a creek between the Kongone and East Luabo, they were not put to any serious strait during the month they waited for the arrival of a ship. From drinking the brackish

water and eating the fresh pasturage, which is saline near the coast, the flesh of the antelopes was much sweeter and more tender than in the interior, where it is so dry and tough that the natives, who are not over fastidious, refuse to eat it for any length of time. The eggs of the pelican and the turtle were found in abundance, and, together with several varieties of fish, assisted in giving variety to their limited *cuisine*.

On the 31st of January their new ship, the *Pioneer*, anchored outside the bar, but owing to the state of the weather she did not venture in until the 4th of February. Shortly after two of H.M. cruisers arrived, bringing with them Bishop Mackenzie and the Oxford and Cambridge Missions to the tribes of the Shire and Lake Nyassa. The mission consisted of six Englishmen and five coloured men from the Cape; and as Dr. Livingstone and his party were under orders to explore the Rovuma, about seven hundred miles to the north of the Zambesi, and beyond Portuguese territory, they were somewhat at a loss what to do with them. If they acceded to Bishop Mackenzie's wishes, and conveyed them at once to Chibisa's village on the Shire, and left them there, they dreaded that, as they had no medical attendant, they might meet the fate of Mr. Helmore and his party at Linyanti. It was at last arranged that the bishop should, after accompanying his companions as far as Johanna, where they would await his return with H.M. Consul, Mr. Lumley, go with the expedition on board the *Pioneer* to the Rovuma, in the hope that by this route access might be found to Lake Nyassa and the valley of the Shire.

The *Pioneer* anchored in the mouth of the Rovuma on 25th of February, which they found to have a magnificent natural harbour and bay. They sailed up the river for thirty miles, through a hilly and magnificently wooded country, but were compelled to return as the river was



rapidly fallen in volume, and they were afraid that the ship might ground altogether, and have to lie there until the next rainy season.

In a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, Dr. Livingstone gives a graphic account of the Rovuma River and the difficulties attending the navigation :—

“The bed of the river is about three-quarters of a mile wide. It is flanked by a well-wooded table-land, which looks like ranges of hills five hundred feet high. Sometimes the spurs of the high land come close to the water, but generally there is a mile of level alluvial soil between them and the bank. So few people appear at first it looked like a ‘land to let;’ but having walked up to the edge of the plateau, considerable cultivation was met with, though to make a garden a great mass of brushwood must be cleared away. The women and children fled; but calling to a man not to be afraid, he asked if I had any objection to ‘liquor with him,’ and brought a cup of native beer. There are many new trees on the slopes, plenty of ebony in some places, and thickets of brushwood. The whole scenery had a light-gray appearance, dotted over with masses of green trees, which precede the others in putting on new foliage, for this may be called our winter. Other trees shewed their young leaves brownish-red, but soon all will be gloriously green. Further up we came to numerous villages perched on sand-banks in the river. They had villages on shore too, and plenty of grain stowed away in the woods. They did not fear for their victuals, but were afraid of being stolen themselves. We passed through them all right, civilly declining an invitation to land at a village where two human heads had been cut off. A lot of these river pilots then followed us till there was only a narrow passage under a high bank, and there let drive their arrows at us. We stopped and expostulated with them for a long time, then got them to one of the boats, and explained to them how

easily we could drive them off with our rifles and revolvers, but we wished to be friends, and gave them thirty yards of calico in presents in proof of friendship. All this time we were within forty yards of a lot of them, armed with muskets and bows on the high bank. On parting as we thought on friendly terms, and moving on, we received a volley of musket-balls and arrows, four bullet holes being made in my sail; but finding that we, instead of running away, returned the fire, they took to their heels, and left the conviction that these are the border ruffians who at various points present obstacles to African exploration—men-stealers, in fact, who care no more for human life than that respectable party in London who stuffed the *Pioneer's* life-buoys with old straw instead of cork. It was sore against the grain to pay away that calico; it was submitting to be robbed for the sake of peace. It cannot be called 'black-mail,' for that implies the rendering of important services by Arabs; nor is it 'custom dues.' It is robbery perpetrated by any one who has a traveller or trader in his power, and when tamely submitted to, increases in amount till wood, water, grass, and every conceivable subject of offence is made occasion for a fine. On our return we passed quietly through them all, and probably the next English boat will be respected. Beyond these Makonde all were friendly and civil, laying down their arms before they came near us. Much trade is carried on by means of canoes, and we had the company of seven of these small craft for three days. They bring rice and grain down to purchase salt. When about sixty miles up, the table-land mentioned above retires, and we have an immense plain with detached granite rocks and hills dotted over. Some rocks then appear in the river, and at last, at our turning point, the bed is all rocky masses, four or five feet high, with the water rushing through by numerous channels. The canoes go through with ease, and we might have taken the boats

up also, but we were told that further up the channels were much narrower, and there was a high degree of probability that we should get them smashed in coming down.

"We were on part of the slave-route from the Lake Nyassa to Quiloa (Kilwa), about thirty miles below the station of Ndonde, where that route crosses the Rovuma, and a little further from the confluence of the Liende, which, arising from the hills on the east of the Lake Nyassa, flows into the Rovuma. It is said to be very large, with reeds and aquatic plants growing in it, but at this time only ankle-deep. It contains no rocks till near its sources on the mountains, and between it and the lake the distance is reported to require between two and three days. At the cataracts where we turned there is no rock on the shore, as on the Zambesi, at Kebra-basa, and Murchison's Cataracts. The land is perfectly smooth, and as far as we could see the country presented the same flat appearance, with only a few detached hills. The *tsetse* is met with all along the Rovuma, and the people have no cattle in consequence. They produce large quantities of oil-yielding seeds, as the sesame, or gerzelin, and have hives placed on the trees every few miles. We never saw ebony of equal size to what we met on this river; and as to its navigability, as the mark at which water stands for many months is three feet above what it is now, and it is now said to be a cubit lower than usual, I have no doubt that a vessel, drawing when loaded about eighteen inches, would run with ease many months of the year. Should English trade be established on the Lake Nyassa, Englishmen would make this their outlet rather than pay dues to the Portuguese.

"We return to put our ship on Nyassa, by the Shire, because there we have the friendship of all the people, except that of the slave-hunters. Formerly we found the Shire people far more hostile than are the Makonde of Rovuma, but now they have confidence in us, and we in

them. To leave them now would be to open the country for the slave-hunters to pursue their calling therein, and we should be obliged to go through the whole process of gaining a people's confidence again."

Soon after reaching the sea, fever prostrated the bulk of the crew, and the command and navigation of the ship devolved upon Dr. Livingstone, who was quite equal to the occasion. He drily remarks: "That the habit of finding the geographical positions on land renders it an easy task to steer a steamer, with only three or four sails set, at sea; when, if one does not run ashore, no one follows to find out an error, and where a current affords a ready excuse for every blunder." After calling at Johanna for the bishop's friends, they sailed for the mouth of the Zambesi, and steamed up that river to the Shire, up which they ascended as far as Chibisa's village, the ship being dragged over the shallows with extreme difficulty. She drew five feet of water, which rendered her quite useless for the navigation during the dry season of either of the three great rivers which flowed through the tract of country they were accredited to.

On arriving at Chibisa's they learned that war was raging in the Manganja country, and that on the following day a slave party, on its way to Tete, would pass through the village. "Shall we interfere?" was the question asked of each other. On the one hand, there was the risk to be run, if they did, of irritating the authorities at Tete, where the principal portion of the private baggage of the party was stored, and which might be confiscated in retaliation. On the other hand, Dr. Livingstone and the whole party were indignant that his steps should be followed by slave parties who had never entered the country before, and called themselves his children and followers, while they extended the range of the accursed traffic which he had gone through so much privations to put down. The decision, as might have



been expected, was that they should run all risks, and do what they could to stop the traffic. This is Dr. Livingstone's account of what followed :—

“A long line of manacled men and women made their appearance ; the black drivers, armed with muskets and bedecked with various articles of finery, marched jauntily in the front, middle, and rear of the line, some of them blowing exultant notes out of long tin horns. They seemed to feel that they were doing a very noble thing, and might proudly march with an air of triumph. But the instant the fellows caught a glimpse of the English, they darted off like mad into the forest—so fast, indeed, that we caught but a glimpse of their red caps and the soles of their feet. The chief of the party alone remained, and he, from being in front, had his hand tightly grasped by a Makololo ! He proved to be a well-known slave of the late commandant at Tete, and for some time our own attendant while there. On asking him how he obtained these captives, he replied he had bought them ; but on our inquiring of the people themselves, all save four said they had been captured in war. While this inquiry was going on he bolted too. The captives knelt down, and in their way of expressing thanks, clapped their hands with great energy. They were thus left entirely in our hands, and knives were soon at work cutting women and children loose. It was more difficult to cut the men adrift, as each had his neck in the fork of a stout stick, six or seven feet long, and kept in by an iron rod, which was rivetted at both ends across the throat. With a saw, luckily in the bishop's baggage, one by one the men were sawn out into freedom. The women, on being told to take the meal they were carrying and cook breakfast for themselves and the children, seemed to consider the news too good to be true ; but after a little coaxing went at it with alacrity, and made a capital fire by which to boil their pots with the slave sticks and bonds, their old



acquaintances through many a sad night and weary day. Many were mere children, about four years of age and under. One little boy, with the simplicity of childhood, said to our men, 'The others tied and starved us; you cut the ropes and tell us to eat. What sort of people are you? where do you come from?' Two of the women had been shot the day before for attempting to untie the thongs. . . . One woman had her infant's brains knocked out because she could not carry her load and it; and a man was despatched with an axe because he had broken down with fatigue."

The number liberated was eighty-four in all, and on being told that they were at liberty to go where they pleased, or remain with the mission, they chose the latter. During several days following many more captives were liberated, their drivers running from before the faces of the white men. Months afterwards, at Tete, several merchants, all of whom were engaged in the slave trade, remarked to Dr. Livingstone that he had released some of the governor's slaves, to which he replied that he had liberated several groups of slaves in the Manganja country; and this was all that passed in regard to the transaction.

Leaving the rescued slaves, the party started to visit the Ajawa people, who were carrying war and slavery among the Manganja, and came upon them in the act of sacking and burning a village where Dr. Livingstone and his friends had been previously entertained by the peaceful inhabitants, so many of whom were then engaged in weaving cotton that they had jestingly called it "the Paisley of the hills." After engaging with the bishop in fervent prayer, the party advanced to demand a parley. The poor Manganja, seeing them, shouted out, "Our Chibisa is come;" Chibisa being well known as a great general and conjurer. The Ajawa ran off yelling, "War! war!" and refused to listen to them; but rallying and forming themselves into a body, they began to shoot at them with their poisoned arrows, until the party

were reluctantly compelled in self-defence to fire upon their assailants, who fled, shouting back that they would follow and kill them while they slept. This was the first occasion on which, in all his wanderings, Dr. Livingstone had felt compelled to use force; and it was with sad hearts that he and his companions returned to the village they had left in the morning, having failed in their attempt at conciliation, and having been compelled reluctantly to take a step which might subject them to much blame and misconstruction at the hands of lukewarm friends and the secret enemies of the cause they had at heart.

As the bishop had made up his mind to settle among the Manganja at Magomero, he felt naturally indignant at the idea of the people in his charge being swept away into slavery in hordes, and proposed that they should at once follow the triumphant Ajawa and drive them out of the country, and liberate the captives they might have in their possession. All were in favour of this course save Dr. Livingstone, who saw clearly what would be the result if a Christian missionary took such a step as this, and he cautioned them not in any circumstances to interfere by force in any of these wars, even although called upon by the Manganja to go to their assistance in their extremity. It is necessary to mention this, because many people ignorantly blamed Dr. Livingstone for having given him different counsel. The site chosen for the mission settlement was on a small promontory formed by the windings of the little clear stream called the Magomero. It was completely surrounded by stately trees. The weather was delightful, and provisions were cheap and abundant; and when Dr. Livingstone and his friends left them to proceed to Lake Nyassa, the bishop had commenced to learn the languages, Mr. Waller was busy superintending the building operations, and Mr. Scudamore was getting together the members of an infant school. They were full of hope and ardour, and saw

nothing before them but success in the noble work they had sacrificed home and comfort to carry out.

The disastrous end of the mission may as well be told here. After labouring for some time with much acceptance among the neighbouring tribes, and being anxious to discover a nearer route to the Shire, Messrs. Proctor and Scudamore, with a number of Manganja carriers, left in December to explore the country for a new route. Their guides misled them, and they found themselves in a slave-trading village, where the threatening aspect of the people boded mischief. Warned by a woman that if they slept there they would be all killed, they prepared to leave, when the Anguro followed, shooting their arrows at the retreating party. Two of the carriers were taken prisoners, and the two missionaries, barely escaping with their lives, swam a deep river, and made their way with great difficulty to Magomero, where they arrived exhausted with their exertions.

The wives of the two carriers pleaded with the bishop that as their husbands had been made captive in his service, he should rescue them from slavery. It appeared to him to be his duty to do this, and on asking the Makololo who had remained with him to assist in the expedition, they joyfully assented, as they held the prowess of the natives of the district in contempt, and knew of no better way of settling a difference with them than by a resort to force. There can be no doubt that had the bishop given them leave to do as they pleased, they would have cleared the country of the offenders; but he restrained them, which gave the delinquents an opportunity of escaping. The offending village was burned, and a few sheep and goats taken. The headman being afraid to retain the captives any longer, liberated them, and they returned to their homes. As this expedition was undertaken during the rainy season, and the missionaries got frequently wet, their health was seriously affected.

On the 6th of August 1861 Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, and Mr. Charles Livingstone, started for Nyassa with a light four-oared gig, attended by a white sailor and a score of natives. They found no difficulty in hiring people to carry the boat from village to village, and as they had the means of crossing the streams they met with, were quite independent of the humours of the various chiefs and headmen with whom on previous occasions they had had to bargain for being transferred across the streams. The course of the river was followed closely, so as to avail themselves of the still reaches between the rapids for sailing, and when they had passed the last of them they launched their boat for good on the Shire. The upper portion of the river is so broad and deep that it is roughly spoken of by the natives as a portion of the lake. At one point in the upper reaches of the river Lake Shirwa is only a day's journey distant, and within a recent period they must have been connected. The native land party, which they had sent forward to join them above the rapids, passed thousands of Manganja living in temporary huts, who had been compelled to fly before the bloodthirsty Ajawa.

At no place in Africa had Dr. Livingstone found the population so dense as on the shores of Nyassa. In some parts there was almost one unbroken succession of villages, and the inhabitants lined the shore of every bay, looking in wonder on a boat when propelled by sails. Whenever they landed they were the objects of untiring curiosity. The people are industrious agriculturists and fishers, and appeared to enjoy plenty of everything. No fines or dues were extracted from the explorers nor presents demanded. The northern dwellers on the lake during a portion of the year reap a singular harvest. At the proper season clouds as of smoke from burning grass hang over the lake and the adjacent country. These clouds are formed of countless myriads of minute midges or gnats, and are called by the natives *kungo*,



which means a cloud or fog. The natives gather these insects by night, and boil them into thick cakes, which they eat as a relish to their vegetable food. "A *kungo* cake an inch thick, and as large as the blue-bonnet of a Scotch ploughman, was offered to us; it was very dark in colour, and tasted not unlike caviare, or salted locusts."

The lake swarmed with fish, which the native fishermen catch in nets and basket traps with hook and line. The principal fish, called the *sanyika*, a kind of carp, grows to a length of two feet. Its flesh was delicious, better than that of any fish the party had tasted in Africa. Fine watermen as the Makololo were, they frankly confessed that the lake fishermen were their superiors in daring and skill.

Their fishing-nets were formed from the fibres of the *buaze*, and their clothes were manufactured from cotton grown by themselves, or from the fibres of the bark of a tree which is abundant in the district. The fishermen presented the party with fish, while the agricultural members of the community gave food freely. The chief of the northern parts, a tall handsome man named Marenga, gave them largely of food and beer. "Do they wear such things in your country?" he asked, pointing to his iron bracelet, which was studded with copper and highly prized. The doctor said he had never seen such in his country, whereupon Marenga instantly took it off and presented it to him, and his wife also did the same with hers. On the return of the party he tried to induce them to spend a day with him drinking beer, and when they declined he loaded them with provisions.

The following account of Lake Nyassa, and the people on its shores and their habits, is extracted from a letter addressed by Mr. Charles Livingstone to Sir Roderick Murchison in January 1862:—

"Never before in Africa have we seen anything like the dense population of Lake Nyassa, especially in the south.



In some parts there seemed to be an unbroken chain of villages. On the beach of well-nigh every little sandy bay black crowds were standing gazing at the novel spectacle of a boat under sail, and whenever we landed we were surrounded in a few seconds by hundreds of men, women, and children, who had hastened to stare at the 'chiromba,' or wild animals. To see the animals feed was the great attraction. Never did zoological society's lions draw a tithe of such multitudes. They crowded round us at meal times, a wilderness, an impenetrable thicket of negroes, looking on with the deepest apparent interest. The zeal they manifested in order to witness the whole procedure was more amusing than agreeable. The smell of black humanity, in a state of perspiration, is not pleasant while one is eating.

"They cultivate the soil pretty extensively, and grow large quantities of sweet potatoes, as well as rice, maize, native corn, &c., but in the north manioc was the staple product, and with fish kept till they attain a high flavour, constituted the principal food of the inhabitants.

"Perhaps the first impression one receives of the men is that they are far from being industrious—in fact are downright lazy. During the day groups are seen lying asleep under the shady trees, and appearing to take life remarkably easy. But a little further acquaintance modifies first impressions, as it leads to the discovery that many of the sleepers work hard by night. In the afternoon they examine and mend their nets, place them in the canoes, and paddle off, frequently to distant islands or other good fishing-grounds, and during a large portion of the night the poor fellows are toiling, passing much of the time in the water dragging their nets. Many men and boys are employed in gathering the buaze, preparing the fibre, and making it into long nets. When they come for the first time to gaze at suspicious-looking strangers, they may, with true African caution, leave their working materials at home.

From the number of native cotton cloths worn in many villages at the south end of the lake, it is evident that a goodly number of busy hands must be constantly at work. An extensive manufacture of bark-cloth also is ever going on from one end of the lake probably to the other, and much toil and time are required before the bark becomes soft and fit to wear. A prodigious amount of this bark-cloth is worn, indicating the destruction of an immense number of trees every year."

On the northern shore of the lake the Mazitu had settled, and were carrying on the slave trade with terrible rigour, sweeping away the helpless people like sheep. They had frequently attacked Marenga and his people; but the thickets and stockades around their villages enabled the bowmen to pick off the Mazitu in security, and they were driven off. Many of the Mazitu were settled on islands in the lake, from which they emerged to plunder and make captive the peaceful inhabitants on the shores of the lake. Long tracts of country were passed through where "the population had all been swept away; ruined villages, broken utensils, and human skeletons, met with at every turn, told a sad tale of 'man's inhumanity to man.' The extent of the trade done in slaves in the Nyassa district may be gathered from the fact that nineteen thousand slaves alone pass through the custom-house of the island of Zanzibar; and those taken out of the country form only a small section of the sufferers, as many thousands more are slain in the slave raids, and die of famine after having to fly from their homes." The exploration of the lake extended from the 2nd of September to the 26th of October 1861, and was abandoned for a time because they had expended or lost the most of their goods. The party frequently suffered from the want of flesh meat, although from the great size of the game they had much more than they could use, in which case the natives gladly accepted

the surplus. On one occasion they killed two hippopotami and an elephant, "perhaps in all some eight or ten tons of meat, and two days after they ate the last of a few sardines for dinner." The wretched and ruined Manganja, although all their sufferings were caused by the demand for human flesh, sold each other into slavery when they had a chance. In speaking of a native of this tribe who sold a boy he had made captive in a hostile raid, Dr. Livingstone notes his "having seen a man who was reputed humane, and in whose veins no *black* blood flowed, parting for the sum of £4 with a good-looking girl, who stood in a closer relationship to him than the boy to the man who excited our ire; and she being the nurse of his son besides, both son and nurse made such a pitiable wail for an entire day that the half-caste who had bought her relented, and offered to return her to the white man, but in vain." It is so long since our Government washed its hands at an immense cost of this iniquitous traffic, and it expends so much annually to put it down on the coast of Africa, that the knowledge that such things can be done by civilised men comes with a shock upon us. Surely the wonderful trials Dr. Livingstone has come through in his campaign against this detestable traffic will not have been suffered in vain, and the knowledge of such crimes against our common humanity will be the prelude to their utter extinction!

Arriving at the village at the foot of the cataracts, the party found it in a much more flourishing condition than when they passed up. A number of large huts had been built, and the people had a plentiful stock of cloth and beads. The sight of several fine large canoes, instead of the old leaky ones which lay there before, explained the mystery—the place had become a crossing-place for the slaves on their way to Tete. Well might the indignant members of the expedition say that "nothing was more

disheartening than the conduct of the Manganja, in profiting by the entire breaking up of their nation."

The party reached the ship on the 8th of November, and on the 14th Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup, who had only just joined him, visited them. As they started on their downward voyage they "gave and received three hearty English cheers as they went to the shore and we steamed off." This was the last they saw of these devoted men, as they soon after perished in the manner already related. The ship having run aground about twenty miles below Chibisa's, they were detained five weeks until the river rose sufficiently to float her off; and during their detention the carpenter's mate, a fine healthy young Englishman, died of fever, being the first death of a member of the expedition, although they had been three years and a half in the country.

Sailing down the Zambesi, they anchored in the Great Luabo mouth of the Zambesi, and on the 30th of December H.M.S. *Gorgon* arrived, towing the brig which brought Mrs. Livingstone, Miss Mackenzie, and Mrs. Burrup; the former had come out to join her husband, while the latter were on their way to join their friends at Magomero, where they arrived too late to see them alive.

The progress of the *Pioneer* with the party, and a portion of the sections of the *Lady Nyassa*, a vessel which Livingstone had had specially built for river navigation in pieces of a size which one man could carry on land, was so distressingly slow, in consequence of the machinery having been allowed to get out of order, that Livingstone and his friends determined to land and put the pieces of the *Lady Nyassa* together at Shupanga, while Captain Wilson, Dr. Kirk, and Dr. Ramsay, and Mr. Sewell of the *Gorgon*, and the mission party, went forward in the gig of that ship.

During the unhealthy season several of Dr. Livingstone's party suffered from fever, and about the middle of April



Mrs. Livingstone was prostrated by that disease, and notwithstanding that she received every attention which affection and skill could render, she died on the 27th of that month, and was buried on the following day under the shadow of a giant baobab-tree, the Rev. James Stewart, who had shortly before come out to inquire into the practicability of establishing a mission in connection with the Free Church of Scotland, reading the burial service. The gallant seamen of the *Gorgon* mounted guard for several nights over her last resting-place. It is impossible not to sympathise with the stricken husband, who thus lost the wife of his early years, who had shared in so many of his trials and difficulties, just when he was re-united to her after a separation of four years. Beloved and revered as she was by white men as well as by black, the party who stood under the wide-spreading branches of the baobab-tree must have been a sad and melancholy one. One comforting reflection there was—she died among dear and loving friends, and not alone among savages, like Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup, the knowledge of whose death was so soon to overwhelm with grief the two companions of her voyage out, who little dreamed when they sorrowed for her that the dear ones they had come so far to see had already been consigned to the grave by savage, although friendly hands.

When the *Lady Nyassa* was put together at Shupanga, she was launched in the presence of a large assemblage of natives, who had come from far and near to witness it. They could not believe that being of iron she would float, and their astonishment was great when they saw her glide lightly and gracefully into the water. The figure-head, which was the head and bust of a female, was pointed to as a wonderful work of art. As it was now well on in June, and the river was at its lowest, it would be impossible to sail up the river until December. The party proceeded in the *Pioneer* to Johanna to obtain a supply of provisions



and other requisites, and some draught oxen to carry the sections of the *Lady Nyassa* past the Murchison Cataracts. Mr. Lumley, H.M.'s Consul at Johanna, forwarded their views in every way, and gave them six of his own trained oxen from his sugar plantation.

In the interval which must elapse before they could sail up the Shire, the principal members of the expedition, with a number of native assistants, proceeded to explore the Rovuma, as Dr. Livingstone was still of opinion that a better way to Lake Nyassa might be found by ascending this river; but his hopes were doomed to disappointment. The Rovuma was found to contain a much smaller volume of water than many of the tributaries of the Zambesi. Shallows were numerous, and snags formed by the sinking of large trees in the mud during the subsidence of the floods rendered the navigation difficult even for the boats of H.M.S. *Orestes*, which had been lent to the party for the ascent. Ninety miles from its mouth their further progress was arrested by a series of cataracts, and there was nothing for it but to return to Johanna and proceed to Lake Nyassa by the valley of the Shire.

The lower part of the Rovuma valley was found to be very sparsely populated, and of no great breadth, the hills lying close to the river on either side. Sixty-five miles up the stream they arrived at an inhabited island, and after some difficulty they managed to open friendly relations with the natives, and purchased food from them. Here not only the females, but many of the young men, wore the *pelele*, or lip ring. Farther up the stream, at the temporary village of an armed band of slave-traders, an attempt was made to arrest their further progress unless a toll was paid. Rather than proceed to extremities, Dr. Livingstone gave them thirty pieces of calico, which so excited their cupidity that they fired a volley of musketry and poisoned arrows at the party, fortunately without effect. A few shots fired at

them drove these bloodthirsty cowards into the forest, and secured the party from any further attack.

The people in the neighbourhood of the cataracts were found to be peaceful and industrious, and friendly in their disposition. They are called Makoa, and are known by a cicatrice on the brow, in the form of a crescent, with the horns pointing downwards. The hills on either side of the river were lofty, and seemed to be the outlying spurs of a still wider range on either side. Coal was found in such circumstances as warranted the party in believing that it existed in abundance in the valleys.

In January 1863 the *Pioneer* steamed up the Shire with the *Lady Nyassa* in tow, and she had not breasted its waters for many hours before the party came upon traces of the wholesale ravages of the notorious and bloodthirsty Mariano. A little more than twelve months before, the valley of the Shire was populous with peaceful and contented tribes; now the country was all but a desert, the very air polluted by the putrid carcases of the slain which lay rotting on the plains, and floated in the waters of the river in such numbers as to clog the paddles of the steamer. Once they saw a crocodile making a rush at the carcase of a boy, and shake it as a terrier dog shakes a rat, while others rushed to share in the meal, and quickly devoured it. The miserable inhabitants who had managed to avoid being slain or carried off into captivity were collecting insects, roots, and wild fruits—anything, in short, that would stave off starvation, in the neighbourhood of the villages where they had formerly enjoyed peace and plenty. They were entirely naked, save for the palm-leaf aprons they wore, as everything of any value had been carried off by the slave-stealers. The sight of hundreds of putrid dead bodies and bleached skeletons was not half so painful as the groups of children and women who were seen sitting amidst the ruins of their former dwellings, with their ghastly famine-stricken faces

and dull dead eyes. These made up such a tale of woe and misery that those who were dead might be deemed fortunate in comparison with the survivors, who instinctively clung to the devastated spot they had once called home, and those who had been led into life-long captivity. Everywhere dead bodies were met with. In the huts, when opened, the mouldering corpse was found "with the poor rags round the loins, the skull fallen off the pillow; the little skeleton of the child, that had perished first, rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons."

Mr. Thornton rejoined the party on the Shire, bringing with him supplies for the mission and the expedition party, after successfully assisting Baron Vanderdecken in a survey of the Kilimanjaro mountains, and the ascent of the highest member of the range to a height of fourteen thousand feet, discovering at the same time that the height above the level of the sea of the highest peak was twenty thousand feet. These mountains above eight thousand feet are covered with perpetual snow. His present mission was to examine the geology of the district in the neighbourhood of the cataracts, but before he had well begun his arduous labour he was attacked with fever, and died on the 21st of April.

While busily making a road through the forest to connect the lower Shire with the upper, beyond the Murchison Cataracts, Dr. Kirk and Mr. Charles Livingstone, after repeated attacks of fever and dysentery, were compelled to leave for England; the undaunted chief of the expedition remaining at his post, although he also had had a severe attack of fever. Before they had completed their arrangements for passing the cataracts, a despatch arrived from Lord John Russell, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, withdrawing the expedition.

The following are extracts from Dr. Livingstone's account of the journey to the north-west of Lake Nyassa, in a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison:—

“The despatch containing instructions for our withdrawal, though dated 2nd of February, did not reach me before the 2nd of July, when the water had fallen so low that the *Pioneer* could not be taken down to the sea. To improve the time, therefore, between July and the flood of December, I thought that I might see whether a large river entered the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and at the same time ascertain whether the impression was true that most of the slaves drawn to Zanzibar, Kilwa, Iboe, and Mozambique came from the lake district. With this view I departed, taking the steward of the *Pioneer* and a few natives, carrying a small boat, and ascended the Shire. Our plan was to sail round the eastern shore and the north end of the lake, but unfortunately we lost our boat when we had nearly passed the falls of the Shire; the accident occurring through five of our natives trying to shew how much cleverer they were than the five Makololo who had hitherto had the management of it. It broke away from them in a comparatively still reach of the river, and rushed away like an arrow over the cataracts. Our plans after this had to be modified, and I resolved to make away for the north-west on foot, hoping to reach the latitude of the northern end of the lake without coming in contact with the Mazitu, or Zulus.

“We soon came to a range of mountains running north and south, rising about six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The valley on the eastern base was two thousand feet above the sea, and was of remarkable beauty—well supplied with streams of delicious cold water. This range forms the edge of the high table-land (called Deza) on which the Maravi dwell. We were, however, falsely told that no people lived on the other side, and continued our course along the valley until we came out at the heel of the lake—the bold mountainous promontory of Cape Maclear on our right, and the hills of Tsenga in front of us. Again



starting off towards the north-west, we came to a stockade which the Mazitu, or other natives pretending to be of this tribe, had attacked the day before, and we saw the loathsome relics of the fight in the shape of the dead bodies of the combatants. Wishing to avoid a collision with these people, we turned away towards the north-east until we again came to the lake, and marched along its shores to Kota-Kota Bay (lat. 12° 55' south).

"On leaving Kota-Kota we proceeded due west. In three days we ascended the plateau, the eastern side of which has the appearance of a range of mountains. The long ascent, adorned with hill and dale and running streams, fringed with evergreen trees, was very beautiful to the eye, but the steep walk was toilsome, causing us to halt frequently to recover our breath. The heights have a delicious but peculiarly piercing air; it seemed to go through us. Five Shupanga men, who had been accustomed all their lives to the malaria of the Zambesi delta were quite prostrated by that, which to me, was exhilarating and bracing. We travelled about ninety miles due west on the great Babisa, Katanga, and Cazembe slave-route.

"As we were travelling in the direction whence a great deal of ivory is drawn by the traders on the slave-route, hindrances of various kinds were put in our way. The European food we had brought with us was expended; the people refused to sell us food, and dysentery came back on us in force. Moreover, our time was now expired. I was under explicit orders not to undertake any long journey, but to have the *Pioneer* down to the sea by the earliest flood. I might have speculated on a late rise in the Zambesi, but did not like the idea of failing in my duty, and so gave up the attempt to penetrate farther to the west.

"As the steward and myself were obliged to try our best during the limited time at our disposal, it may be worth mentioning that we travelled six hundred and sixty geo-



graphical miles in fifty-five travelling days, averaging twelve miles per day in straight lines. The actual distance along the wavy up-and-down paths we had was of course much greater. The new leaves on the trees of the plateau were coming out fresh and green, and of various other hues, when we were there, and on reaching the ship on the 31st of October, we found all, except the evergreen ones by streams, as bare of leaves as in mid-winter."

The party reached the ship early in November, and found those they had left there in good health. The exploring party had travelled nearly seven hundred miles in a straight line, which gave a mileage of twelve-and-a-half per day, but taking the windings into account, Livingstone put their rate of advance down at fifteen miles, a wonderful progress truly in an unknown country. An Ajawa chief, named Kapeni, waited upon them, and gratified Livingstone by saying that he and most of his people were anxious to receive English missionaries as their teachers. The effect of this was marred by intelligence which reached him shortly afterwards, that Bishop Tober (Bishop Mackenzie's successor), after a short stay near the mouth of the Shire, on the top of Mount Marambala, had determined to leave the country. In descending the river they heard that Mariano had died of debauchery some time previous.


The *Lady Nyassa* steamed from Mozambique to Zanzibar, and as Livingstone had determined to dispose of her, he started in her on a voyage of two thousand five hundred miles for that purpose to Bombay, which he accomplished in safety, arriving there on the 13th of June, having left Zanzibar on the 16th of April; the heroic explorer acting as navigator, his crew consisting of three Europeans—viz., a stoker, a sailor, and a carpenter, and seven native Zambesi men and two boys. Considering that the three European members of his crew were laid aside for a month each, and his native Zambesi men had to be taught the duties of the

ship, and that the *Lady Nyassa* was a tight little craft constructed for lake and river navigation, the feat of sailing her across the Indian Ocean was not the least marvellous of the many daring undertakings he had successfully carried through. When they steamed into the harbour of Bombay, he says "the vessel was so small that no one noticed our arrival." His appearance in civilised society after such a fashion must have been as unexpected and wonderful as his turning up among the Portuguese in the west, after travelling from the Cape right across country through regions till then wholly unknown. The two native boys, who were about sixteen years of age, named respectively Wekotani and Chumah, were left with Dr. Wilson of Bombay to be educated. This astonishing feat of seamanship—a voyage of two thousand five hundred miles in the *Lady Nyassa*—did not strike Livingstone as being wonderful.

Dr. Livingstone arrived in England in July 1864, and busied himself with the preparation of his narrative for the press, and thinking over further efforts to be made for the amelioration of the condition of the natives of Central Africa. It was quite clear to him that no help in this direction must be looked for from the Portuguese Government, which, in spite of the utter valuelessness of its possessions on the east coast of Africa, seemed to wink at the devastation and depopulation of the country by slave-dealers, and threw every obstacle in the way of any one anxious to acquire information regarding the tribes bordering on their territory, and the possible legitimate commerce amongst them. The horrors Dr. Livingstone had to make us acquainted with then, and those which he was only telling us so recently, after having been lost to his country and friends for years, have raised such a storm of indignation throughout the civilised world as cannot fail to hasten the end of the frightful traffic in human beings which is carried on under the protection of the Portuguese flag.

## CHAPTER XII.

STARTS A THIRD TIME FOR AFRICA—RE-ASCENDS THE ROVUMA—  
HIS REPORTED MURDER—SEARCH EXPEDITION—LETTERS  
FROM LIVINGSTONE.

HEN Dr. Livingstone arrived in England, the discoveries of Captain Speke and Major Grant were the subject of almost universal interest among the intelligent public, and he had not been long amongst us when the enthusiasm those had excited, and the cravings for further knowledge of the regions about the head waters of the Nile, were further indulged by the discoveries of Sir Samuel Baker. Lakes, hill ranges, and populous native settlements, were slowly filling up the great blank patch in the centre of the vast continent of Africa, which for centuries had been assumed to be a vast sandy desert, a second and greater Sahara. From the known regions of Southern Africa Livingstone had, from his several expeditions prior to 1852, when he marched across the Kalahari Desert and discovered Lake Ngami, down to his leaving the Zambesi, on the conclusion of his last series of explorations, laid down rivers, lakes, mountain ranges, and native settlements, over a tract of country vastly more extensive than was ever explored by a single individual in the history of discovery and adventure. His discovery in the south, and those of his contemporary explorers farther to the north, had settled the fact beyond dispute that the centre of Africa was peopled by tribes mentally and industrially capable of elevation, if the iniquitous slave-trade was suppressed, and legitimate commerce with civilised nations introduced amongst them; and that

they inhabited regions rich in vegetable and animal life, and watered by magnificent rivers and streams, which filled the minds of thoughtful men with the hope of seeing opened, within a reasonable time, new corn, cattle, cotton, coffee, sugar, indigo, coal, and iron-producing regions of so vast an extent as to render the European continent independent in the future of the exhaustion of her present stores, through the demands of a population daily increasing in number and in wealth.

Between Speke and Grant and Baker's discoveries, and Livingstone's in the south, there was still a vast tract of country of which little or nothing reliable was known. Further investigation, and a due consideration of the character of the newly-explored regions, led thinking men to doubt and question the fact that Captain Speke had traced the Nile to its headquarters when he watched it flow a noble stream from the Victoria Nyanza Lake. These doubts and questions soon resolved themselves into actual belief that the head waters of the river of Egypt must be carried as far south, and farther south, as some thought, than Lake Tanganyika.

Dr. Livingstone had not unnaturally looked forward to a considerable period of rest in the bosom of his family after his laborious exertions during the preceding six years, but there was to be henceforward for him no rest on this side of the grave. The minds of men were drawn towards the unknown country between lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa, and there was one man on whom the eyes of all men were turned as its explorer. The great traveller himself, after he had seen his book, "*The Zambesi and its Tributaries*," through the press, had not made up his mind as to his future operations when he was waited upon by Sir Roderick Murchison. That gentleman, with all the astuteness of a Scotch diplomatist, did not at once ask Dr. Livingstone to go himself—on a new mission.

"My dear Livingstone," he said, "your disclosures respecting the interior of Africa have created a profound excitement in the geographical world. We (the Geographical Society) are of opinion that we ought to send another expedition into the heart of Africa to solve the problem of the water-shed between the Nyassa and the Tanganyika lakes; for when that is settled all questions about Central Africa will be definitely resolved. Whom could you recommend to take charge of it as a proper man?"

After some reflection, Dr. Livingstone recommended a gentleman well known to them both. This gentleman, on being spoken to, would only consent to go on the understanding that he would be sufficiently remunerated for his services. There can be only one opinion as to the propriety of the conditions on which this gentleman was willing to act, as it would hardly be fair to expect a man advanced in years to undertake a mission of such privation and difficulty without ample compensation. As the Geographical Society could not guarantee any pecuniary reward, that gentleman declined to proceed to Africa.

Sir Roderick was much distressed at this refusal, and calling on Dr. Livingstone to announce the non-success of his efforts, he said: "Why cannot you go! Come, let me persuade you. I am sure you will not refuse an old friend." "I had flattered myself," said Dr. Livingstone, "that I had much prospective comfort in store for me in my old days. And pecuniary matters require looking after for the sake of my family; but since you ask me in that way I cannot refuse you."

"Never mind about the pecuniary matters," said Sir Roderick. "It shall be my task to look after that; you may rest assured your interests shall not be forgotten."

At this time Dr. Livingstone's circumstances were of such a nature, as but for this generous offer, to give him considerable anxiety. His first book, "The Missionary Travels,"



sold to the extent of thirty thousand copies, and in consequence returned him a large sum of money. While on the Zambesi, and when the second steamer, the *Pioneer*, sent out to him proved a failure, he ordered the *Lady Nyassa* at his own expense, her cost being £6000. She was lying at Bombay, and would be of no use in the contemplated journey at all. The sale of his second book, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," up to the time of which we are writing, had not much exceeded three thousand copies, so that if he left for Africa and was lost to sight for several years, the future of his motherless children could not fail to be a source of anxiety to him.

The generous offer of Sir Roderick Murchison, his old and tried friend, put him at his ease as to the future welfare of his family, and he began at once, with his usual promptitude and energy, to prepare for his departure upon what was to be his last expedition. Lord John Russell sent Mr. Hayward, Q.C., to him, to sound him as to what he would like the Government to do for him. No doubt his lordship wished to know what honour or reward he wished for himself. Livingstone, quite unmindful of himself, said, "If you stop the Portuguese slave trade you will gratify me beyond measure." A second time Mr. Hayward asked him if anything could be done for himself, and his answer was, "No, he could not think of anything." Many times when he was waiting in the heart of Africa for succour from the coast, the thought came into his mind that he had then lost an opportunity of providing for his children.

Two thousand pounds were subscribed for the expedition. Mr. James Young, the well-known paraffin oil manufacturer, and a friend of Livingstone's at college, furnished £1000, and promised that whenever he lacked funds he would supply him to any amount. The Government gave £500, and the Royal Geographical Society subscribed a like sum. As Dr. Livingstone, when he reached Bombay, sold the

*Lady Nyassa* steamer, and placed the sum received for her (£2000) in bank, to be drawn upon by him for the expenses of the expedition, he actually subscribed one-half the entire sum he believed he had at his disposal at starting. Months after he had passed into the interior of Africa the banker with whom he had deposited the money became bankrupt, and the whole sum was totally lost.

Lord John Russell happily connected the expedition with the public service by renewing Dr. Livingstone's appointment as H.M.'s Consul to the tribes in the interior of Africa, thus giving to his mission a semi-official character.

Dr. Livingstone left England to set out on his last expedition on the 14th of August, and was accompanied to Paris by his eldest daughter Agnes. From Paris he went on to Bombay, where, having completed his arrangements, he proceeded to Zanzibar, accompanied by the two African boys (Chumah and Wekotani) he had left with Dr. Wilson, a number of men from the Johanna Islands, a Sepoy havildar, a few enlisted Sepoys, and some Wasawahili. Thus accompanied, he sailed in an Arab dhow from Zanzibar on the 28th of March 1864, and landed at the mouth of the Rovuma after a voyage of several days.

Early in November a letter was received from Dr. Livingstone, dated from Ngomano, 18th May 1866, and was the first communication of any importance received from him since he had passed into the interior. In it he says:—

“When we could not discover a path for camels through the mangrove swamps of the mouth of the Rovuma, we proceeded about twenty-five miles to the north of that river, and at the bottom of Mikindany Bay entered a beautiful land-locked harbour called Kinday, or Pemba.

“Our route hence was S.S.E. to the Rovuma, which we struck at the spot marked on the chart as that at which the *Pioneer* turned in 1861. We travelled over the same plateau that is seen to flank both sides of the Rovuma like a chain

of hills from four to six hundred feet high. Except where the natives, who are called Makonde, have cleared spaces for cultivation, the whole country within the influence of the moisture from the ocean is covered with dense jungle. The trees in general are not large, but they grow so closely together as generally to exclude the sun. In many places they may be said to be woven together by tangled masses of climbing-plants, more resembling the ropes and cables of a ship in inextricable confusion than the graceful creepers with which we are familiar in northern climates.

"I am now with Machumora, the chief at Ngomano, the point of confluence, as the name implies, of the Rovuma and the Loendi. The latter is decidedly the parent stream, and comes from the south-west, where, in addition to some bold granitic peaks, dim outlines of distant highlands appear. Even at that distance they raise the spirits, but possibly that is caused partly by the fact that we are now about thirty miles beyond our former turning-point, and on the threshold of the unknown.

"I propose to make this my headquarters till I have felt my way round the north end of Lake Nyassa. If prospects are fair there I need not return, but trust to another quarter for fresh supplies, but it is best to say little about the future. Machumora is an intelligent man, and one well known to be trustworthy. He is appealed to on all hands for his wise decisions, but he has not much real power beyond what his personal character gives him."

In the beginning of 1867 the whole civilised world was startled by the receipt of intelligence that Dr. Livingstone had been slain in an encounter with a party of Mafite or Mazitu, on the western side of Lake Nyassa, at a place called Kampunda or Mapunda.

That Livingstone should fall by the hand of violence in his efforts to penetrate the interior of Africa was no unlikely circumstance, and the story we have rehearsed above was so

circumstantial in all its details that it was a matter of no surprise that many should sorrowfully accept it as true. But there were a good many of Dr. Livingstone's friends who declined to believe that the great traveller was yet dead—chief of whom were Sir Roderick Murchison, Messrs. E. D. Young and Horace Waller.

On the 26th of January 1867 Mr. Seward sent a despatch to the Foreign Office which greatly tended to the fostering of a hope that the great traveller was not murdered, as had been so circumstantially asserted.

"I have the honour," he says, "to inform you that, in pursuance of an intention expressed in my last despatch concerning the asserted death of Dr. Livingstone, I have personally made inquiries amongst the traders at Kilwa and Kiringi, and have gathered information there which tends to throw discredit on the statement of the Johanna men, who allege that they saw their leader dead.

"The evidence of the Nyassa traders strengthens the suspicion that these men abandoned the traveller when he was about to traverse a Mazitu-haunted district, and for aught they knew to the contrary, Dr. Livingstone may yet be alive."

The grave doubts as to the truth of the Johanna men, expressed by men so competent to judge as to the value of their evidence, communicated itself to the public, and within a very short space of time the hope was generally current that their statements were unworthy of credence.

On the 27th of May Sir Roderick Murchison was in a position to intimate that Her Majesty's Government had agreed to co-operate with the Royal Geographical Society, and that an expedition was about to start for the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, by way of the Zambesi, which would set at rest all doubts as to the truth or falsehood of the Johanna men.

On the 25th of November letters were received from



H.M.'s Consul at Zanzibar, H. A. Churchill, and Dr. Kirk, stating that they had heard from a native trader just returned from Central Africa that a white man had been seen in the country of Marungo, near the town of the head chief Katumba, and that they had hopes that this white man was none other than Dr. Livingstone. Early in December a letter was received by Mr. Webb of Newstead Abbey from Dr. Kirk, which may be said to have satisfied the public that Dr. Livingstone was alive and pushing on towards the north.

The reports recorded by Dr. Kirk were further confirmed from other sources, and by the time that the search expedition, under the command of Mr. E. D. Young, returned with the intimation that the story of Ali Moosa was a fabrication, concocted by him to screen the desertion of himself and the other Johanna men, the public were in the daily expectation of hearing from Dr. Livingstone himself.

While putting the boat together, on the 29th of August, the expedition party were informed by some natives that a white man had been seen some time ago in Pamalombi, a small lake on the Shire, not far below its outlet from Nyassa. This traveller had a dog with him, and he had left there to go further in a westerly direction! What could this mean? Launching the *Search* on the Shire, they started for Lake Nyassa, the natives coming to the shore in hundreds to gaze upon them, and warn them of the blood-thirsty Mazitu who, they said, were in front. These reports being reiterated at every stopping-place, even the courage of the Makololo failed, and it was with great difficulty they could be got to go forward. On one occasion an immense concourse of spectators stood waiting their approach upon the right bank of the river. Most of them were armed with spears and bow and arrows, and seemed determined on hostilities. They had taken the *Search* party for a band of



Mazitu, and when they learned that there were English on board they became most friendly.

On the shores of Lake Nyassa they heard of Dr. Livingstone having been seen, and the party had to come to the conclusion that "all previous calculations, all those shrewd ponderings and siftings of evidence at the Geographical Society, were put an end to by the simple narrative that fell from the lips of a poor native." Landing in a small bay on the east shore of Nyassa, they were hospitably received by a party of natives. The headman advanced and asked them if they had seen the Englishman who had been there some time previous. In reply to the questions of Mr. Young, they got a most accurate description of Dr. Livingstone, his apparel, &c.; the well-known naval cap which he wore being geographically described.

The information Mr. Young received from Marenga was to the effect that Dr. Livingstone had stayed a day in his village, and that two days after his departure Moosa and his companions had returned to his village, giving the following as their reasons for having deserted him:—

"They were merely Arabs," said they, "who had come across Livingstone in his wanderings, and had consented to help him in his undertaking; but really there must be a limit to all things, and as they knew he was about to enter a very dangerous country, they were not justified in further indulging their disinterested natures in assisting a traveller, and having as it were torn themselves away from him with reluctance, they must get back to the coast."

Further, Marenga informed him that if anything had happened to Dr. Livingstone, even at a long distance to the north, he would have heard of it, as he had tidings of his well-being for a month's journey from his village. As they had satisfactorily established the falsehood of Moosa's story, the object of the expedition was accomplished.

In every respect the search expedition under Mr. Young's

command was the most successful on record. Not only did they completely succeed in the object of their quest, but there had been no case of fever during the entire journey, and no accident of life or limb to record save the attack on John Gaitty by the elephant in the Shire. Well might Sir Roderick Murchison say of it:—

“To put together a boat constructed in sections, to find a negro crew for the navigation of the Zambesi, to take the boat to pieces, and to have it carried up thirty-six miles along the sides of the cataracts to the river Shire—then, after navigating the waters of the lake until the fate of Livingstone was clearly ascertained, to convey her back to the Zambesi, and finally bring her and the party safe back to England without the loss of a single man—this, indeed, is a real triumph.”

The first accounts of his movements from Dr. Livingstone himself reached this country in the shape of a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, about the 20th of April, from which we make the following extracts. It is dated the country of the Chipeta, which is far to the north-west of the point to which the search expedition traced him, and was written on the 10th of November 1866. “It has been quite impossible to send a letter coastwise ever since we left the Rovuma. The Arab slave-traders take to their heels as soon as they hear that the English are on the road. I am a perfect bug-bear to them. Eight parties thus skedaddled, and last of all my Johanna men, frightened out of their wits by stories told them by a member of a ninth party who had been plundered of his slaves, walked off and left me to face the terrible Mazitu with nine Nassick boys. The fear which the English name has struck into the slave-traders has thus been an inconvenience. I could not go round the north end of the lake for fear that my Johanna men, at the sight of danger, would do then what they actually did at the southern end, and the owner of the two dhows now on the lake kept them

out of sight, lest I should burn them as slavers, and I could not cross in the middle.

“January 1867.—I mention several causes of delay ; I must add the rainy season is more potent than all, except hunger. In passing through the Babisa country we found that food was not to be had. The Babisa are great slave-traders, and have in consequence little industry. This seems to be the chief cause of their having no food to spare. The rains, too, are more copious than I ever saw them anywhere in Africa ; but we shall get on in time. February 1.—I am in Bemba or Loemba, and at the chief man’s place, which has three stockades around it, and a deep dry ditch round the inner one. He seems a fine fellow, and gave us a cow to slaughter on our arrival yesterday. We are going to hold a Christmas feast of it to-morrow, as I promised the boys a blow-out when we came to a place of plenty. We have had precious hard lines, and I would not complain if it had not been for gnawing hunger for many a day, and our bones sticking through as if they would burst the skin. When we were in a part where game abounded, I filled the pot with a first-rate rifle given me by Captain Warter, but elsewhere we had but very short rations of a species of millet called *macre*, which passes the stomach almost unchanged. The sorest grief of all was the loss of the medicine-box which your friends at Apothecaries’ Hall so kindly fitted up.” Several of his attendants acting as carriers had made off with the box, his plates and dishes, and most of his powder and two guns. “This loss, with all our medicine, fell on my heart like a sentence of death by fever, as was the case with poor Bishop Mackenzie ; but I shall try native remedies, trusting Him who has led me hitherto to lead me still.” From the end of July to the middle of September Livingstone remained at Mataka, about fifty miles from Nyassa on the Rovuma side.

After the reading of Dr. Livingstone’s letters to the mem-

bers of the Royal Geographical Society, at a meeting held on the 27th of April 1868, Sir Roderick Murchison said:—“That the question on which Europeans and the British public at large were now interested was the future course of Livingstone, and at what time he might be expected to return. In the journey from the place at which he disembarked, Mikindany Bay, to the south end of the Lake Nyassa, he occupied seven months; but for three weeks or more of that time he remained at Mataka. The distance traversed from the coast was only five hundred miles. During these months people often asked in England, ‘Why does Livingstone not send us some account of his proceedings? The Sepoys have returned, but they have brought no despatches.’ He was sorry to say that the Sepoys had behaved extremely ill. We had now, in Livingstone’s handwriting, the statement that they were the worst of companions, inferior even to the Johanna men. He entrusted to the Sepoys a despatch which they never delivered. The next part of Livingstone’s journey, after crossing the Shire, was to the west and northwards, taking a circuitous course in order to avoid the Mazitu (called the Mavite to the east of Lake Nyassa). It occupied five months, the date of the despatches being the 1st of February, when he was at Bemba. The progress made at this point would enable us to judge of the time he was likely to take in accomplishing the remainder of his journey. We now know that he had arrived at Ujiji, on the eastern shores of Lake Tanganyika, by about the middle of October last. The distance between Bemba and Ujiji was only five hundred miles; but he was delighted to hear that the traveller had been so long on this part of his route, because it implied that he had devoted himself to examining Lake Tanganyika, which had never yet been explored.

“When Burton and Speke crossed the lake in the northern part at Ujiji, they knew nothing of the southern part, ex-



cept from information furnished by Arabs. If Livingstone found the waters flowing northwards from the neighbourhood of Bemba, whence he wrote, and into Lake Tanganyika, he would continue his journey to the northern end. There would then be before him another great problem, the solution of which would be the settlement of the geography of the whole interior of Africa. If, according to the theory of Mr. Findlay, which had been read before the society, the waters of Lake Tanganyika flowed into the Albert Nyanza, the geographical object of Livingstone's expedition would be accomplished. He would be upon the waters of the Nile, and having determined that great physical problem, he would probably turn to the eastward, and reach the coast at Zanzibar. If, on the contrary, it proved, as shewn in the original map of Burton and Speke, that a mountain range separated Tanganyika from Albert Nyanza, the outflow of the waters of Tanganyika must be sought for on its western side; for, being fresh, these waters must have a free outlet in some direction. In this case, Livingstone might be induced to follow that river wherever he found it. It was known that there was no outflow to the east, because the country on that side had been explored, and no great stream found. To follow such a western outlet would lead him far across the great unknown western interior of Africa.

"Such was Livingstone's great vigour and audacity in meeting every difficulty, that he had not the slightest doubt that he would pursue such a river, if found, and come out on the west coast, where his first expedition terminated, before he recrossed to the Zambesi. In this case, we must not expect to hear from him for twelve or eighteen months. But if, under the hypothesis, which he rather held to, Livingstone found the waters of the Tanganyika flowing into Baker's Lake (the Albert Nyanza), and turned back towards Zanzibar, as most probably he would do, he might



be expected in England in the month of September next. A third hypothesis was, that having since arrived at the lake of Sir Samuel Baker, he would follow its waters, and come out by the Nile. He had dismissed that hypothesis from his own mind, in consequence of the small force which Livingstone had at his disposal, and the diminished store of goods for presents to give to the equatorial kings. Knowing the difficulties which Speke and Grant and Baker had in those countries, he would pause before concluding that he had taken that route, particularly after he had geographically solved the problem. Another reason which operated in his mind against the third hypothesis was, that Livingstone would have to go through the whole of the White Nile region, where the slave trade was carried on to an abominable extent."

We give Sir Roderick Murchison's remarks in full, because in them we have the different theories as to the course of the waters, whose northward flow Livingstone had struck when he had passed the hill region to the north and west of Nyassa. We shall see, further on, that all these theories were at variance with the conclusions which Dr. Livingstone ultimately arrived at when he found that the main drainage of the vast central valley did not fall into the Tanganyika at all, but passed it many miles to the west of its shores, and flowed northward into unknown regions.

News reached England early in October that Livingstone was on his way to the coast, and was, at the time of its transmission, within a few miles of Zanzibar, but on the 20th and 23rd word reached London from Dr. Kirk that he had letters from him dated from Marenga, a district south, and in the vicinity of Lake Tanganyika, in latitude  $7^{\circ} 55'$  south, and longitude  $30^{\circ}$  east, near Ujiji, a district and an Arab station on Lake Tanganyika. This letter was very brief, and had been written in the months of October

and December, and gave a satisfactory account for the delay in his progress to the north. He had been living for three months with friendly Arabs, and waiting for the close of a native war before proceeding to Ujiji, and he told the Arab messenger that after exploring Tanganyika he meant to return to Zanzibar. Dr. Kirk reported, when sending this information, that provisions, medicines, letters, &c., &c., had been sent to Ujiji to meet him some time previous to the receipt of his letters.

On the 9th of November 1868 a short letter from Dr. Livingstone to Dr. Seward, dated "Town of Cazembe, 14th December 1867," was read. In this letter he said :—

"One of Seyd Ben Ali's men leaves this to-morrow to join his master in Buira. He and Hamees have letters from me to you. One of them, in the hands of Hamees, repeats an order for goods, which I sent by Magera Mafupi in February last. If Magera Mafupi's letter came to hand, then the goods would be sent before the present letter can reach you. I have more fear of the want of shoes than anything else. If you have any tracing-paper I should like some; I lost a good deal in fording a river; some pencils and ink powder, if you can spare them, and an awl and stick of sealing-wax. I am going to Ujiji in two days, and think that I shall be able to send letters thence to Zanzibar sooner than my friends can reach it by Bagamoyo.

"Moero is one chain of lakes, connected by a river, having different names. When we got there I thought it well to look at Cazembe, of which the Portuguese have written much; but all the geographical information is contained in letters I have written, which I mean to send to Ujiji, and have no heart to repeat myself."

In the letters to Dr. Seward and Dr. Kirk, which were of a private character, Livingstone writes in a most hopeful spirit as to the accomplishment of the work before him, and gave a most gratifying account of the state of his health.

On the 18th of January 1869, a letter appeared in the "Times" from Horace Waller, one of Livingstone's old comrades during a part of the Zambesi expedition, that from letters received from Dr. Kirk from Zanzibar nothing had been heard of Livingstone for a long time. After cautioning the public to be in no anxiety on that account, he says: "Dr. Kirk informs me that Moosa (the chief of the Johanna men who deserted him) has been handed over to him at Zanzibar from Johanna. Finding that he had already passed eight months in heavy irons, the authorities very humanely considered this time sufficient for the reflective powers of the mischievous scamp to reconsider the merits of truth and falsehood; so Dr. Kirk set him free."

On the 19th of April news arrived in England that Livingstone had reached Zanzibar and was on his way to England. His old friend Sir Roderick Murchison published his doubts of the truth of this, and as in many other cases where the great traveller was concerned, the veteran geologist was correct. A report of Dr. Livingstone having been murdered, and another of his being in captivity, having got into circulation, were causing much anxiety in the public mind. Sir Roderick Murchison wrote to the London "Scotsman" on the 6th of September as follows. After explaining that a long time must elapse, in consequence of the district into which he had entered, before we could expect to hear from him, he says: "It is therefore, I think, unnecessary to have recourse to the hypothesis of his captivity. But whatever may be the speculations entered into during his absence, I have such implicit confidence in the tenacity of purpose, undying resolution, and herculean power of Livingstone, that however he may be delayed, I hold stoutly to the opinion that he will overcome every obstacle, and will, as I have suggested, emerge from South Africa on the same western shore on which he appeared after his first great march across that region"

Sir Roderick Murchison was partly right once more. Livingstone was not on his way home, nor thinking of it; for on the 24th of October 1869 a telegram was received in this country to the effect that Dr. Kirk had received a letter from him, dated 8th July 1868, from Lake Bangweolo, in which he said: "I have found the source of the Nile between 10° and 12° south." The great traveller wrote in good health and spirits, and it was cheering at the same time to be told that a caravan which had recently arrived at Zanzibar reported him at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, and that the road between Zanzibar and Ujiji was open.

The letter was addressed to Lord Clarendon, and was dated from near Lake Bangweolo, South Central Africa, July 1868. We give the following extracts:—"When I had the honour of writing to you in February 1867, I had the impression that I was then on the watershed of the Zambesi, and either the Congo or the Nile. More extended observation has since convinced me of the essential correctness of that impression, and from what I have seen, together with what I have learned from intelligent natives, I think that I may safely assert that the chief sources of the Nile arise between 10° and 12° south latitude, or nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy, whose River Raptita is probably the Rovuma. Aware that others have been mistaken, and laying no claim to infallibility, I do not speak very positively, particularly of the parts west and north-west of Tanganyika, because these have not yet come under my observation; but if your lordship will read the following short sketch of my discoveries, you will perceive that the springs of the Nile have hitherto been searched for very much too far north. They rise about four hundred miles south of the most southerly portion of Victoria Nyanza, and indeed south of all the lakes except Bangweolo. Leaving the valley of the Loangwa, which enters the Zambesi at

Zumbo, we climbed up what seemed to be a great mountain mass, but it turned out to be only the southern edge of an elevated region, which is from three thousand to six thousand feet above the level of the sea. This upland may roughly be said to cover a space south of Lake Tanganyika of some three hundred and fifty square miles. It is generally covered with dense or open forest, has an undulating, sometimes hilly surface, a rich soil, is well-watered by numerous rivulets, and for Africa is cold. It slopes towards the north and west, but I have found no part of it under three hundred feet of altitude. . . . On the northern slope of the upland, and on the 2nd of April 1867, I discovered Lake Liemba. It lies in a hollow, with precipitous sides, two thousand feet down. It is extremely beautiful—sides, top, and bottom being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes feed on the steep slopes, while hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish swarm in the waters. Guns being unknown, the elephants, unless sometimes deceived into a pitfall, have it all their own way. . . . It is as perfect a natural paradise as Xenophon could have desired. On two rocky islands men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish; the villages ashore are embowered in the palm-oil palms of the west coast of Africa."

After peace was declared he visited Masama, the chief of Itawa, and examined Lake Moero, which he found to be sixty miles long, and from twenty to fifty miles broad. From thence he visited Cazembe, and was very hospitably treated by the chief of that name, with whom he stayed forty days, on account of the rains having flooded the country and made progress impossible. Cazembe's town, which has been three times visited by Portuguese, "stands on the north-east bank of the lakelet Mofwe; this is from two to three miles broad, and nearly four long. It has several low reedy islets, and yields plenty of fish—a species of perch. It is not connected with either the Luapula or the Moero.



I was forty days at Cazembe, and might then have gone on to Bangweolo, which is larger than either of the other lakes, but the rains had set in, and this lake was reported to be very unhealthy. Not having a grain of any kind of medicine, and as fever without treatment produced very disagreeable symptoms, I thought it would be unwise to venture where swelled thyroid glands, known among us as Derbyshire neck and elephantiasis (seroli), prevail." Getting tired of his inactivity, he went northwards towards Ujiji, "where," he says, "I have goods, and I hope letters, for I have heard nothing from the world for more than two years; but when I got within thirteen days of Tanganyika I was brought to a standstill by the superabundance of water in the country in front. A native party came through and described the country as inundated so as often to be thigh and waist-deep, with dry stepping-places difficult to find. This flood lasts till May or June. At last I became so tired of my inactivity that I doubled back on my course to Cazembe." His description of wading across swollen rivulets, flooded plains, and morasses, gives a vivid idea of the courage and resolution of the man. The paths among the long grass were even more trying than these. He says:—"The plain was of black mud, with grass higher than our heads. We had to follow the path, which in places the feet of passengers had worn into deep ruts. Into these we every now and then plunged, and fell over the ankles in soft mud, while hundreds of bubbles rushed up, and bursting, emitted a frightful odour. We had four hours of this wading and plunging; the last mile was the worst, and right glad we were to get out of it and bathe in the clear tepid waters and sandy beach of the Moero. In going up the bank of the lake, we first of all forded four torrents thigh-deep; then a river eighty yards wide, with three hundred yards of flood on its west bank, so deep we had to keep to the canoes till within fifty yards of the higher ground; then four brooks

from five to fifteen yards broad. . . . Only four of my attendants would come here; the others, on various pretences, absconded. The fact is, they are all tired of this everlasting tramping; and so verily am I. Were it not for an inveterate dislike to give in to difficulties, without doing my utmost to overcome them, I would abscond too. I comfort myself by the hope that by making the country and the people better known I am doing good; and by imparting a little knowledge occasionally, I may be working in accordance with the plans of an all-embracing Providence, which now forms part of the belief of all the more intelligent of our race. My efforts may be appreciated in good times coming yet."

After speaking of the care which he had always taken to give the position of places with the utmost accuracy, and the compliments paid to the success with which he had done this on the Zambesi and the Shire by scientific men, he says:—"Well, it is not very comforting, after all my care and risk of health, and even of life, it is not very inspiring to find two hundred miles of lake tacked on to the north-west end of Nyassa, and then two hundred miles perched up on the upland region, and passed over some three thousand feet higher than the rest of the lake! We shall probably hear that the author of this feat in fancyography claims therefrom to be considered a theoretical discoverer of the sources of the Nile."

In a postscript he says: "Always something new from Africa. A large tribe live in underground houses in Rua. Some excavations are said to be thirty miles long, and have running rills in them—a whole district can stand a siege in them. The 'writings' thereon, I have been told by some of the people, are drawings of animals, and not letters, otherwise I should have gone to see them. People very dark, well made, and outer angle of eyes slanting inwards." That Dr. Livingstone should have been able to write a

communication such as this, bristling with facts carefully detailed, under the circumstances indicated, is as wonderful as the resolute endurance and courage necessary to their collection.

In a letter to Sir Bartle Frere, he touches upon his anxieties as a father completely separated from his children. He says:—"I am often distressed in thinking of a son whom I left at the University of Glasgow. He was to be two years there, then spend a year in Mons in Germany, for French and German, before trying the Civil Service examination for India. He will now be in especial need of my counsel and assistance, and here I am at Bangweolo. His elder brother, after being well educated, wandered into the American war, and we know no more of him after an engagement before Richmond. Possibly Sir Charles Wood, (now Lord Halifax) in consideration of my services, might do something to fix this one. . . . I feel more at liberty in telling you of my domestic anxiety, and my fears lest Tom should go to the examination unprepared, because you have a family yourself, and will sympathise with me. . . . Agnes (his eldest daughter) is to tell Tom not to go in for examination till he is well prepared, and he may take a year more of education where he may have found the most benefit."

The next information received from Dr. Livingstone was contained in a letter sent to Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar, and was published in the "Times" of 12th December 1869. It is dated Ujiji, 30th May 1869, and is as follows:—"This note goes by Musa Kamaals, who was employed by Koarji to drive the buffaloes hither, but by overdriving them unmercifully in the sun, and tying them up to save trouble in herding, they all died before he got to Unyanyembe. He witnessed the plundering of my goods, and got a share of them, and I have given him beads and cloth sufficient to buy provisions for himself on the way back to Zanzibar. He has done nothing here. He neither went near the goods here, nor

tried to prevent them being stolen on the way. I suppose that pay for four months in coming, other four of rest, and four in going back, would be ample, but I leave this to your decision. I could not employ him to carry my mail back, nor can I say anything to him, for he at once goes to the Ujijians, and gives his own version of all he hears. He is untruthful and ill-conditioned, and would hand over the mail to any one who wishes to destroy it. The people here are like the Kilwa traders, haters of the English. Those Zanzibar men whom I met between this and Nyassa were gentlemen, and traded with honour. Here, as in the haunts of the Kilwa hordes, slavery is a source of forays, and they dread exposure of my letters. No one will take charge of them. I have got Thani bin Suelim to take a mail privately for transmission to Unyanyembe. It contains a cheque on Ritchio, Stewart & Co. of Bombay for two thousand rupees, and some forty letters written during my slow recovery. I fear it may never reach you. A party was sent to the coast two months ago. One man volunteered to take a letter secretly, but his master warned them all not to do so, because I might write something he did not like. He went out with the party, and gave orders to the headman to destroy any letters he might detect on the way. Thus, though I am good friends outwardly with them all, I can get no assistance in procuring carriers; and as you will see, if the mail comes to hand, I sent to Zanzibar for fifteen good boatmen to act as carriers if required, eighty pieces of meritano, forty ditto of kinitra, twelve farasales of the beads called jasain, shoes, &c., &c. I have written to Seyd Majid begging two of his guards to see the safety of the goods here into Thani bin Suelim's hands, or into those of Mohammed bin Sahib.

"As to the work done by me, it is only to connect the sources which I have discovered from five hundred to seven hundred miles south of Speke and Baker with their Nile.

The volume of water which flows from latitude 120° south is so large, I suspect I have been working at the sources of the Congo as well as those of the Nile. I have to go down the eastern line of drainage to Baker's turning-point. Tanganyika, Ujiji, Chowambe (Baker's) are one water, and the head of it is three hundred miles south of this. The western and central lines of drainage converge into an unvisited lake west or south-west of this. The outflow of this, whether to Congo or Nile, I have to ascertain. The people of this district, called Manyema, are cannibals, if Arabs speak truly. I may have to go there first, and down Tanganyika, if I come out uneaten, and find my new squad from Zanzibar; I earnestly hope that you will do what you can to help me with the goods and men. Four hundred pounds to be sent by Mr. Young must surely have come to you through Fleming Brothers. A long box paid for to Ujiji was left at Unyanyembe, and so with other boxes."

In this letter we have the first indications of dissatisfaction with the way assistance was being sent to him by Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar, of which we have heard more from Mr. Stanley and from the traveller himself. It was natural that the lonely man who had not had any communication with the world for so long a period, and who had been travelling in unknown regions dependent upon chance for the necessities of living, should feel a bitterness at the want of success in relieving him. It is to be feared that he had good reason for his discontent. To the unsettled state of the country, and the dishonesty and carelessness of the people he employed to succour Dr. Livingstone, were due the failure of these efforts, and as we shall see further on, he failed to take the most ordinary precautions to guard against such failure. Dr. Kirk mentions in a note published along with this letter, that stores and letters had been sent on the 7th of October, and that no time would be lost in sending the articles now required by the explorer.



Once more the cloud of mystery and darkness enveloped the fate of the great traveller, and surmises and reports as to his probable fate tended towards a general belief that, in some unknown region in the far interior, the greatest traveller and discoverer the world has ever seen had become the most distinguished of that long roll of martyrs who had perished in their dauntless endeavour to penetrate the secret recesses of a country all but impregnably guarded by disease, pestilence, and the cruel jealousy of savage tribes. The anxiety of the public regarding the fate of the traveller was shared in by the Government. In May 1870, £1000 was sent to the Consul at Zanzibar, to be expended in efforts to discover and relieve him. On the 25th of January 1871, hope was again excited that we might soon hear tidings from himself of a much later date than the last received, by the arrival of a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison from Dr. Kirk giving extracts from a letter received from an Arab chief, Sheik Said of Unyanyembe, dated 16th of July 1870. The chief says: "Your honoured letter has reached, and your friend (Livingstone) has understood it. The people (a party with a caravan from Zanzibar) arrived in good health, and are going on to Ujiji to our friend the doctor. The news of him is that he has not yet returned from Manemis (Menama, or Manyema, the Arabic word is spelt in three different ways), but we expect him soon, and probably he and the people with supplies will reach Ujiji at the same time." As Sir Roderick pointed out, this was the first indication we had received that the explorer had made a lengthened journey to the west of Tanganyika, which, taken together with the probability that letters sent by him had been destroyed by jealous Arabs, accounted for his long silence.

Early in May this intelligence was corroborated by the arrival of news from Shirif Basssheikh-bin-Ahmed, the Arab sent from Zanzibar and Ujiji in charge of stores for Dr.

Livingstone, dated 15th November 1870, that he had been visited a few days previously by a messenger from the people of Menama (or Manyema), with letters from the Arabs staying there, and one from "the doctor," the letters being dated 15th of October. The messenger had told him that the doctor was well, although he had been suffering, and that he was at the town of Manakosa with Mohammed bin Tharib, waiting for the caravans, being himself without means, and with few followers, only eight men, so that he could not move elsewhere or come down to Ujiji. Shirif further stated that he had sent twelve men with a quantity of goods, ammunition, quinine, &c., &c., on to him, and that he awaited the explorer's further orders at Ujiji.

The intelligence that a war had broken out between the Arab colony in the district of Unyanyembe and a powerful native chief between Ujiji and Kasagne, which was being carried on with the utmost fury on both sides, and effectually closed up the road to the coast, added to the public anxiety.

In announcing to the members of the Geographical Society that the Council had determined to address the Foreign Office, asking its assistance in an effort to succour Dr. Livingstone, Sir Roderick Murchison said: "It appeared to the Council and himself, now that the hope which we had of communicating with Dr. Livingstone through Mr. Stanley, the American traveller, must for the present be abandoned; and it had become consequently their duty to cast about for some other means of reaching him." The result of this determination of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society was the getting up of a formidable expedition to march into the interior, and find news of the great explorer, dead or alive. As the Government refused to advance any money to assist in covering the expenses of the expedition, it was left for the society and the public to furnish the means, and within a few weeks ample funds and an efficient party were ready to start for Africa.

The public waited with impatience for news from the great traveller himself. He had been so long lost in unknown and untrodden regions that they looked forward to a stirring narrative of new countries, new peoples, and strange adventures, equal to that with which he had treated them after his famous march across Africa in company with the Makololo men. A higher feeling than mere curiosity was at work in the public mind. The series of remarkable explorations in Africa, commencing with that of Livingstone in the south in 1849, and ending with the discovery of the Albert Nyanza Lake by Samuel Baker, had kept that vast continent constantly in the foreground as a scene of discovery, and the great explorer was known to be approaching the ground so recently travelled by Speke, Grant, Burton, and Baker, the great explorers of the north and east. The mysterious heart of Africa was fast giving up its secrets, and few doubted but that the indefatigable Livingstone would pass through the as yet unknown lands that lay between the country of Cazembe and the great lake region of Speke and Baker. The Nile, which had been a mystery since the earliest dawn of civilisation, had been traced further and further to the south, and Livingstone, who had passed far to the north of the watershed of the Zambesi, was in the line of march which, if successfully prosecuted, must solve the mystery of its source and its annual floods. How he was to be thwarted and turned aside through the bungling carelessness of those responsible for the sending of his supplies, and how death at last was to intervene between him and the full accomplishment of his work, were unthought of possibilities in the joy at finding that he was alive and well; but they were doomed within a few short years to be the subject of bitter reflection to many millions throughout the globe.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE "NEW YORK HERALD'S" EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF  
LIVINGSTONE—STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE AT UJIJI—EX-  
PEDITION TO THE RUSIZI—ARRIVE AT UNYANYEMBE—  
STANLEY BIDS THE GREAT TRAVELLER FAREWELL.



THE expedition of Mr. Stanley now claims our attention. In October 1869, Mr. James Gordon Bennet, the proprietor of the "New York Herald," was in Paris, and staying at the Grand Hotel, when he determined on attempting to succour Dr. Livingstone. Among his staff of travelling correspondents was a Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who had represented his newspaper during the campaign against King Theodore in Abyssinia, and it struck him that this was the man who could find the lost traveller, if he was alive. He telegraphed for him at Madrid, where he then was in the prosecution of his duties, and Mr. Stanley started immediately for Paris, which he reached on the following night, after Mr. Bennet had retired to his apartment. The interview which resulted had better be detailed in Mr. Stanley's own words:—

"I went straight to the Grand Hotel and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennet's room. 'Come in!' I heard a voice say. Entering, I found Mr. Bennet in bed.

"'Who are you?' he asked. 'My name is Stanley,' I answered.

"'Ah, yes! sit down; I have important business on hand for you.'

"After throwing over his shoulders his *robe-de-chambre*,

Mr. Bennet asked, 'Where do you think Dr. Livingstone is?'—'I really do not know, sir.'

"'Do you think he is alive?'—'He may be, and he may not be,' I answered.

"'Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found; and I am going to send you to find him.'

"'What!' said I, 'do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?'

"'Yes; I mean that you shall go, and find him wherever you may hear that he is, and to get what news you can of him, and perhaps'—delivering himself thoughtfully—'the old man may be in want: take enough with you to help him, should he require it. Of course you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best—BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE.'

"Said I, wondering at the cool order of sending one to Central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with almost all other men, believed to be dead, 'Have you considered seriously the great expense you are likely to incur on account of this little journey?'

"'What will it cost?' he asked abruptly. 'Burton and Speke's journey to Central Africa cost between £3000 and £5000, and I fear it cannot be done under £2500.'

"'Well, I will tell you what you will do. Draw a thousand pounds now; and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand; and when that is spent, draw another thousand; and when you have finished that, draw another thousand; and so on, but—FIND LIVINGSTONE.'"

After some further conversation Mr. Stanley asked if he was to go at once. Mr. Bennet answered, "No; I wish you to go to the inauguration of the Suez canal first, and then proceed up the Nile. . . . Then you might as well go to Jerusalem; I hear Captain Warner is making some interesting discoveries there. Then next to Constantinople, and find out about that trouble between the Khedive and



the Sultan. Then—let me see—you might as well visit the Crimea and those old battle-grounds. Then go across the Caucasus to the Caspian Sea ; I hear there is a Russian expedition bound for Khiva. From thence you may go through Persia to India ; you could write an interesting letter from Perseopolis.

“Bagdad will be close on your way to India ; suppose you go there and write up something about the Euphrates Valley Railway. Then when you have come to India, you can go after Livingstone. Probably you will hear by that time that Livingstone is on his way to Zanzibar ; but if not, go into the interior and find him. If alive, get what news of his discoveries you can ; and if you find he is dead, bring all possible proof of his being dead. That is all : good night, and God be with you.”

Mr. Stanley carried out the programme Mr. Bennet chalked out for him, and chronicled the incidents of his journeyings in the “*New York Herald*,” and arrived in India in the month of August 1870. He sailed from Bombay for the Mauritius on the 12th of October, and after touching at Mahe, an island of the Leychelles group, he, in company with William Lawrence Farquhar, mate, a Scotchman, and an Arab boy he had picked up to act as interpreter, sailed in an American whaling vessel bound for Zanzibar, which they reached on the 6th of January 1871. Captain Webb, the American Consul at Zanzibar, after hearing the nature of his mission, entertained him at his house, and did all he could to assist him in his preparations for the journey he had undertaken.

The Island of Zanzibar, which is distant from the mainland about forty miles, contains a population of about two hundred thousand inhabitants, one-half of whom are in the town of Zanzibar. The inhabitants consist of Arabs, Banyans, Mahommedans, Hindis, native Africans, and a considerable sprinkling of European merchants. The Arabs

are all engaged in the ivory, gum, copal, and slave trade, and most of them have wandered for years in the interior of Africa collecting the articles in which they trade, and are perfectly familiar with the regions which Dr. Livingstone and others have made known to us. It is no uncommon thing for an Arab trader to cross the continent from Zanzibar, Khiva, or Mozambique, to the west coast. They are a most reticent class, and although they have gone through adventures, and seen sights which would make the reputation of a European traveller, they make no allusion to their adventures. The Banyans are the most wealthy class, and it is with money furnished by them that two-thirds of the slave trade is carried on. These Banyans, as Dr. Livingstone has so frequently pointed out, are our fellow-subjects, and have hitherto carried on their detestable traffic in human flesh under the protection of the British flag. No wonder that Livingstone found it difficult to get letters to and from the coast, and found it next to impossible to get stores and articles of absolute necessity delivered in the interior. The voice of this prophet in the wilderness of Africa was pronouncing the death-knell of their trade, and was to be stopped at all hazards. He was too conspicuous a man, and stood too well with the native tribes to be slain with safety, but he might be starved out. Weary waiting and hope deferred might tire out the iron constitution, and break the lion heart, and to this they and their emissaries set themselves. But they had not calculated upon the resolute endurance and high courage of the man with whom they had to deal; and the very means they took to stop his voice made it tenfold more powerful when, through the aid of Mr. Stanley, its story of shame and horror penetrated to the ends of the earth.

Mr. Stanley gives an interesting account of the *impedimenta* he collected for his journey, after consulting with a grey-bearded old Sheikh and several Arab merchants he

introduced him to. Putting the number of his party at a hundred, he was informed that ten doti—forty yards of cloth per day—would be sufficient for food. About four thousand doti of various kinds of cloth were purchased. Next in importance to cloth was the kind and quality of beads necessary. These were selected of various colours, as only a particular kind or colour of bead would circulate in each of the districts through which he had to pass. Wire was another important article. Three hundred and fifty pounds of brass wire, nearly as thick as telegraph wire, was his stock of this important commodity. In addition to these he purchased a plentiful supply of provisions, cooking utensils, rope, twine, tents, bagging, canvas, tools, ammunition, guns, bedding, hatchets, medicines, presents for chiefs, boats, &c., &c., until his baggage weighed in all about six tons. No wonder he asked himself, "How will it ever be possible to move all this inert mass across the wilderness, stretching between the sea and the great lakes of Africa?"

He purchased twenty donkeys, each of which would carry a load of about a hundred and forty pounds, and the loads for the human bearers were made up into bundles of sixty-eight pounds each. An armed escort of twenty men, whom he designates in his narrative as soldiers, were engaged with Bombay, an old servant of Captain Speke's, in his journey to Lake Tanganyika as chief. Mabruki and other five of Speke's "faithfuls" were also engaged. When his escort appeared before him, "they were an exceedingly fine-looking body of men—far more intelligent in appearance than I could ever have believed African barbarians to be." John William Shaw, an Englishman, third mate of an American ship, applied for a situation in the caravan, and was engaged. The carriers could only be engaged at Bagamoyo, on the mainland.

Mr. Stanley's expedition arrived at Bagamoyo on the 6th of February 1871, and his first caravan started on the 16th,

and the last on the 21st of March, each being under the escort of a certain number of soldiers, with one of Speke's "faithfuls" at their head. The number of people forming the expedition was a hundred and ninety-two.

In melancholy contrast with this was the fate of a caravan despatched by Dr. Kirk for Dr. Livingstone on the 1st November 1870. It consisted of thirty-five packages, which required as many bearers, and it had not left Bagamoyo on the 10th of February. One cannot help thinking that Dr. Kirk, knowing the need there was for promptitude if his old friend was to be relieved, should have crossed the narrow channel to the mainland, and seen it fairly started. Mr. Stanley's formidable expedition had been collected together, and was on the march within seventy-three days of his arrival in Zanzibar, while the Livingstone caravan had rested more than that period on the very threshold of its journey. The knowledge that another expedition was being collected should have stimulated him to see the very needful duty that the one under his charge had at least started on its journey. No wonder Dr. Livingstone fretted and thought that he had been utterly forgotten, when, sick and weary, and without the means of going forward, he went and came to and from Ujiji, until at last he had perforce to remain there until relieved.

About the middle of April Mr. Stanley reached the town of Simbamwenni, which was the largest and most important town he came across in his wanderings. It contains a population of three thousand. "The houses in the town are eminently African, but of the best type of construction. The fortifications are on an Arabic-Persian model, combining Arab neatness with Persian plan. Through a ride of nine hundred and fifty miles in Persia, I never met a town outside of the great cities better fortified than Simbamwenni. . . . Well-built towers of stone guard each corner, iron gates, one facing each cardinal point, and set half-way

between the several towers, permit ingress and egress for its inhabitants. The gates are closed with solid square doors, made of African teak, and carved with the infinitesimally firm and complicated devices of the Arabs, from which I suspect that the doors were either made at Zanzibar or on the coast.

Two days' journey beyond Simbamwenni Mr. Stanley had his first attack of fever. Many of his attendants had suffered from dysentery and other causes. The rainy season had now commenced, and for miles their course was over swollen streams and swamps, half-wading, half-swimming in the utmost discomfort. The 1st of May found them struggling through the mire and water of the Mataka river, with a caravan, bodily sick from the exertion and fatigue of crossing so many rivers and wading through marshes. Shaw was still suffering from his first fever; Zaidi, a soldier, was critically ill with the small-pox. Most of the others were either really sick or driven to despair by the fatigues of the journey. "I was compelled," says Mr. Stanley, "to observe that when mud and wet sapped the physical energy of the lazily-inclined, a dog-whip became their backs, restoring them to a sound—sometimes to an extravagant activity."

In the Ugogo country Mr. Stanley's caravan was joined by those of two Arab traders, Sheikhs Thani and Hamed, and he had ample opportunity of observing how the Arabs are compelled to pay heavy black-mail to every chief who is in a position to demand it. The contrasts of travel in Africa are very striking. Before reaching the country of Ugogo the party had to force their way through thirty miles of swamp and flooded streams and moors. The last week of travel, before reaching the district of Unyanyembe, the party suffered from hunger and thirst, and the heat of the sun was all but insufferable. They reached Kwikuru, two miles south of Talbor, the chief Arab settlement of



Unyanyembe, on the 21st of June, and hungry and jaded as they were, they managed to enter it with banners flying and trumpets blowing, and the discharge of fire-arms. Outside the town they "saw a long line of men in clean shirts, whereat we opened our charged batteries, and fired a volley of small-arms such as Kwikuru seldom heard before. The *pagazis* (carriers) closed up and adopted the swagger of veterans. The soldiers blazed away uninterruptedly, while I, seeing that the Arabs were advancing towards me, left the ranks, and held my hand, which was immediately grasped by Sheikh Sayd-bin-Salim, one of the two chief dignitaries of Unyanyembe, and then by about two dozen other people, and thus our *entree* into Unyanyembe was effected."

While here Mr. Stanley was waited upon by the headman of the Livingstone caravan he had sent to Bagamoyo, who shewed him a packet of letters addressed to Dr. Livingstone, Ujiji, bearing the date of leaving Zanzibar, 1st November 1870, on it. "From 1st November 1870 to 10th February 1871, just one hundred days at Bagamoyo, only twenty-five miles by water from Zanzibar. Poor Livingstone! Who knows but he may be suffering for want of those very supplies that were detained so long near the sea. The caravan arrived in Unyanyembe some time about the middle of May. About the latter part of May the first disturbance took place. Had this caravan arrived here in the middle of March, or even the middle of April, they might have travelled on to Ujiji without trouble."

Here is a sketch of a morning at Unyanyembe, in which we are introduced to a native who was destined to excite a large amount of interest in England:—

"In the early morning, generally about 5.30 A.M., I begin to stir the soldiers up, sometimes with a long bamboo; for you know they are such hard sleepers they require a good deal of poking. Bombay has his orders given him; and

Ferajji the cook, who has long ago been warned by the noise I make when I rouse up, is told in unmistakable tones to bring *chai* (tea). For I am like an old woman; I love tea very much, and can take a quart-and-a-half without any inconvenience. Kululu, a boy of seven, all the way from Cazembe's country, is my waiter and chief-butler. He understands my ways and mode of life exactly. Some weeks ago he ousted Selim from the post of chief-butler by skill and smartness. Selim, the Arab boy, cannot wait at table. Kululu, young antelope, is frisky. I have but to express a wish and it is gratified. He is a perfect Mercury, though a marvellously black one. Tea over, Kululu cleans the dishes, and retires under the kitchen shed, where, if I have a curiosity to know what he is doing, he may be seen with his tongue in the tea-cup licking up the sugar that was in it, and looking very much as if he would like to eat the cup for the sake of the divine element it has so often contained.

"And now I am going to say farewell to Unyanyembe for a while. I shall never help an Arab again. He is no fighting man; or, I should say, does not know how to fight, but knows personally how to die. They will not conquer Mirambo within a year, and I cannot stop to see that play out. There is an old man waiting for me somewhere, and that impels me on. There is a journal far off that expects me to do my duty, and I must do it. Good-bye. I am off the day after to-morrow for Ujiji, then perhaps to the Congo river." Clearly here was a man who was not to be turned aside from his purpose on small or even great occasions. He had been sent to find Livingstone, and find him he had determined upon, if he was alive.

When Mr. Stanley arrived at his next camping-ground—Mkwenkwe—he found that his attendants, who had gone before to make preparations, had deserted in a body and returned to Kwihara. To make matters worse, he was

suffering from fever. The awkward position in which he found himself roused his indomitable pluck, and enabled him to throw off the fever which oppressed him; and the men who stood true to him having collected the scattered fugitives, after a couple of days' rest he continued his march. After reaching Kasegera two of his followers deserted. When brought back, he had them tied up and flogged, and then fastened them together with a chain. This mode of treatment he found to be quite successful in quelling insubordination. He says in regard to it: "I was determined to try a new method, not having the fear of Exeter Hall before my eyes; and I am happy to say to-day, for the benefit of all future travellers, that it is the best method yet adopted, and that I will never tread in Africa again without a good long chain." A few days after this Shaw, the Englishman, broke down, partly from illness and partly from fear, and was sent back to Unyanyembe.

At Ugunda Mr. Stanley had an interview with a friendly chief, Mamanyara, "a tall, stalwart man, with a pleasing face. He carried in his hand a couple of spears, and, with the exception of a well-worn *barsati* round his loins, he was naked. Three of his principal men and himself were invited to seat themselves on my Persian carpet. They began to admire it excessively, and asked if it came from my country. Where was my country? Was it large? How many days to it? Was I a king? Had I many soldiers? were questions quickly asked and as quickly answered; and the ice being broken, the chief being as candid as I was myself, he grasped my forefinger and middle-fingers, and vowed we were friends. The revolvers and Winchester's repeating-rifle were things so wonderful that to attempt to give you any idea of how awe-struck he and his were would task my powers. The chief roared with laughter; he tickled his men in the ribs with his forefinger; he clasped their fore and middle-fingers, vowed that the Masungu

(white man) was a wonder, a marvel, and no mistake. Did they ever see anything like it before? 'No,' as solemnly as before. Is he not a wonder?"

After a time the character of the scenery changed, and this, together with rapid movement, and the almost certainty that Lake Tanganyika would be speedily reached, had the effect of raising their drooping spirits.

Pushing onwards, their proximity to the Tanganyika lake was evident from the number of streams all tending towards that goal of their hopes. The neighbourhood of these streams was thickly covered with brushwood, and the vicinity of these was dreaded by his followers, and not without cause. He says:—"The undergrowth of bushes and tall grass, dense and impenetrable, likely resorts of leopard, lion, and wild boar, were enough to appal the stoutest heart. One of my donkeys, while being driven to water along a narrow path edged by the awesome brake on either side, was attacked by a leopard, which fastened its fangs in the poor animal's neck; and it would have made short work of it had not its companions set up a braying chorus that might well have terrified a score of leopards. And that same night, while encamped contiguous to the limpid stream of Mtambu, with that lofty line of enormous trees rising dark and awful above us, the lions issued from the brakes beneath, and prowled about a well-set bush defence of our camp, venting their fearful clamour without intermission until morning. Towards daylight they retreated towards their leafy caverns, for—

‘There the lion dwells—the monarch,  
 Mightiest among the brutes;  
 There his right to reign supremest  
 Never one his claim disputes;  
 There he layeth down to slumber,  
 Having slain and ta'en his fill;  
 There he roameth, there he croucheth,  
 As it suits his lordly will.’

And few I believe would venture therein to dispute it. Not I, 'i, faith,' when searching after Livingstone."

Continuing their journey, the party had several weary days' march over a country as rocky and sterile as the Sierra Nevada, which, in its rocky hills, and dry, stony watercourses, reminded Mr. Stanley of the country round Magdala. Their provisions were all but exhausted, and they were suffering from thirst, and foot-sore and weary, when they reached the village of a son of the chief of Uzogera, where they were hospitably entertained. From this point the country improved at every step, although many difficulties had yet to be overcome, the principal of which were the heavy tributes exacted by warlike chiefs for leave to pass through their territory. Mr. Stanley's account of a natural bridge across which the expedition passed with safety cannot fail to be interesting. "Fancy," he says, "a river as broad as the Hudson at Albany, though not near so deep or swift, covered over with water-plants and grasses, which had become so interwoven and netted together as to form a bridge covering its entire length and breadth, under which the river flowed calm and deep below. It was over this natural bridge we were expected to cross. Adding to the tremor which one naturally felt at having to cross this frail bridge was the tradition that, only a few yards higher up, an Arab and his donkey, thirty-five slaves, and sixteen tusks of ivory, had been suddenly sunk for ever out of sight. As one-half of our column had already arrived at the centre, we on the shore could see the network of grass waving on either side, and between each man; in one place like the swell of the sea after a storm, and in another like a small lake violently ruffled by a squall. Hundreds of yards away from them it ruffled and undulated, one wave after another. As we all got on it, we perceived it to sink about a foot, forcing the water on which it rested into the grassy channel formed by our footsteps. One of my donkeys broke through,



and it required the united strength of ten men to extricate him. The aggregate weight of the donkey and men caused that portion of the bridge on which they stood to sink about two feet, and a circular pool of water was formed. I expected every minute to see them sink out of sight. Fortunately we managed to cross the treacherous bridge without further accident. Arrived on the other side, we struck north, passing through a delightful country, in every way suited for agricultural settlements or happy mission stations. The primitive rock began to shew itself anew in eccentric clusters, or a flat-topped rock on which the villages of the Wavinza were seen, and where the natives prided themselves on their security, and conducted themselves accordingly in an insolent and forward fashion, though I believe that with forty good rifles I could have made the fellows desert their country *en masse*. But a white traveller's motto in these lands is—do, dare, and endure; and those who have come out of Africa alive have generally to thank themselves for their prudence rather than their temerity."

At last their eyes were gladdened by the sight of the broad and swift Malagarazi, an affluent of Lake Tanganyika. The goal was nearly won; a few days' march and the mighty lake of Central Africa would be spread out before their gaze. The principal Sultan of Uvinza, the country bordering on the Malagarazi, was Kiala, the eldest son of Uvinza. The command of the river gave him great power as a leveyer of black-mail from travellers passing through his country, which he used to the utmost. After much higgling, Stanley had to give ninety-two yards of cloth for the privilege of passing through his country. The tribute for passing the river had still to be settled, and after a long and stormy discussion this was arranged. "Finally," he says, "seven doti (twenty-eight yards of cloth) and ten pounds of Sam-Sami beads were agreed upon; after which we marched to the ferry, distant half-a-mile from the scene

of so much contention. The river at this place was not more than thirty yards broad, sluggish, and deep. Yet I would prefer attempting the Mississippi by swimming rather than the Malagarazi. Such another river for crocodiles—crocodiles cruel as death—I cannot conceive. Their long tapering heads dotted the river everywhere, and though I amused myself pelting them with two-ounce balls, I made no effect upon their numbers.

"Two canoes discharged their live cargo on the other side of the river, when the story of Captain Burton's passage across the Malagarazi higher up was brought vividly to my mind by the extortions which now commenced. About twenty or so of the chief's men had collected, and backed by them he became insolent. If it were worth while to commence a struggle for two or three more doti of cloth, the mere firing of one revolver at such close quarters would have settled the day; but I could not induce myself to believe it was the best way of proceeding, taking in view the object of our expedition. And accordingly, this extra demand was settled at once with as much amiability as I could muster; but I warned him not to repeat it, and to prevent him from doing so, ordered a man to each canoe, and to be seated there with a loaded gun in each man's hand. After this little episode we got on very well until the men, excepting two, besides Bombay and myself, were safe on the other side. . . . We then drove a donkey into the river, having first tied a strong halter to his neck; but he had hardly reached the middle of the river when a crocodile beneath seized him by the neck and dragged him under, after several frantic but ineffectual endeavours to draw him ashore. A sadness stole over all after witnessing this scene; and as the shades of night had now drawn around us, and had tinged the river to a black, dismal colour, it was with a feeling of relief that the fatal stream was crossed and we all set foot ashore."

At last they are at "the base of a hill, from the top of which the Kirangozi (a native tribe) said we would obtain a view of Lake Tanganyika. . . . On arriving at the top, we beheld it at last from the spot whence probably Burton and Speke looked at it, 'the one in a half-paralysed state and the other almost blind.' Indeed, I was pleased at the sight, and as we descended, it opened more and more into view, until it was revealed at last into a great inland sea, bounded westward by an appalling black-blue range of mountains, and stretching north and south, without bounds, a grey expanse of water."

After feasting their eyes on this longed-for prospect, they hurry on with eager footsteps. "From the western base of the hill there was a three hours' march, though no march ever passed off so quickly—the hours seemed to have been quarters—we had seen so much that was novel and rare to us who had been travelling so long in the highlands. The mountains bounding the lake on the eastward receded, and the lake advanced. We had crossed the Ruche, or Liuche, and its thick belt of matete grass; we had plunged into a perfect forest of them, and had entered into the cultivated fields which supply the port of Ujiji with vegetables, &c., and we stood at last on the summit of the last hill of the myriads we had crossed, and the port of Ujiji, embowered in palms, with the tiny waves of the silvered waters of the Tanganyika rolling at its feet, was directly beneath us.

"We are now about descending. In a few minutes we shall have reached the spot where lives, we imagine, the object of our search. Our fate will soon be decided. No one in that town knows we are coming—least of all do they know we are so close to them; if any of them ever heard of the white man at Unyanyembe, they must believe we are there yet. We shall take them all by surprise; for no other but a white man would dare leave Unyanyembe for Ujiji with the country in such a distracted state—no other

but a crazy white man, whom Sheikh, the son of Nasib, is going to report to Syed or Prince Binghas, for not taking his advice."

The supreme moment had come at last ; the American flag is flung out to the breeze ; muskets are loaded and fired off in hot haste to rouse the little town of Ujiji, which as yet know nothing of the strange and unexpected visitors now at its gates. "The flags are fluttered—the banner of America is in front, waving joyfully—the guide is in the zenith of his glory—the former residents about Zanzibar will know it directly, and will wonder, as well they may, as to what it means. Never were the stars and stripes so beautiful to my mind, the breeze of the Tanganyika has such an effect on them. The guide blows his horn, and the shrill wild clangour of it is far and wide, and still the muskets tell the noisy seconds. . . . The natives of Ujiji . . . and I know not where else hurry up by the hundreds to ask what it all means, this fusilading, shouting, noise, and blowing of horns, and flag-flying. There are Yambos (how-do-you-do's) shouted out to me by the dozen, and delighted Arabs have run up breathlessly to shake my hand and ask anxiously where I come from. But I have no patience with them—the expedition goes far too slow ; I should like to settle the vexed question by one personal view. Where is he ? Has he fled ? Suddenly a man, a black man at my elbow, shouts in English, 'How do you do, sir ?' 'Hallo, who the deuce are you ?' 'I am the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' he says ; but before I can ask any more questions he is running like a madman towards the town.

"We have at last entered the town. There are hundreds of people around me—I might say thousands, without exaggeration. It seems to me it is a great triumphal procession. As we move, they move ; all eyes are drawn towards us. The expedition at last comes to a halt, the journey is ended for a time, but I alone have a few more



steps to take. There is a group of the most respectable Arabs; and as I come nearer I see the white face of an old man among them. He has a cap with a gold band around it; his dress is a short jacket of red blanket cloth, and his pants—well, I didn't observe. I am shaking hands with him. We raise our hats, and I say, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' and he says, 'Yes.' *Finis coronat opus.*"

The following description of Dr. Livingstone, as he appeared to Mr. Stanley at Ujiji, has additional interest for us now that its subject has passed away to the land of shadows. He says:—"Upon my first introduction to him, Livingstone was to me like a huge tome with a most unpretending binding. Within the work might contain much valuable lore and wisdom, but its exterior gave no promise of what was within. Thus outside Livingstone gave no token, except of being rudely dealt with by the wilderness, of what elements of power or talent lay within. He is a man of unpretending appearance enough, has quiet, composed features, from which the freshness of youth has quite departed, but which retain the nobility of prime age, just enough to shew that there yet lies much endurance and vigour within his frame. The eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright, not dimmed in the least, though the whiskers and moustache are very grey. The hair, originally brown, is streaked here and there with grey over the temples, otherwise it might belong to a man of thirty. The teeth alone shew indications of being worn out; the hard fare of Louda and Managenia have made havoc in their rows. His form is stoutish—a little over the ordinary height, with slightly bowed shoulders. When walking, he has the heavy step of an over-worked and fatigued man. On his head he wears the naval cap, with a round visor, with which he has been identified throughout Africa. His dress shews that at times he has had to resort to the needle to repair and replace what travel has worn. Such is Living-



stone externally. Of the inner man much more may be said than of the outer. As he reveals himself bit by bit to the stranger, a great many favourable points present themselves, any of which, taken singly, might dispose a man well towards him. I had brought him a packet of letters, and though I urged him again and again to defer conversation with me until he had read the news from home and children, he said he would defer reading until night; for the moment he would enjoy the astonishment which the European caused him, and any general world news I could communicate."

"The hours of that afternoon passed most pleasantly—few afternoons of my life more so. It seemed to me as if I had met an old, old friend. There was a friendly or good-natured *abandon* about Livingstone which was not lost on me. As host, welcoming one who spoke his language, he did his duties with a spirit and style I have never seen elsewhere. He had not much to offer, to be sure; but what he had was mine and his. The wan features, which had shocked me at first meeting, the heavy step which told of age and hard travel, the grey beard and stooping shoulders, belied the man. Underneath the aged and well-spent exterior lay an endless fund of high spirits, which now and then broke out in peals of hearty laughter; the rugged frame enclosed a very young and exuberant soul. The meal—I am not sure but what we ate three meals that afternoon—was seasoned with innumerable jokes and pleasant anecdotes, interesting hunting stories, of which his friends Webb, Oswell, Varden, and Gordon Cumming were always the chief actors. 'You have brought me new life,' he said several times, so that I was not sure but there was some little hysteria in this joviality and abundant animal spirits; but as I found it continued during several weeks, I am now disposed to think it natural. . . . Dr. Livingstone is a truly pious man—a man deeply imbued with real religious instincts. The study of the man would not be complete if

we did not take the religious side of his character into consideration. His religion, any more than his business, is not of the theoretical kind, simply contenting itself with owning all other religions as wrong or weak. It is of the true practical kind, never losing a chance to manifest itself in a quiet, practical way—never demonstrative or loud. It is always at work. It is not aggressive, which sometimes is troublesome, and often impertinent. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features. It governs his conduct towards his servants, towards the natives, and towards the bigoted Mussulmans even—all who come in contact with him. Without religion, Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiastic nature, his high spirit and courage, might have been an uncompanionable man and a hard master. Religion has tamed all these characteristics; nay, if he was ever possessed of them, they have been thoroughly eradicated. Whatever was crude or wilful, religion has refined, and has made him to speak the earnest, sober truth—the most agreeable of companions and indulgent of masters.

“I have been frequently ashamed of my impatience while listening to his mild rebuke of a dishonest lazy servant; whereas had the servant been mine, his dishonesty or laziness had surely been visited with prompt punishment. I have often heard our servants discuss our respective merits. ‘Your master,’ say my servants to those of Livingstone, ‘is a good man—a very good man; he does not beat you, for he has a kind heart; but ours—oh! he is sharp—he is as fire.’ From being hated and thwarted in every possible way by the Arabs and half-castes upon his first arrival at Ujiji, through his uniform kindness and mild pleasant temper, he has now won all hearts. I perceived that unusual respect was paid to him by all. . . . Every Sunday morning he gathers his flock around him, and he has prayers read, not in the stereotyped tone of an English High Church clergyman, which always sounds in my ear insincerely, but

in the tone recommended by Archbishop Whately—viz., natural, unaffected, and sincere. Following these, he delivers a short address in the Kisawahili language about what he has been reading from the Bible to them, which is listened to with great attention.”

Dr. Livingstone having expressed his determination not to return to England until he had completed his task, Mr. Stanley asked him why he had come so far back without finishing the short task he had to do.

“Simply,” said he, “because I was forced. My men would not budge a step forward. They mutinied, and passed a secret resolution, if I still insisted on going on, to raise a disturbance in the country, and after they had effected it to abandon me, in which case I should have been killed. It was dangerous to go any further. I had explored six hundred miles of the watershed, had traced all the principal streams which discharged their water into the central line of drainage, and when about starting to explore the last hundred miles the hearts of my people failed, and they set about frustrating me in every possible way. Now, having returned seven hundred miles to get a new supply of stores and another escort, I find myself destitute of even the means to live but for a few weeks, and sick in mind and body.”

After the Arabs had left Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley together, the latter says:—“In a very short time a curried chicken was received from Mohammed bin Sali, and Moeni Kheri sent a dishful of stewed goat-meat and rice; and thus presents of food came in succession; and as fast as they were brought we set-to. I had a healthy sublime digestion—the exercise I had taken had put it in prime order; but Livingstone—he had been complaining that he had no appetite, that his stomach refused everything but a cup of tea now and then—he ate also—ate like a vigorous, hungry man; and as he vied with me in demolishing the pancakes,

he kept repeating, 'You have brought me new life. You have brought me new life.'

"'Oh, by jingo!' I said, 'I have forgotten something. Hasten, Selim, and bring that bottle—you know which; and bring me the silver goblets. I brought this bottle on purpose for this event, which I hoped would come to pass, though often it seemed useless to expect it.' Selim knew where the bottle was, and he soon returned with it—a bottle of Sillery champagne; and handing the doctor a silver goblet brimful of the exhilarating wine, and pouring a small quantity into my own, I said:—

"'Dr. Livingstone, to your very good health, sir.' 'And to yours,' he responded smilingly.

"And the champagne I had treasured for this happy meeting was drunk with hearty good wishes to each other.

"But we kept on talking and talking, and prepared food was being brought to us all that afternoon; and we kept on eating each time it was brought, and until I had eaten even to repletion, and the doctor was obliged to confess that he had eaten enough. Still, Halimah, the female cook of the doctor's establishment, was in a state of the greatest excitement. . . . She was afraid the doctor did not properly appreciate her culinary abilities; but now she was amazed at the extraordinary quantity of food eaten, and she was in a state of delightful excitement. We could hear the tongue rolling off a tremendous volume of clatter to the wondering crowds who halted before the kitchen to hear the current of news with which she edified them. Poor faithful soul! While we listened to the noise of her furious gossip, the doctor related her faithful services, and the terrible anxiety she evinced when the guns first announced the arrival of another white man in Ujiji; how she had been flying about in a state of the utmost excitement, from the kitchen into his presence, and out again into the square, asking all sorts of questions; how she was in despair at the scantiness of



the general larder and treasury of the strange household ; how she was anxious to make up for their poverty by a grand appearance—to make up a sort of Barmecide feast to welcome the white man. ‘Why,’ said she, ‘is he not one of us? does he not bring plenty of cloths and beads? Talk about Arabs? Who are they that they should be compared to white men? Arabs, indeed!’

“The doctor and I conversed upon many things, especially upon his own immediate troubles, and his disappointments upon his arrival in Ujiji, when told that all his goods had been sold, and he was reduced to poverty. He had but twenty cloths or so left of the stock he had deposited with the man called Sherif, the half-caste drunken tailor, who was sent by the Consul in charge of the goods. Besides what he had been suffering from an attack of dysentery, his condition was most deplorable. He was but little improved on this day, though he had eaten well, and already began to feel stronger and better.”

Mr. Stanley stayed with Livingstone for a considerable period ; and before they left for Unyanyembe, at which place Dr. Livingstone was to await stores and assistance from Zanzibar, they set off for the head of the Tanganyika to settle the question as to whether the Rusizi is an influent or effluent of the lake—a question which was greatly exciting the minds of geographers at home.

“It took us,” says Mr. Stanley, “ten days’ hard pulling to reach the head of the lake, a distance of nearly one hundred geographical miles from Ujiji ; the remaining eight we were coasting along the bold shores of Urundi, which gradually inclined to the eastward ; the western ranges, ever bold and high, looking like a huge blue-black barrier some thirty miles west of us, to all appearance impenetrable and impassable. If the waters of the Tanganyika could be drained out, and we were to stand upon the summit of those great peaks which rise abruptly out of the lake, a most



wonderful scene would be presented to us. We should see an extraordinary deep chasm from five thousand to seven thousand feet deep, with the large island Ubwari rising like another Magdala from the awful depths around it, for I think that the greatest depth of that lake is nearly three thousand feet deep. . . . Only two miles from shore I sounded, and although I let down six hundred and twenty feet of line I found no bottom. Livingstone sounded when crossing the Tanganyika from the westward, and found no bottom with eighteen hundred feet of line. The mountains around the northern half of the Tanganyika fold around so close, with no avenue whatever for the escape of waters, save narrow valleys and ravines which admit rivers and streams into the lake, that were it possible to force the water into a higher altitude of five hundred feet above its present level, its dimensions would not be increased considerably. The valley of the Malagarazi would then be a narrow deep arm of the lake, and the Rusizi would be a northern arm, crooked and tortuous, of sixty or seventy miles in length.

"The evening before we saw the Rusizi, a freed man of Zanzibar was asked which way the river ran—out of the lake or into it? The man swore that he had been on the river but the day before, and that it ran out of the lake. Here was an announcement calculated to shake the most sceptical. I thought the news too good to be true. I should certainly have preferred that the river ran out of the lake into either the Victoria or the Albert. The night we heard this announcement made so earnestly, Livingstone and myself sat up very late speculating as to where it went. We resolved, if it flowed into the Victoria Nyanza, to proceed with it to the lake, and then strike south to Unyanyembe, and if it flowed into the Albert lake, to proceed into the Albert lake and cruise all around it, in the hope of meeting Baker.

"As there was war between the rival tribes inhabiting

the banks of the Rusizi, the king Mokamba advised us to proceed to his brother's village in Mugihewa by night, which was situated about eight hundred yards from the river, on the right bank. Just after dark we started, and in the morning we arrived at Mugihewa. After a cup of coffee we manned our canoe, and having prepared our guns we started for the mouth of the river. In about fifteen minutes we were entering a little bay about a mile wide, and saw before us to the north a dense brake of papyrus and match cane.

"Until we were close to this brake we could not detect the slightest opening for a river such as we imagined the Rusizi to be. We followed some canoes which were disappearing mysteriously and suspiciously through some gaps in the dense brake. Pulling boldly up, we found ourselves in what afterwards proved to be the central mouth of the river. All doubt as to what the Rusizi was vanished at once and for ever before that strong brown flood, which tasked our exertions to the utmost as we pulled up. I once doubted, as I seized an oar, that we should ever be able to ascend; but after a hard quarter of an hour's pulling the river broadened, and a little higher up we saw it widen into lagoons on either side."

Several times the party were in considerable danger from the attacks of the numerous inhabitants on the shores of the lake. Mr. Stanley had a slight attack of fever, and during its continuance Dr. Livingstone nursed him with great care. An amusing incident happened at Mokamba's town.

"Susi, the doctor's servant, got gloriously drunk from the chief's liberal and profuse gifts of *pombi*. Just at dawn next morning I was awakened by hearing several sharp crack-like sounds. I listened, and found the noise was in our hut. It was caused by the doctor, who, towards midnight, had felt some one come and lie down by his side on

the same bed, and thinking it was me he kindly made room, and lay down on the edge of the bed. But in the morning, feeling rather cold, he had been thoroughly awakened, and on rising on his elbow to see who his bedfellow was, he discovered to his great astonishment that it was no other than his black servant Susi, who, taking possession of his blankets, and folding them about himself most selfishly, was occupying almost the whole bed. The doctor, with that gentleness characteristic of him, instead of taking the rod, had contented himself with slapping Susi on the back, saying, 'Get up, Susi, will you? You are in my bed. How dare you, Susi, get drunk in this way, after I have told you so often not to do so; get up. You won't? Take that, and that, and that.' Still Susi slept and grunted; so the slapping continued, until even Susi's thick hide began to feel it, and he was thoroughly awakened to the sense of his want of devotion and sympathy for his master, in the usurping of even his master's bed. Susi looked very much crest-fallen after this *exposé* of his infirmity before the 'little master,' as I was called."

One of the questions left for Livingstone to settle was the outlet from Tanganyika, and whether it is or is not connected with the Nile drainage by some other channel.

Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley reached Ujiji on the 13th of December, and after making the necessary preparations, they started for Unyanyembe.

The Tanganyika lake was first seen by European eyes in 1858, when Captains Burton and Speke looked down upon it from the heights above Ujiji. After a terrible journey from Unyanyembe, Captain Speke was nearly blind, and Captain Burton was so weak from fever and paralysis that for several days he had been carried in a hammock. For three hundred years the existence of this great lake had been known, and various guesses had been made as to the course of its effluent waters. In some maps it was laid

down as having a connection with the Nyassa lake; in others it figured as the head-waters of the Congo or the Nile—although Livingstone, Stanley, and Captain Grant have visited it since the date of Captain Burton's visit, and the direction of its outflow is as great a mystery as ever. As its waters are sweet it must have an outlet somewhere, and in all likelihood they find an exit by a rent in the mountains similar to that through which Livingstone saw the Lualaba escaping from Lake Moero through the mountains of Rua.

Dr. Livingstone, as we have previously stated, was to accompany Mr. Stanley as far as Unyanyembe, there to await stores, &c., which he undertook to see despatched from Zanzibar in safe and competent custody. Livingstone declined to return. He said: "I would like very much to go home and see my children once again; but I cannot bring my heart to abandon the task I have undertaken when it is so nearly completed. It only requires six or seven months more to trace the true source that I have discovered with Petherick's branch of the White Nile, or with the Albert Nyanza of Sir Samuel Baker. Why should I go home before my task is ended, to have to come back again to do what I can very well do now?"

In order to avoid the districts through which Mr. Stanley had passed, and in which he had been so heavily mulcted in tribute, the party went south along the east coast of the lake, partly on foot and partly by boat, to Urimba, from whence they struck across country to Unyanyembe. For several days their route lay through unexplored country. For long distances the dense grass and brushwood, and the want of a path, made the progress tedious and difficult. On the 17th of January 1872 they reached Imrera, where Mr. Stanley and his party had previously camped on their march to Ujiji. Both Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley suffered from sore feet, which were cut and bleeding from the long



and trying march. The doctor's shoes were worn out, and cut and slashed all over to save his blistered feet, and Mr. Stanley's were in no better state. They rested for a day, and on the 19th Mr. Stanley shot a male and female zebra. As they had had no flesh-meat for a considerable time, the possession of such an amount of meat had a wonderful effect in raising the spirits of their tired-out followers. On the 21st Mr. Stanley shot a giraffe. This was the noblest animal which had as yet fallen to his rifle, but he could not feel in his heart that its death was a triumph. "I was rather saddened than otherwise," he says, "at seeing the noble animal stretched before me. If I could have given her her life back I think I should have done so. I thought it a great pity that such splendid animals, so well adapted for the service of man in Africa, could not be converted to some other use than that of food. Horses, mules, and donkeys die in these sickly regions; but what a blessing for Africa would it be if we could tame the giraffes and zebras for the use of explorers and traders. Mounted on a zebra, a man would be enabled to reach Ujiji in one month from Bagamoyo, whereas it took me over seven months to travel that distance."

On the 27th the party disturbed a large swarm of bees, which stung the men and animals frightfully. This is no unusual incident in African travel. A kind of bee, which makes its nest among the long grass, when disturbed rushes out in vast numbers, and stings every animal within reach. There is nothing for it but flight in such circumstances, and men and beasts rush from the enraged insects with all the speed they may.

At Mwaru they met a slave of Sayd bin Habib, in charge of a caravan for Ujiji. He reported that Mirambo was nearly exhausted, and that Shaw, who had been left by Mr. Stanley at Unyanyembe, was dead. They also learned that several packets of letters, papers, and goods had arrived for



Mr. Stanley from Zanzibar. The doctor also reminded Mr. Stanley that, "according to his account, he had a stock of jellies and crackers, soups, fish, and potted ham, besides cheese, awaiting him at Unyanyembe." Mr. Stanley, who had suffered from several attacks of fever, was longing for a change of diet, and the prospect of such variety cheered him. "I wondered," he says, "that people who have access to such luxuries should ever get sick and become tired of life. I thought that if a wheaten loaf, with a mere pat of fresh butter, were presented to me, I would be able, though dying, to spring up and dance a wild fandango."

Arrived at Unyanyembe the two toil-worn travellers found welcome letters and newspapers from home. Among other letters to Mr. Stanley was one from Dr. Kirk, H.M.'s Consul at Zanzibar, requesting him to do all he could to push on the Livingstone caravan. It will be remembered that Mr. Stanley found it at Unyanyembe as he passed through on his way to Ujiji, and it was still there when he returned. The man who had gone and relieved Livingstone, and was half-way on his return journey when he received this request in connection with a caravan which left Zanzibar two months prior to his own expedition, has some grounds for the terms in which he speaks throughout his book of the carelessness of Dr. Kirk. He dryly remarked to Dr. Livingstone that the request came too late for his visit to Ujiji, but that he had done better—he had brought him to the caravan.

When Dr. Livingstone's boxes came to be opened, Mr. Stanley, who had been looking forward to luxuriating on all the delicacies of civilisation, was grievously disappointed. We must let him tell the result in his own words; it is a fine commentary on commercial morality, and the watchful care of the traveller's friends:—

"The first box opened contained three tins of biscuits, six tins of potted hare—tiny things, not much larger than

thimbles, which, when opened, proved to be nothing more than a table-spoonful of minced meat plentifully sprinkled with pepper: the doctor's stores fell five hundred degrees below zero in my estimation. Next were brought out five pots of jam, one of which was opened—this was also a delusion. The stone jars weighed a pound, and in each was found a little over a tea-spoonful of jam. Verily we began to think our hopes and expectations had been raised to too high a pitch. Three bottles of curry were next produced—but who cares for curry? Another box was opened, and out tumbled a fat dumpy Dutch cheese, hard as a brick, but sound and good, although it is bad for the liver in Unyamwezi. Then another cheese was seen, but this was all eaten up—it was hollow and a fraud. The third box contained nothing but two sugar loaves, the fourth candles, the fifth bottles of salt, Harvey, Worcester, and Reading sauces, essences of anchovies, pepper, and mustard. Bless me! what food were these for the revivifying of a moribund such as I was! The sixth box contained four sheets, two stout pair of shoes, some stockings, and shoe-strings, which delighted the doctor so much when he tried them on that he exclaimed, 'Richard is himself again!' 'That man, said I, 'whoever he is, is a friend indeed.' 'Yes, that is my friend Waller.'

"The five other boxes contained potted-meat and soups, but the twelfth, containing one dozen bottles of medicinal brandy, was gone, and a strict cross-examination of Asmani, the head man of Livingstone's caravan, elicited the fact that not only was one case of brandy missing, but also two bales of cloth and four bags of the most valuable beads in Africa—Sami-sami—which are as gold with the natives.

"I was grievously disappointed after the stores had been examined. Everything proved to be deception in my jaundiced eyes. Out of the tins of biscuits, when opened, there was only one sound box, the whole of which would not make

one full meal. The soups—who cared for meat soups in Africa? Are there no bullocks, and sheep, and goats, in the land from which far better soup can be made than any that ever was potted? Peas or any other kind of vegetable soup would have been a luxury, but chicken and game soups!—what nonsense.”

Asmani, the head man in charge of Dr. Livingstone's caravan, had also broken into Mr. Stanley's store-huts at Unyanyembe and abstracted cloth and other articles. It was evident that if the two travellers had been much longer in reaching Unyanyembe the doctor's stores would have entirely disappeared. The stolen goods found in possession of Asmani were taken from him, and he was at once discharged. Nearly one-half of the stores Mr. Stanley had brought from Bagamoyo were at Unyanyembe, and the greater portion of them were handed over to Dr. Livingstone for use in his future journeyings.

Another caravan of stores that had been prepaid from Zanzibar to Ujiji, which had been despatched shortly after Dr. Livingstone landed in the country in 1866, or rather the miserable remnants of it, was found in the possession of an Arab who had been charged with their despatch to Ujiji, and handsomely paid for the same.

On the 14th of March 1872 Mr. Stanley departed for the coast, and left Dr. Livingstone at Unyanyembe, who was to await there the sending of carriers and some further stores for his future journey. He was, thanks to Mr. Stanley, well supplied with everything, and could rest in ease and plenty until he was joined by the carriers who were to accompany him in his march. The parting of these two brave men must have been a serious task to both. The courageous young man who had succoured the great traveller could hardly help thinking that possibly they who had met so opportunely in the heart of Africa might never meet again; and the dauntless explorer, when he looked his last

upon the lithe and active figure of the young man who had come to him in his great need, would not fail to think that this might be to him the last glimpse—the last visible embodiment of civilisation he was destined to see. Any feeling of this nature would be more than balanced in his enthusiastic nature by the hope that now he had the means of completing the great work which was dearer to him than life.

Dr. Livingstone accompanied Mr. Stanley for a part of the way, and then the moment came when they must part. “‘Now, my dear doctor,’ said Mr. Stanley, ‘the best of friends must part. You have come far enough; let me beg of you to turn back.’

“‘Well, I will say this to you: you have done what few men could do—far better than some great travellers I know. And I am grateful to you for what you have done to me. God guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend.’

“‘And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend. FAREWELL!’

“We wrung each other’s hands, and I had to tear myself away before I unmanned myself; but Susi and Chumah and Hamoydah—the doctor’s faithful fellows—they must all shake and kiss my hands before I quite turn away. I betrayed myself!

“‘Good-bye, doctor—dear friend!’

“‘Good-bye!’

“The FAREWELL between Livingstone and myself had been spoken. We were parted—he to whatever fate Destiny had in store for him, to battling against difficulties, to many, many days of marching through wildernesses, with little or nothing to sustain him in it save his own high spirit and enduring faith in God, who would bring all things right at last, and I to that which Destiny may have in store for me.”

On the march back Mr. Stanley and his party suffered

from the flooded state of the country, as the rainy season was now on, and more than once they had extreme difficulty in passing the swollen rivers.

On one occasion a native, in wading a stream with the box containing Dr. Livingstone's despatches and letters on his head, plunged into a hole up to the neck, and Mr Stanley for a moment was filled with an awful dread that they might be lost. Presenting a loaded revolver at his head, he shouted: "Look out! Drop that box and I'll shoot you." The poor fellow's terror was extreme, but after a staggering effort he reached the shore in safety.

The rains being now at their height, the difficulties were greater than any Mr. Stanley had as yet experienced. He gives a graphic picture of the jungle at one point of their journey. He says:—"What dreadful odours and indistinguishable loathing this jungle produces! It is so dense that a tiger could not crawl through it; it is so impenetrable that an elephant could not force his way! Were a bottleful of concentrated miasma such as we inhale herein collected, what a deadly poison, instantaneous in its action, undiscoverable in its properties, would it be! I think it would act like chloroform, and be as fatal as prussic acid.

"Horrors upon horrors are in it. Boas above our heads, snakes and scorpions under our feet. Land-crabs, terrapins, and iguanas move about in our vicinity. Malaria is in the air we breathe; the road is infested with 'hot-water' ants, which bite our legs until we dance and squirm about like madmen. Yet somehow we are fortunate enough to escape annihilation, and many another traveller might also."

Arrived at Bagamoyo, Mr. Stanley was soon in communication with the heads of the "Livingstone Relief Expedition,"—Lieutenant Henn, Mr. Charles New a missionary, and Mr. Oswell Livingstone, the eldest surviving son of Dr. Livingstone. Lieutenant Dawson, the head of the expedition, had thrown up his appointment on hearing of



the approach of Mr. Stanley. Lieutenant Henn and Mr. New, on learning that Dr. Livingstone had been relieved, decided to retire from the expedition, but Mr. Oswell Livingstone determined to go on with the bearers and stores needed to completely equip his father for his further journeyings. A few weeks afterwards he decided not to go, a decision which now he must bitterly regret.

The expedition sent to Dr. Livingstone consisted of fifty-seven individuals, many of whom had accompanied Mr. Stanley to and from Ujiji. The most of them had accompanied Dr. Livingstone on his Zambesi journey. Six Nassick boys (African lads educated at the Nassick School, Bombay), who had been brought by Dr. Livingstone from the Shire Valley in 1864, and had volunteered to go with Lieutenant Dawson's expedition, were among the number. Their names were Jacob Wainwright, John Wainwright, Matthew Wellington, Canas Ferrars, Richard Rutton, and Benjamin Rutton. The first of these was destined to accompany the remains of his great master to England, and stand beside his grave in Westminster Abbey.

On the 29th of May Mr. Stanley left Zanzibar for England, and within a few days it was known all over the civilised world that Dr. Livingstone had been found and relieved.

In addition to the assurance of his being alive, we had news of his having been in the far west among friendly tribes exploring the western division of the great watershed of Central Africa, of the extent of which he had already informed us in his letter to Lord Clarendon of 8th July 1868.

The news of his safety did not come to us in the shape of a telegram of a few lines by way of Bombay—tantalising us with the scantiness of its information, and the dread that in a few days, like many others, it would be contradicted—but reached us in the form of a succinct narrative of the

meeting of Mr. Stanley and the explorer at Ujiji, their companionship together for several months, a brief account of his discoveries, and an intimation that Mr. Stanley was the bearer of letters and despatches from Dr. Livingstone for the Government, the Royal Geographical Society, and personal friends. As many of the most sanguine believers in his ultimate safety had begun to have grave doubts that Livingstone's great career had ended, as that of many a brave predecessor in African discovery had, the joy and satisfaction felt at the certainty of his safety was of the warmest description.

When people had found time to think calmly about his safety and the startling nature of the discoveries which he had made while lost to our view in the recesses of the interior, a feeling of wonder arose that he should have been discovered and succoured by a private individual, a young man at the threshold of his fourth decade, the correspondent of a newspaper, whose only experience in Africa prior to this great feat which has associated his name for ever with that of the greatest and most successful explorer of ancient or modern times, was gained in company with the expedition sent by the English Government for the rescue of the English prisoners at Magdala. Caravan after caravan laden with stores, and accompanied by men intended to be of service to the traveller, had been despatched by Dr. Kirk, H.M.'s Consul at Zanzibar—the Government and the Royal Geographical Society aiding him in his endeavours to discover and succour the man in whose fate the whole civilised world was interested—in vain.

As we have seen, an imposing expedition under the auspices of the Geographical Society, and handsomely provided with means by subscriptions from private individuals and corporate bodies, had left this country, and was then popularly supposed to be far on its way towards the unknown region where its mission could be fulfilled.

That Livingstone's safety should be determined, and his wants supplied, at the cost of the proprietor of a New York newspaper, and through the pluck and daring of one of his subordinates, who went at his bidding to look for Livingstone in Central Africa just as he would have gone to collect news in any of the great centres of European civilisation, was a singular way of accomplishing a great object, sadly puzzling for a time to many; and fears were entertained that the whole was an audacious canard, which only a Yankee journalist would dare to perpetrate. By-and-by, as the original intelligence came to be supplemented, it became apparent that not only was his story true, but that this young journalist was one who, in determined courage and resolute perseverance, was in every way worthy to take his place among the heroes of African discovery and travel. When James Gordon Bennet, the proprietor of the "New York Herald," made up his mind that an effort should be made to find Livingstone, and assigned the task to Mr. Stanley, it fell into the hands of a man capable of carrying out such a thing successfully. No doubt if some Englishman or American of fortune had done this thing from a love of adventure, or some higher impulse, our ideas of the fitness of things would not have been outraged; but there are hundreds of capable and adventurous men who cannot afford to indulge in heroic impulses of this nature, and it was a fortunate thing for Livingstone, and a matter for congratulation on the part of civilised mankind, that Mr. Bennet had such a man on his staff, and had the wisdom to know that *he* was the man who could carry out his wishes, if these were possible.

Mr. Stanley arrived in England on the 1st of August 1872. Petty jealousy on the part of professional geographers and certain newspapers prompted unworthy doubts as to the truth of the story he had to tell, and both in this country and in America it was broadly hinted that Mr. Stanley had

never seen Dr. Livingstone at all. The day after Mr. Stanley's arrival, Lord Granville, and Dr. Livingstone's son and daughter, bore testimony to the authenticity of the letters and despatches he had forwarded to them. The first public appearance made by Mr. Stanley was at the meeting of the British Association held at Brighton during the third week of August. The geographers had a theory that the waters of the region Dr. Livingstone had been exploring for five years must find their way to the Congo, notwithstanding that Dr. Livingstone stated it as his belief that the Lualaba was in reality the Nile. Mr. Stanley's fiery nature was thoroughly roused by the storm of doubts and cavils which had burst upon him, and he indulged in an amount of hard-hitting in reply to the discussion which the reading of his paper had evoked, which was thoroughly enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic audience. We give a few extracts from his address:—

“Gentlemen of the Geographical Society,—I have been invited to deliver an address here before you, or rather to read a paper, on the Tanganyika. Responding to that invitation I came here, but before entering upon that subject, which seems to interest this scientific assemblage, permit me to say something of your ‘distinguished medallist’ and associate, Dr. David Livingstone. I found him in the manner already described, the story of which, in brief, is familiar to everybody. He was but little impaired in health, and but a little better than the ‘ruckle of bones’ he came to Ujiji. With the story of his sufferings, his perils, his many narrow escapes, related as they were by himself, the man who had endured all these and still lived, I sympathised. What he suffered far eclipses all that Ulysses suffered, and Livingstone but needs a narrator like Homer to make his name as immortal as the Greek hero's; and to make another comparison, I can liken his detractors in England and Germany only to the suitors who took advantage of Ulysses's

absence to slander him and torment his wife. The man lives not who is more single-minded than Livingstone—who has worked harder, been more persevering in so good a cause as Livingstone—and the man lives not who deserves a higher reward.

“Before going to Central Africa in search of Livingstone, I believed almost everything I heard or read about him. Never was a man more gullible than I. I believed it possible that the facetious gentleman’s story, who said that Livingstone had married an African princess, might be correct. I believed, or was near believing, the gentleman who told me personally that Livingstone was a narrow-minded, crabbed soul, with whom no man could travel in peace; that Livingstone kept no journals or notes, and that if he died his discoveries would surely be lost to the world. I believed then, with the gentleman, that Livingstone ought to have come home and let a younger man—that same gentleman, for instance—go and finish the work that Livingstone had begun. Also, inconsistent as it may seem—but I warn you again that I was exceedingly gullible—I believed that this man Livingstone was aided in a most energetic manner, that he had his letters from his children and friends sent to him regularly, and that stores were sent to him monthly and quarterly—in fact, that he was quite comfortably established and settled at Ujiji. I believed also that every man, woman, and child in England admired and loved this man exceedingly. I was thus deeply impressed with these views of things when James Gordon Bennet, jun., of the ‘New York Herald,’ told me in a few words to go after Livingstone, to find him, and bring what news I could of him. I simply replied with a few monosyllables in the affirmative, though I thought it might form a very hard task. What if Livingstone refused to see me or hear me? ‘No matter,’ said I to myself in my innocence, ‘I shall be successful if I only see him.’ You yourselves,



gentlemen, know how I would stand to-day if I had come back from the Tanganyika without a word from him ; some, but few, believed me when Livingstone's own letters appeared. But how fallacious were all my beliefs ! Now that I know the virtue and uprightness of the man, I wonder how it was possible that I could believe that Livingstone was married to an African princess and had settled down. I feel ashamed that I entertained such thoughts of him. Now that I know Livingstone's excessive amiability, his mild temper, the love he entertains for his fellow-men, white or black, his pure Christian character, I wonder now why this man was maligned. I wonder now whether Livingstone is the same man whom a former fellow-traveller of his called a tyrant and an unbearable companion. I wonder now whether this is the traveller whom I believed to be decrepid and too old to follow up his discoveries, whom a younger man ought to displace, now that I have become acquainted with his enthusiasm, his iron constitution, his sturdy frame, his courage and endurance.

"I have been made aware, through a newspaper published in London called the 'Standard,' that there are hopes that some confusion will be cleared up when the British Association meets, and Mr. Stanley's story is subjected to the sifting and cross-examination of the experts in African discovery. What confusion people may have fallen into through some story I have told I cannot at present imagine, but probably after the reading of this paper the 'experts' will rise and cross-question. If it lies in my power to explain away this 'confusion' I shall be most happy to do so.

"There are also some such questions as the following propounded :—Why did not Dr. Livingstone return with Mr. Stanley ? Why was the great traveller so uncommunicative to all but the 'New York Herald ?' Why did not the relief expedition go on and relieve him ? What has Dr. Kirk been doing all the time at Zanzibar ? Here are four

questions which admit of easy solution. To the first I would answer, because he did not want to come with Mr. Stanley; and may I ask, was Mr. Stanley Dr. Livingstone's keeper, that as soon as he found him he should box him with the superscription, 'This side up, with care?' To the second I would answer, that Dr. Livingstone was not aware that there was another correspondent present at the interview when he imparted his information to the correspondent of the 'New York Herald.' To the third question I would answer, that Dr. Livingstone was already relieved and needed no stores. To the fourth question I would reply, that Dr. Kirk's relatives in England may probably know what he has been doing better than I do. Also, in answer to that article in the 'Standard' and to some articles in other newspapers, I must confess that I cannot see wherein those letters of Dr. Livingstone to Mr. James Bennet are disturbing, grotesque, or unexpected, unless the editors believed that Dr. Livingstone was dead, and that his ghost now haunts them and disturbs their dreams. We are also told that 'Dr. Livingstone's reports are strangely incoherent;' that Sir Henry Rawlinson's letter is 'most discouraging;' that the only theory to be gleaned from Dr. Livingstone's letter is simply impossible; that the 'Standard,' echoing the opinion of geographers, is more in the 'dark than ever?' Here is a field for explanation had one only time to spare in such a paper as this to explain. Let us hope the geographers who are in the dark will come forward to demand to be admitted into the light.

"But leaving these tremendous questions to a subsequent moment, let us now turn our attention to that large body of water called the Tanganyika. England is the first and foremost country in African discoveries. Her sons are known to have plunged through jungles, travelled over plains, mountains, and valleys; to have marched through the most awful wildernesses, to resolve the many problems

which have arisen from time to time concerning Central Africa. The noblest heroes of geography have been of that land. She reckons Bruce, Olapperton, Lander, Ritchie, Mungo Park, Laing, Baikie, Speke, Burton, Grant, Baker, and Livingstone as her sons. Many of these have fallen, stricken to death by the poisonous malaria of the lands through which they travelled. Who has recorded their last words—their last sighs? Who has related the agonies they must have suffered—their sufferings while they lived? What monuments marked their last lonely resting-places? Where is he who can point out the exact localities where they died? Look at that skeleton of a continent! We can only say they died in that unknown centre of Africa—that great broad blank between the eastern and the western coasts.

“Before I brought with me producible proofs in the shape of letters, his journal, his broken chronometers, his useless watches, his box of curiosities, it was believed by all, with the exception of a few, that the most glorious name among these geographical heroes—the most glorious name among fearless missionaries—had been added to the martyrology list; it was believed that the illustrious Livingstone had at last succumbed to the many fatal influences that are ever at work in that awful heart of Africa.

“It was in my search for this illustrious explorer which has now ended so happily—far more successfully than I could have anticipated—that I came to the shores of the great lake, the Tanganyika. At a little port or bunder, called Ujiji, in the district of Ujiji, my efforts were crowned with success. If you will glance at the south-eastern shore of the Tanganyika you will find it a blank; but I must now be permitted to fill it with rivers, and streams, and marshes, and mountain ranges. I must people it with powerful tribes—with Wafipa, Wakawendi, Wakonongo, and Wanyamwezi. More to the south, ferocious Watuta,

and predatory Warori, and to the north, Mana Msengi, Wangondo, and Waluriba. Before coming to the Malagarazi I had to pass through southern Wavinza. Crossing that river, and after a day's march, I entered Ubha, a broad, plain country extending from Uvinza north to Urundi, and the lands inhabited by the northern Watuta. Three long marches through Ubha brought me to the beautiful country of Ukaranga and Ujiji, the Liuche valley, or Ruche, as Burton has it. Five miles further westwards brought me to the summit of a smooth, hilly ridge, and the town of Ujiji, embowered in palms, lay at our feet, and beyond was the silver lake, the Tanganyika, and beyond the broad belt of water towered the darkly purple mountains of Ugoma and Ukaramba.

"To very many here, perhaps, African names have no interest, but to those who have travelled in Africa each name brings a recollection—each word has a distinct meaning; sometimes the recollections are pleasing, sometimes bitter. If I mention Ujiji, that little port in the Tanganyika almost hidden by palm groves, with the restless plangent surf rolling over the sandy beach, it recalled as vividly to my mind as if I stood on that hill-top looking down upon it, and where, after a few minutes later, I met the illustrious Livingstone. If I think of Unyanyembe, naturally I recollect the fretful, peevish, and impatient life I led there, until I summoned courage, collected my men, and marched to the south to see Livingstone or to die. If I think of Ukonongo, recollections of our rapid marches, of famine, of hot suns, of surprises of enemies, and mutiny among my men, of feeding upon wild fruit, and of a desperate rush into a jungle. If I think of Ukawendi, I see a glorious land of lovely valleys, and green mountains, and forests of tall trees; the march under their twilight shades, and the exuberant chant of my people as we gaily tramped towards the north. If I think of southern Uvinza,


I see mountains of hematite of iron—I see enormous masses of disintegrated rock, great chasms, deep ravines, a bleakness and desolation as of death. If I think of the Malagarazi, I can see the river, with its fatal reptiles and snorting hippopotami; I can see the salt plains stretching on either side; and if I think of Ubha, recollections of the many trials we underwent, of the turbulent, contumacious crowds, the stealthy march at midnight through their villages, the preparations for battle, the alarm, and the happy escape, culminating in the happy meeting with Livingstone. There, in that open square, surrounded by hundreds of curious natives, stands the worn-out, pale-faced, grey-bearded, and bent form of my great companion. There stands the sullen-eyed Arabs, in their snowy dresses, girdled, stroking their long beards, wondering why I came. There stands the Wajiji, children of the Tanganyika, side by side with the Wanyamwezi, with the fierce and turbulent Warundi, with Livingstone and myself in the centre. Yes, I note it all, with the sunlight falling softly on the picturesque scene. I hear the low murmur of the surf, the rustling of the palm branches. I note the hush that has crept over the multitude as we clasp hands."





## CHAPTER XIV.

### LIVINGSTONE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS EXPLORATIONS—HIS THEORY OF THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE LUALABA AND THE NILE—HORRORS OF SLAVE TRADE.

HE story of Dr. Livingstone's wanderings to-and-fro over the vast extent of country, the watershed of which, according to his belief, goes to form the Nile and the Congo, cannot be better told than in his own words. Letters to Mr. James Gordon Bennet, and to Lords Clarendon and Granville, successively Foreign Ministers in the English Government, supply ample materials, and tell the story of his trials and difficulties, and the geographical conclusions he had arrived at up to the period of Mr. Stanley's meeting with him in a far more graphic and telling manner than any paraphrase of ours could pretend to. In his first letter to Mr. Gordon Bennet he records his thanks for the great service rendered to him by that gentleman:—

“It is in general somewhat difficult to write to one we have never seen. It feels so much like addressing an abstract idea; but the presence of your representative, Mr. H. M. Stanley, in this distant region takes away the strangeness I should otherwise have felt, and in writing to thank you for the extreme kindness that prompted you to send him I feel quite at home.

“If I explain the forlorn condition in which he found me, you will easily perceive that I have good reason to use very strong expressions of gratitude. I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between four hundred and five hundred miles beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried,

defeated, and forced to return when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves sent to me from Zanzibar instead of men. The sore heart, made still sorer by the truly woe-ful sights I had seen of 'man's inhumanity to man,' reacted on the bodily frame, and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say that almost every step of the weary sultry way I was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones. Here I found that some £500 worth of goods I had ordered from Zanzibar had unaccountably been entrusted to a drunken half-caste Moslem tailor, who, after squandering them for sixteen months on the way to Ujiji, finished up by selling off all that remained for slaves and ivory for himself. He had divined on the Koran, and found that I was dead. He had also written to the governor of Unyanyembe that he had sent slaves after me to Manyema, who returned and reported my decease, and begged permission to sell off the few goods that his drunken appetite had spared. He however knew perfectly well from men who had seen me that I was alive, and waiting for the goods and men; but as for morality, he is evidently an idiot; and there being no law here except that of the dagger or musket, I had to sit down in great weakness, destitute of everything save a few barter cloths and beads I had taken the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need. The near prospect of beggary among Ujijians made me miserable. I could not despair, because I laughed so much at a friend who, on reaching the mouth of the Zambesi, said 'that he was tempted to despair on breaking the photograph of his wife: we could have no success after that.' After that the idea of despair has to me such a strong smack of the ludicrous it is out of the question.

"Well, when I had got about the lowest verge, vague rumours of an English visitor reached me. I thought of

myself as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho; but neither priest, Levite, nor Samaritan could possibly pass my way. Yet the good Samaritan was close at hand; and one of my people rushed up at the top of his speed, and in great excitement gasped out, 'An Englishman coming! I see him!' And off he darted to meet him. An American flag, the first ever seen in these parts, at the head of a caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger. I am as cold and non-demonstrative as we islanders are usually reputed to be, but your kindness made my frame thrill. It was indeed overwhelming, and I said in my soul, 'Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours.'

"The news Mr. Stanley had to tell me was thrilling: the mighty political changes on the Continent, the success of the Atlantic cables, the election of General Grant, and many topics, riveted my attention for days together, and had an immediate and beneficial effect on my health. I had been without news from home for years, save what I could glean from a few 'Saturday Reviews' and 'Punch' for 1868. The appetite revived, and in a week I began to feel strong again. Mr. Stanley brought a most kind and encouraging despatch from Lord Clarendon, whose loss I sincerely deplore—the first I have received from the Foreign Office since 1866—and information that Her Majesty's Government had kindly sent £1000 to my aid. Up to his arrival I was not aware of any pecuniary aid. I came unsalaried, but this want is now happily repaired; and I am anxious that you and all my friends should know that, though uncheered by letters, I have stuck to the task which my friend Sir Roderick Murchison set me with John-Bullish tenacity, believing that all will come right at last."

After giving a brief account of his geographical discoveries, he says:—"I must go to Unyanyembe at Mr. Stanley's and your expense ere I can put the natural completion to my

work ; and if my disclosures regarding the terrible Ujijian slavery should lead to the suppression of the East Coast slave trade, I shall regard that as a greater matter by far than the discovery of all the Nile sources together.

“Now that you have done with domestic slavery for ever, lend us your powerful aid towards this great object. This fine country is blighted as with a curse from above, in order that the slaving privileges of the petty Sultan of Zanzibar may not be infringed, and that the rights of the Crown of Portugal, which are mythical, should be kept in abeyance till some future time, when Africa will become another India to Portuguese slave-dealers.”

Dr. Livingstone's despatch, addressed to the Earl of Clarendon, gives the best summary of his geographical conclusions up to the time of which we are writing. No single letter from any traveller, from the scene of his labours, ever recorded so important discoveries. We give it entire:—

“I wrote a very hurried letter on the 28th ultimo, and sent it by a few men who had resolved to run the risk of passing through contending parties of Banyamwezi and mainland Arabs at Unyanyembe, which is some twenty days east of this. I had just come off a tramp of more than four hundred miles beneath a vertical torrid sun, and was so jaded in my mind by being forced back by faithless attendants, that I could have written little more though the messengers had not been in such a hurry to depart as they were. I have now the prospect of sending this safely to the coast by a friend ; but so many of my letters have disappeared at Unyanyembe, when entrusted to the care of the Lewale, or Governor, who is merely the trade agent of certain Banians, that I shall consider that of the 28th as one of the unfortunates, and give in this as much as I can recall.

“I have ascertained that the watershed of the Nile is a broad upland between 10° and 12° south latitude, and

from four to five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Mountains stand on it at various points, which, though not apparently very high, are between six thousand and seven thousand feet of actual altitude. The watershed is over seven hundred miles in length from east to west. The springs that rise on it are almost innumerable—that is, it would take a large portion of a man's life to count them. A bird's-eye view of some parts of the watershed would resemble the frost vegetation on window-panes. They all begin in an ooze at the height of a slightly depressed valley. A few hundred yards down the quantity of water from oozing earthen sponge forms a perennial burn or brook a few feet broad, and deep enough to require a bridge. These are the ultimate or primary sources of the great rivers that flow to the north in the great Nile valley. The primaries unite and form streams, in general larger than the Isis at Oxford or Avon at Hamilton, and may be called secondary sources. They never dry, but unite again into four lines of drainage, forming the head-waters of the river of Egypt. These four are each called by the natives Lualaba, which, if not too pedantic, may be spoken of as lacustrine rivers, extant specimens of those which in pre-historic times abounded in Africa, and which in the south are still called by Bechuanas 'Melapo;' in the north, by Arabs, 'Wadys;' both words meaning the same thing—river-beds in which no water ever now flows. Two of the four great rivers mentioned fall into the central Lualaba, or Webb's Lake River, and then we have but two main lines of drainage as depicted nearly by Ptolemy.

"The prevailing winds on the watershed are from the south-east. This is easily observed by the direction of the branches; and the humidity of the climate is apparent in the number of lichens, which make the upland forest look like the mangrove swamps on the coast.

"In passing over sixty miles of latitude, I waded thirty-



two primary sources from calf to waist-deep, and requiring from twenty minutes to an hour-and-a-quarter to cross stream and sponge. This would give about one source to every two miles.

"A Suaheli friend, in passing along part of the Lake Bangweolo, during six days counted twenty-two from thigh to waist-deep. This lake is on the watershed, for the village at which I observed on its north-west shore was a few seconds into  $11^{\circ}$  south, and its southern shores and springs and rivulets are certainly in  $12^{\circ}$  south. I tried to cross it in order to measure the breadth accurately. The first stage to an inhabited island was about twenty-four miles. From the highest point here the tops of the trees, evidently lifted by the mirage, could be seen on the second stage and the third stage; the mainland was said to be as far as this beyond it. But my canoe-men had stolen the canoe, and got a hint that the real owners were in pursuit, and got into a flurry to return home. 'They would come back for me in a few days truly,' but I had only my coverlet left to hire another craft if they should leave me in this wide expanse of water, and being four thousand feet above the sea it was very cold, so I returned.

"The length of this lake is, at a very moderate estimate, one hundred and fifty miles. It gives forth a large body of water in the Luapala; yet lakes are in no sort sources, for no large river begins in a lake. But this and others serve an important purpose in the phenomena of the Nile. It is one large lake, and unlike the Okara—which, according to a Suaheli who travelled long in our company, is three or four lakes run into one huge Victoria Nyanza—gives out a large river which, on departing out of Moero, is still larger. These men had spent many years east of Okara, and could scarcely be mistaken in saying that of the three or four lakes there only one, the Okara, gives off its water to the north.

"The 'White Nile' of Speke, less by a full half than the Shire out of Nyassa (for it is only eighty or ninety yards broad), can scarcely be named in comparison with the central or Webb's Lualaba, or from two thousand to six thousand yards, in relation to the phenomena of the Nile. The structure and economy of the watershed answer very much the same end as the great lacustrine rivers, but I cannot at present copy a lost despatch which explained that. The mountains on the watershed are probably what Ptolemy, for reasons now unknown, called the Mountains of the Moon. From their bases I found that the springs of the Nile do unquestionably arise. This is just what Ptolemy puts down, and is true geography. We must accept the fountains, and nobody but Philistines will reject the mountains, though we cannot conjecture the reason for the name.

"Mounts Kenia and Kilimanjaro are said to be snow-capped, but they are so far from the sources, and send no water to any part of the Nile, they could never have been meant by the correct ancient explorers, from whom Ptolemy and his predecessors gleaned their true geography, so different from the trash that passes current in modern times.

"Before leaving the subject of the watershed, I may add that I know about six hundred miles of it, but I am not yet satisfied, for, unfortunately, the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole. I have a very strong impression that in the last hundred miles the fountains of the Nile mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais do arise, not, like all the rest, from cozing earthen sponges, but from an earthen mould, and half the water flows northward to Egypt, the other half south to Inner Ethiopia. These fountains, at so great distance off, become large rivers, though at the mould they are not more than ten miles apart. That is, one fountain rising on the

north-east of the mould becomes Bartle Frere's Lualaba, and it flows into one of the lakes proper, Kamolondo, of the central line of drainage; Webb's Lualaba, the second fountain rising on the north-west, becomes (Sir Paraffin) Young's Lualaba, which passes through Lake Lincoln, and becoming Loeki or Lomame, and joining the central line too, goes north to Egypt. The third fountain on the south-west, Palmerston's, becomes the Leeambye or Upper Zambesi; while the fourth, Oswell's fountain, becomes the Kafue, and falls into the Zambesi in Inner Ethiopia.

"More time has been spent in the exploration than I ever anticipated. My bare expenses were paid for two years, but had I left when the money was expended I could have given little more information about the country than the Portuguese, who, in their three slave-trading expeditions to Cazembe, asked for slaves and ivory alone, and heard of nothing else. From one of the subordinated of their last so-called expedition I learnt that it was believed that the Luapala went to Angola! I asked about the waters till I was ashamed, and almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was generally groping in the dark, for who cared where the rivers ran? Many a weary foot I trod ere I got a clear idea of the drainage of the great Nile valley. The most intelligent natives and traders thought that all the rivers of the upper part of that valley flowed into Tanganyika. But the barometers told me that to do so the water must flow up-hill. The great rivers and the great lakes all make their waters converge into the deep trough of the valley, which is a full inch of the barometer lower than the Upper Tanganyika. It is only a sense of duty, which I trust your lordship will approve, that makes me remain, and if possible finish the geographical question of my mission. After being thwarted, baffled, robbed, worried almost to death in following the central line of drainage

down, I have a sore longing for home. I have had a perfect surfeit of seeing strange new lands and people, grand mountains, lovely valleys, the glorious vegetation of primeval forests, wild beasts, and an endless succession of beautiful mankind ; besides great rivers and vast lakes—the last most interesting from their huge overflowings, which explain some of the phenomena of the grand old Nile.

“Let us explain, but in no boastful style, the mistakes of others who have bravely striven to solve the ancient problem, and it will be seen that I have cogent reasons for following the painful, plodding investigation to its conclusion. Poor Speke’s mistake was a foregone conclusion. When he discovered the Victoria Nyanza, he at once leaped to the conclusion that therein lay the sources of the river of Egypt, ‘twenty thousand square miles of water,’ confused by sheer immensity.

“Ptolemy’s small lake ‘Coloc’ is a more correct representation of the actual size of that one of three or four lakes which alone sends its outflow to the north ; its name is Okara. Lake Kavirondo is three days distant from it, but connected by a narrow arm. Lake Naibash or Neibash is four days from Kavirondo. Baringo is ten days distant, and discharges by a river, the Nagardabash, to the north-east.

“These three or four lakes, which have been described by several intelligent Suaheli, who have lived for many years on their shores, were run into one huge Victoria Nyanza. But no sooner did Speke and Grant turn their faces to this lake to prove that it contained the Nile fountains than they turned their backs to the springs of the river of Egypt, which are between four hundred and five hundred miles south of the most southernly portion of the Victoria Lake. Every step of their heroic and really splendid achievement of following the river down took them farther and farther from the sources they sought. But for devotion to the

foregone conclusion, the sight of the little 'White Nile,' as unable to account for the great river, they must have turned off to the west down into the deep trough of the great valley, and there found lacustrine rivers amply sufficient to account for the Nile and all its phenomena.

"The next explorer, Baker, believed as honestly as Speke and Grant that in the Lake River Albert he had a second source of the Nile to that of Speke. He came farther up the Nile than any other in modern times, but turned when between six hundred and seven hundred miles of the *caput Nili*. He is now employed in a more noble work than the discovery of Nile sources; and if, as all must earnestly wish, he succeeds in suppressing the Nile slave trade, the boon he will bestow on humanity will be of far higher value than all my sources together.

"When intelligent men like these and Bruce have been mistaken, I have naturally felt anxious that no one should come after me and find such sources south of mine, which I now think can only be possible by water running up the southern slope of the watershed.

"But all that can in modern times, and in common modesty, be fairly claimed, is the re-discovery of what had sunk into oblivion, like the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnician admiral of one of the Pharaohs, about B.C. 600. He was not believed, because he reported that in passing round Libya he had the sun on his right hand. This, to us who have gone round the Cape from east to west, stamps his tale as genuine.

"The predecessors of Ptolemy probably gained their information from men who visited this very region; for in the second century of our era he gave, in substance, what we now find to be genuine geography.

"The springs of the Nile, rising in  $10^{\circ}$  to  $12^{\circ}$  south latitude, and their water collecting into two large lacustrine rivers, and other facts, could have been learned only from



primitive travellers or traders—the true discoverers of what emperors, kings, philosophers, all the great minds of antiquity, longed to know, and longed in vain.

“The geographical results of four arduous trips in different directions in the Manyema country are briefly as follows:—The great river, Webb’s Lualaba, in the centre of the Nile valley, makes a great bend to the west soon after leaving Lake Moero of at least one hundred and eighty miles; then turning to the north for some distance, it makes another large sweep west of about one hundred and twenty miles, in the course of which about thirty miles of southing are made; it then draws round to north-east, receives the Lomame or Loeki, a large river which flows through Lake Lincoln. After the union a large lake is formed, with many inhabited islands in it; but this has still to be explored. It is the fourth large lake in the central line of drainage, and cannot be Lake Albert; for assuming Speke’s longitude of Ujiji to be pretty correct, and my reckoning not enormously wrong, the great central lacustrine river is about five degrees west of Upper and Lower Tanganyika.

“The mean of many barometric and boiling-point observations made Upper Tanganyika two thousand eight hundred and eighty feet high. Respect for Speke’s memory made me hazard the conjecture that he found it to be nearly the same; but from the habit of writing the Anno Domini, a mere slip of the pen made one thousand eight hundred and forty-four feet. But I have more confidence in the barometers than in the boiling-points, and they make Tanganyika over three thousand feet, and the lower point of Central Lualaba one inch lower, or about the altitude of Gondokoro.

“Beyond the fourth lake the water passes, it is said, into large reedy lakes, and is in all probability Petherick’s branch—the main stream of the Nile—in distinction from the small eastern arm, which Speke, Grant, and Baker took to be the river of Egypt.

"In my attempts to penetrate farther and farther I had but little hope of ultimate success; for the great amount of westing led to a continual effort to suspend the judgment, lest after all I might be exploring the Congo instead of the Nile; and it was only after the two great western drains fell into the central main, and left but the two great lacustrine rivers of Ptolemy, that I felt pretty sure of being on the right track.

"The great bends west probably form one side of the great rivers above that geographical loop, the other side being Upper Tanganyika and the Lake River Albert. A waterfall is reported to exist between Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza, but I could not go to it; nor have I seen the connecting link between the two—the upper side of the loop—though I believe it exists.

"The Manyema are certainly cannibals, but it was long ere I could get evidence more positive than would have led a Scotch jury to give a verdict of 'not proven.' They eat only enemies killed in war. They seem as if instigated by revenge in their man-eating orgies, and on these occasions they do not like a stranger to see them. I offered a large reward in vain to any one who would call me to witness a cannibal feast. Some intelligent men have told me that the meat is not nice, and made them dream of the dead. The women never partake, and I am glad of it, for many of them far down Lualaba are very pretty. They bathe three or four times a day, and are expert divers for oysters.

"The terror that guns inspire generally among the Manyema seem to arise among the Bakuss from an idea that they are supernatural. The effect of gun-shot on a goat was shewn, in order to convince them that the traders had power, and that the instruments they carried were not, as they imagined, the mere insignia of chieftainship. They looked up to the skies and offered to bring ivory to purchase the charm by which lightning was drawn down; and after-

wards, when the traders tried to force a passage, which was refused, they darted aside on seeing Banyamwezi followers place the arrows in the bow-strings, but stood in mute amazement while the guns mowed them down in great numbers. They use long spears in the thick vegetation of their country with great dexterity; and they have told me frankly, what was self-evident, that but for the fire-arms not one of the Zanzibar slaves or half-castes would leave their country.

"There is not a single great chief in all Manyema. No matter what name the different divisions of people bear—Manyema, Balegga, Babire, Bazire, Bakoos—there is no political cohesion—not one king or kingdom. Each headman is independent of every other. The people are industrious, and most of them cultivate the soil largely. We found them everywhere very honest. When detained at Bambarre, we had to send our goats and fowls to the Manyema villages to prevent them all being stolen by the Zanzibar slaves; the slave-owners had to do the same.

"Manyema-land is the only country in Central Africa I have seen where cotton is not cultivated, spun, and woven. The clothing is that known in Madagascar as *lamba* or grass-cloth, made from the leaves of the 'Muale' palm.

"They call the good spirit above *Ngulu*, or the Great One, and the spirit of evil, who resides in the deep, *Mulambu*. A hot fountain near Bambarre is supposed to belong to this being, the author of death by drowning and many other misfortunes."

The following graphic account of travel in Manyema-land, which occurs in a despatch to Lord Granville, gives a striking picture of the country and the difficulties of travel:—

"The country is extremely beautiful, but difficult to travel over. The mountains of light grey granite stand like islands in new red sandstone, and mountain and valley are all clad in a mantle of different shades of green. The vegetation is indescribably rank. Through the grass—if grass

it can be called, which is over half-an-inch in diameter in the stalk, and from ten to twelve feet high—nothing but elephants can walk. The leaves of this megatherium grass are armed with minute spikes, which, as we worm our way along elephant-walks, rub disagreeably on the side of the face where the gun is held, and the hand is made sore by fending it off the other side for hours. The rains were fairly set in by November, and in the mornings, or after a shower, these leaves were loaded with moisture which wet us to the bone. The valleys are deeply undulating, and in each innumerable dells have to be crossed. There may be only a thread of water at the bottom, but the mud, mire, or ‘glaur’ (*scottice*) is grievous: thirty or forty yards of the path on each side of the stream are worked by the feet of passengers into an adhesive compound. By placing a foot on each side of the narrow way one may waddle a little distance along, but the rank crop of grasses, gingers, and bushes cannot spare the few inches of soil required for the side of the foot, and down he comes into the slough. The path often runs along the bed of the rivulet for sixty or more yards, as if he who first cut it out went that distance seeking for a part of the forest less dense for his axe. In other cases, the Muale palm, from which here, as in Madagascar, grass-cloth is woven, and called by the same name, *lamba*, has taken possession of the valley. The leaf-stalks, as thick as a strong man’s arm, fall off and block up all passage, save by a path made and mixed up by the feet of elephants and buffaloes; the slough therein being groan-compelling and deep.

“Every now and then the traders, with rueful faces, stand panting; the sweat trickles down my face; and I suppose that I look as grim as they, though I try to cheer them with the hope that good prices will reward them at the coast for ivory obtained with so much toil. In some cases the subsoil has given way beneath the elephant’s

enormous weight; the deep hole is filled with mud, and one taking it all to be about calf deep, steps in to the top of the thigh, and flaps on to a seat soft enough, but not luxurious; a merry laugh relaxes the facial muscles, though I have no other reason for it than that it is better to laugh than to cry.

"Some of the numerous rivers which in this region flow into Lualaba are covered with living vegetable bridges: a species of dark glossy-leaved grass, with its roots and leaves, felts itself into a mat that covers the whole stream. When stepped upon, it yields twelve or fifteen inches, and that amount of water rises up on the leg. At every step the foot has to be raised high enough to place it on the unbent mass in front. This high stepping fatigues like walking on deep snow. Here and there holes appear, which we could not sound with a stick six feet long; they gave the impression that anywhere one might plump through and finish the chapter. Where the water is shallow the lotus, or sacred lily, sends its roots to the bottom, and spreads its broad leaves over the floating bridge, so as to make believe that the mat is its own; but the grass referred to is the real felting and supporting agent, for it often performs duty as a bridge where no lilies grow. The bridge is called by the Manyema *kintefwetefwe*, as if he who first coined it was gasping for breath after plunging over a mile of it.

"Between each district of Manyema large belts of the primeval forest still stand. Into these the sun, though vertical, cannot penetrate, except by sending down at mid-day thin pencils of rays into the gloom. The rain-water stands for months in stagnant pools made by the feet of elephants, and the dead leaves decay on the damp soil, and make the water of the numerous rivulets of the colour of strong tea. The climbing plants, from the size of whip-cord to that of a man-of-war's hawsers, are so numerous the ancient path is the only passage. When one of the giant



trees falls across the road it forms a wall breast-high to be climbed over, and the mass of tangled ropes brought down makes cutting a path round it a work of time.

"The shelter of the forest from the sun makes it pleasant, but the roots of trees high out of the soil across the path keep the eyes, ox-like, on the ground. The trees are so high that a good ox-gun shot does no harm to parrots or guinea-fowls on their tops; and they are often so closely planted that I have heard gorillas, here called *sokos*, growling about fifty yards off without getting a glimpse of them. His nest is a poor contrivance; it exhibits no more architectural skill than the nest of our cushat-dove. Here the *soko* sits in pelting rain, with his hands over his head. The natives give him a good character, and from what I have seen he deserves it; but they call his nest his house, and laugh at him for being such a fool as to build a house and not go beneath it for shelter.

"Bad water and frequent wettings told on us all by choleraic symptoms and loss of flesh. Meanwhile the news of cheap ivory caused a sort of Californian gold-fever at Ujiji, and we were soon overtaken by a horde, numbering six hundred muskets, all eager for the precious tusks. These had been left by the Manyema in the interminable forests where the animals had been slain. The natives knew where they lay, and if treated civilly, readily brought them, many half-rotten, or gnawed by a certain rodent to sharpen his teeth, as London rats do on leaden pipes. I had already on this journey two severe lessons, that travelling in an unhealthy climate in the rainy season is killing work. By getting drenched to the skin once too often in Marungo I had pneumonia, the illness to which I have referred, and that was worse than ten fevers—that is, fevers treated by our medicine, and not by the dirt supplied to Bishop Mackenzie at the Cape as the same. Besides being unwilling to bear the new comers company, I feared that,

by further exposure in the rains, the weakness might result in something worse. . . .

"The rains continued until July, and fifty-eight inches fell. The mud from the clayey soil was awful, and it laid up some of the strongest men, in spite of their intense eagerness for ivory. I lost no time after it was feasible to travel in preparing to follow the river, but my attendants were fed and lodged by the slave-women whose husbands were away from the camp in trade, and pretended to fear going into a canoe. I consented to refrain from buying one. They then pretended to fear the people, though the inhabitants all along the Lualaba were reported by the slaves to be remarkably friendly. I have heard both slaves and freemen say, 'No one will ever attack people so good' as they found them. Elsewhere I could employ the country people as carriers, and was comparatively independent, though deserted by some four times even. But in Manyema no one can be induced to go into the next district, for fear, they say, of being killed and eaten."

In a despatch addressed to Earl Granville, dated Ujiji, 14th November 1871, Dr. Livingstone exposes the fact that the slave trade in Central Africa is mainly carried on for the benefit of British subjects. He says:—

"In my letter dated Bambarre, November 1870, now enclosed, I stated my grave suspicions that a packet of about forty letters—despatches, copies of all the astronomical observations from the coast onwards, and sketch maps on tracing-paper, intending to convey a clear idea of all the discoveries up to the time of arrival at Ujiji—would be destroyed. It was delivered to the agent here of the Governor of Unyanyembe, and I paid him in full all he demanded to transmit it to Syde-bin-Salem Buraschid, the so-called Governor, who is merely a trade agent of certain Banyans of Zanzibar, and a person who is reputed dishonest by all. As an agent he pilfers from his employers, be they

Banyans or Arabs ; as a Governor, expected to exercise the office of a magistrate, he dispenses justice to him who pays most ; and as the subject of a Sultan who entrusted him because he had no power on the mainland to supersede him, he robs his superior shamelessly. No Arab or native ever utters a good word for him, but all detest him for his injustice.

“The following narrative requires it to be known that his brother, Ali-bin-Salem Buraschid, is equally notorious for unblushing dishonesty. All Arabs and Europeans who have had dealings with either speak in unmeasured terms of their fraud and duplicity. The brothers are employed in trade, chiefly by Ludha Damji, the richest Banyan in Zanzibar.

“It is well known that the slave trade in this country is carried on almost entirely with his money and that of other Banyan British subjects. The Banyans advance the goods required, and the Arabs proceed inland as their agents, perform the trading, or rather murdering ; and when slaves and ivory are brought to the coast the Arabs sell the slaves. The Banyans pocket the price, and adroitly let the odium rest on their agents. As a rule, no travelling Arab has money sufficient to undertake an inland journey. Those who have become rich imitate the Banyans, and send their indigent countrymen and slaves to trade for them. The Banyans could scarcely carry on their system of trade were they not in possession of the custom-house, and had power to seize all the goods that pass through it to pay themselves for debts. The so-called Governors are appointed on their recommendation, and become mere trade agents. When the Arabs in the interior are assaulted by the natives they never unite under a Governor as a leader, for they know that defending them, or concerting means for their safety, is no part of his duty. The Arabs are nearly all in debt to the Banyans, and the Banyan slaves are employed in ferreting out every trade transaction of the debtors ; and when

watched by Governors' slaves and custom-house officers, it is scarcely possible for even this cunning, deceitful race to escape being fleeced. To avoid this many surrender all the ivory to their Banyan creditors, and are allowed to keep or sell the slaves as their share of the profits. It will readily be perceived that the prospect of in any way coming under the power of Banyan British subjects at Zanzibar is very far from reassuring."

No slave-hunters or traders had ever entered the Manyema country until about the time of Dr. Livingstone's visit. He was destined to see the first horrors consequent upon their presence, and his account of what he saw was destined to be the prime agent in rousing the Government of this country to attempt the complete extinction of the slave trade. To the Manyema, as they had no market for it, "the value of ivory was quite unknown." As Livingstone has already informed us, the natives readily produced the hitherto valueless ivory, and handed the tusks over to the traders for a few brass or copper ornaments. "I have seen," he says, "parties return with so much ivory that they carried it by three relays of hundreds of slaves. But even this did not satisfy human greed. The Manyema were found to be terrified by the report of guns: some, I know, believed them to be supernatural, for when the effect of a musket-ball was shewn on a goat, they looked up to the clouds and offered to bring ivory to buy the charm by which lightning was drawn down. When a village was assaulted the men fled in terror, and women and children were captured.

"Many of the Manyema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very light-coloured and lovely: it was common to hear the Zanzibar slaves—whose faces resembled the features of London door-knockers, which some atrocious ironfounder thought were like those of lions—say to each other, 'Oh, if we had Manyema wives what pretty children



we should get!’ Manyema men and women are vastly superior to the slaves, who evidently felt the inferiority they had acquired through wallowing in the mire of bondage. Many of the men were tall strapping fellows, with but little of what we think distinctive of the negro about them. If one relied on the teachings of phrenology, the Manyema men would take a high place in the human family. They felt their superiority, and often said truly, ‘Were it not for fire-arms, not one of the strangers would ever leave our country.’ If a comparison were instituted, and Manyema taken at random, placed opposite, say, the members of the Anthropological Society of London, clad like them in kilts of grass-cloth, I should like to take my place alongside the Manyema, on the principle of preferring the company of my betters. The philosophers would look woefully scraggy. But though the ‘inferior race,’ as we compassionately call them, have finely-formed heads and often handsome features, they are undoubtedly cannibals.

“It was more difficult to ascertain this than may be imagined. Some think that they can detect the gnawings of the canine teeth of our cannibal ancestry on fossil bones, though the canine teeth of dogs are pretty much like the human.”

Sometimes the great traveller met with a cold reception, from his supposed connection with Arab slavers and robbers. “In going west of Bambarre,” he says, “in order to embark on the Lualaba, I went down the Luamo, a river of from one to two hundred yards broad, which rises in the mountains opposite Ujiji and flows across the great bend of the Lualaba. When near its confluence I found myself among people who had been lately maltreated by the slaves, and they naturally looked on me as of the same tribe as their persecutors. Africans are not generally unreasonable, though smarting under wrongs, if you can fairly make them understand your claim to innocence, and do not appear as having your back up. The women here were particularly outspoken



in asserting our identity with the cruel strangers. On calling to one vociferous lady, who gave me the head traitor's name, to look at my colour and see if it was the same as his, she replied with a bitter little laugh, 'Then you must be his father!' The worst the men did was to turn out in force, armed with their large spears and wooden shields, and shew us out of their district."

At Bambarre Dr. Livingstone was laid up with ulcers on his feet for over six months. He says:—"I found continual wading in mud grievous; for the first time in my life my feet failed. When torn by hard travel, instead of healing kindly as heretofore, irritable eating ulcers fastened on each foot. If the foot is placed on the ground blood flows, and every night a discharge of bloody ichor takes place, with pain that prevents sleep. The wailing of the poor slaves with ulcers that eat through everything, even bone, is one of the night sounds of a slave camp. They are probably allied to fever. The people were invariably civil, and even kind; for curiously enough the Zanzibar slaves propagated everywhere glowing accounts of my goodness, and of the English generally, because they never made slaves." Once Livingstone had a narrow escape with his life from being found in company with traders who had illuded the Manyema. On his way to Bambarre he says:—"We passed another camp of Ujijian traders, and they begged me to allow their men to join my party. These included seventeen men of Manyema, who had volunteered to carry ivory to Ujiji. These were the very first of the Manyema who had in modern times gone fifty miles from their birthplace. As all the Arabs have been enjoined by Seyed Majid, the late Sultan, to shew me all the kindness in their power, I could not decline their request. My party was increased to eighty, and a long line of men bearing elephants' tusks gave us all the appearance of traders. The only cloth I had left some months before consisted of two

red blankets, which were converted into a glaring dress, unbecoming enough ; but there were no Europeans to see it. 'The maltreated men' (Manyema who had been wronged by the traders), now burning for revenge, remembered the dress, and very naturally tried to kill the man who had murdered their relations. They would hold no parley. We had to pass through five hours of forest, with vegetation so dense that by stooping down and peering towards the sun we could at times only see a shadow moving, and a slight rustle in the rank vegetation was a spear thrown from the shadow of an infuriated man. Our people in front peered into every little opening in the dense thicket before they would venture past it. This detained the rear, and two persons near to me were slain. A large spear lunged past close behind ; another missed me by about a foot in front. Coming to a part of the forest of about a hundred yards cleared for cultivation, I observed that fire had been applied to one of the gigantic trees, made still higher by growing on an ant-hill twenty or more feet high. Hearing the crack that told the fire had eaten through, I felt that there was no danger, it looked so far away, till it appeared coming right down towards me. I ran a few paces back, and it came to the ground only one yard off, broke in several lengths, and covered me with a cloud of dust. My attendants ran back, exclaiming, 'Peace, peace ! you will finish your work in spite of all these people, and in spite of everybody !' I, too, took it as an omen of good that I had three narrow escapes from death in one day. The Manyema are expert in throwing the spear ; and as I had a glance of him whose spear missed by less than an inch behind, and he was not ten yards off, I was saved clearly by the good hand of the Almighty Preserver of men. I can say this devoutly now ; but in running the terrible gauntlet for five weary hours among furies, all eager to signalise themselves by slaying one they sincerely believed to have been guilty of a horrid outrage, no elevated sentiment

entered the mind. The excitement gave way to overpowering weariness, and I felt as I suppose soldiers do on the field of battle—not courageous, but perfectly indifferent whether I were killed or not.

“Geographers will be interested to know the plan I propose to follow. I shall at present avoid Ujiji, and go about south-west from this to Fipa, which is east of and near the south end of Tanganyika; then round the same south end, only touching it again at Sambetti; thence, resuming the south-west course, to cross Chambezi and make my way along the southern shores of Lake Bangweolo, which being in latitude twelve degrees south, the course will be due west to the ancient fountains of Herodotus. From these it is about ten days north to Katanga, the copper mines of which have been worked for ages. . . . About ten days north-east of Katanga very extensive underground rock excavations deserve attention as very ancient, the natives ascribing their formation to the Deity alone. They are remarkable for having water laid on in running streams, and the inhabitants of large districts can all take refuge in them in case of invasion. Returning from them to Katanga, twelve days N.N.W., will take me to the southern end of Lake Lincoln. I wish to go down through it to the Lomame, and into Webb’s Lualaba, and home.” . . . He says:—“I know about six hundred miles of the watershed pretty fairly; I turn to the seventh hundred miles with pleasure and hope. I want no companion now, though discovery means hard work. Some can make what they call theoretical discoveries by dreaming. I should like to offer a prize for an explanation of the correlation of the structure and economy of the great lacustrine rivers in the production of the phenomena of the Nile. The prize cannot be undervalued by competitors even who may have only dreamed of what has given me very great trouble, though they may have hit on the division of labour in dreaming, and each discovered one or

two hundred miles. In the actual discovery so far I went two years and six months without once tasting tea, coffee, or sugar, and except at Ujiji, have fed on buffaloes, rhinoceros, elephants, hippopotami, and cattle of that sort; and have come to believe that English roast beef and plum-pudding must be the real genuine theobroma, the food of the gods, and I offer to all successful competitors a glorious feast of beef-steaks and stout. No competition will be allowed after I have published my own explanation on pain of immediate execution, without benefit of clergy!"

A brief outline of Dr. Livingstone's journeyings, and their results up to this period, will enable the reader to understand a little more clearly what he has been about since he entered South Africa for the third time in 1866. From the Lake Nyassa district until he left Cazembe's country, he was travelling in regions to some extent known to us through his own previous explorations and those of Portuguese travellers. Beyond Cazembe's country, either to the north or the west, lay a vast extent of country totally unknown to Europeans, and of which even the most intelligent native knew only, and that imperfectly, a narrow hem of from fifty to a hundred miles in extent. Cazembe was first made known to us by Lacerda, the Portuguese traveller. Livingstone found the present ruler of Cazembe to be a kingly savage. He describes him as a tall, stalwart man, wearing a peculiar kind of dress made of crimson print, and worn in many folds in the form of a prodigious kilt, the upper part of his body being bare. The statement of the traveller, that he was going north in search of lakes and rivers, filled him with astonishment. "What can you want to go there for?" he said. "The water is close here; there is plenty of large water in this neighbourhood!" Cazembe had never seen an Englishman before, and notwithstanding that he could not understand this water-seeker, and very possibly thought him wrong in the head, or as Livingstone



puts it, that "he had water on the brain," he gave orders to his chiefs and people that the traveller was to be allowed to go wherever he had a mind, and treated him with much consideration.

Striking away to the north-east of Cazembe's country, he came to a large lake called by the natives Liemba, from the country of that name which borders it. Following its winding shore to the northwards, he found it to be a continuation of Lake Tanganyika. Returning to the southern end of the lake, he crossed the Marungu country, and reached Lake Moero; and finding its chief influent the Luapula, he ascended its course to the point where it flows out of Lake Bangweolo or Bemba, a lake nearly as large as Tanganyika itself. The most important feeder of this lake he found to be the Chambezi, so that all doubts as to the course of that river were set at rest. In the hitherto untrodden land to the north this great and constantly increasing volume of water pursued its winding course, and he braced himself up to the effort of tracing it to a point where, under some other name, it was already well known to geographers. From this lake Livingstone, in the first place, went to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, where he hoped to find stores awaiting him, and where he could recruit himself for the fulfilment of the arduous task he had set himself to accomplish. From his letters we already know how sadly he was disappointed in his hopes of material help from Zanzibar. While waiting there among rascally Arab traders and their slaves, and equally rascally natives, corrupted by their association with those worthless representatives of the civilisation he had been cut off from for nearly three years, he longed to explore the shores of Tanganyika, and settle the question of its effluent; but Arabs and natives alike were so bent on plundering him for every service rendered, he was compelled to abandon his design. Although worn in body, and scantily provided with stores and followers,



he determined, in June 1869, to march across country until he should strike the great river which he knew floated northwards out of Lake Moero. At Bambarre, in Manyemaland, as we know, he was laid up for six weary months with ulcerated feet. So soon as he had recovered he set off in a northerly direction, and after several days' journey struck the main artery of his line of drainage—the Lualaba, a magnificent lacustrine stream, with a width of from one to three miles. This great stream pursues so erratic a course, flowing northward, westward, and even southwards in wide loops, that he was frequently fairly at fault as to its ultimate course. Sometimes he thought he was working away at the Congo, but at last he was completely satisfied that its course was northward. After following it up to its outlet from Lake Moero, and confirming its consequent identity with the Luapula and the Chambezi, he retraced his steps, and saw it loose itself in Lake Kamalondo. As many of the great streams on the watershed were named Lualaba by the natives, he christened the stream which flows from Lake Moero to Lake Kamalondo "Webb's Lualaba," to distinguish it, and also to do honour to one of his oldest friends, Mr. Webb of Newstead Abbey.

Several days south-west from Kamalondo he discovered another lake called by the natives Chebungo. This is named "Lake Lincoln," in honour of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States during the war of secession. Its principal effluent he named "Young's Lualaba," in honour of another fast friend, Mr. Young, of Paraffin oil celebrity—"Sir Paraffin," as Dr. Livingstone humorously designated him. The waters of Lake Lincoln pass into the Lualaba by the river Loeki, or Lomame.

## CHAPTER XV.

### EXPEDITIONS SENT TO ASSIST DR. LIVINGSTONE—HIS DEATH AND BURIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



ABOUT November 1872 two Central African expeditions for the relief and assistance of Dr. Livingstone were fitted out in this country, and sent, the one to the East and the other to the West Coast, with orders to converge, by way of the Congo and Zanzibar, on the scene of the traveller's last labours. Lieutenant Cameron, R.N., took the command of the East Coast expedition, and Lieutenant Grandy, R.N., took command of that of the West Coast. Lieutenant Cameron's expedition very unfortunately got into difficulties through the accidental shooting of a native by one of his followers. He was detained at and near Unyanyembe on account of the disturbed state of the country, and the bad health of the European members of the party. All of them had suffered from repeated attacks of fever, and were much debilitated in consequence. A grandson of Dr. Livingstone's father-in-law, Dr. Moffat, the well-known missionary, a very promising young man, fell a victim to fever at an early stage of the journey; and more recently Lieutenant Cameron had to report the melancholy intelligence of the suicide of Dr. Dillon—another valued coadjutor—while in the delirium of fever.

Towards the end of January 1874, a telegram from Zanzibar reported the currency of a rumour there that Dr. Livingstone had died near Lake Bangweolo. On the 11th of February a despatch to the Foreign Office from

H.M.'s Acting-Consul at Zanzibar stated that letters received from Lieutenant Cameron dated 22nd October 1873 confirmed the report.

Many people were unwilling to believe the story of Dr. Livingstone's death, even when told so circumstantially, and so implicitly credited by Lieutenant Cameron and the European officials at Zanzibar. He had been so often reported as dead, and he had turned up again patiently and devoutly carrying out his self-imposed task, that it was difficult to believe that the great traveller and distinguished Christian missionary had perished when his work was all but concluded, and the civilised world was waiting eagerly for the opportunity of shewing him how high was the respect and admiration which his life of heroic self-sacrifice had evoked.

To his infinite honour Mr. Gladstone, within a couple of days of his resigning the highest office under the Crown, recommended Her Majesty to grant a pension of £2000 per annum to the family of Dr. Livingstone. We need hardly say that the recommendation was immediately acted upon.

That he should have died on his homeward journey, after nearly a quarter of a century of successful exploration in hitherto unknown countries, is a dispensation of Providence to which we must reverently bow. His fate forms one more instance in the annals of heroic effort and self-sacrifice, where the human instrument of God's great purpose has been removed in the very hour of success, when rest and peace, and human rewards and acknowledgments were awaiting him at the close of his stirring conflict. Though weary, worn, and broken in body, we may readily believe that his undaunted spirit remained to him at the last; and he would be thankful to God that to him had been given a rare opportunity of preaching the gospel of his Master to thousands of benighted heathens who had never heard of their Redeemer. This, and the certainty that, as a result

of his labours, the introduction of Christianity and peaceful commerce, and the suppression of slavery among the millions of Central Africa, would be only a question of time, would reconcile him to the laying down the burden of his life, far from home and kindred, among the people he had striven so nobly to serve. Of late years the magnitude of his contributions to our geographical knowledge has all but made us forget that he was a *Christian missionary to the heathen*. From early boyhood this was his cherished ambition, and from his own published accounts, and through Mr. Stanley, we know that he never lost an opportunity of going about his Master's work.

The following brief account of the last moments of Dr. Livingstone, which reached England on the 29th March 1874, was sent by the correspondent of the "New York Herald" at Suez:—"The *Makwa* (Peninsular and Oriental steamer) arrived off Suez at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, having Mr. Arthur Laing and Jacob Wainwright on board with the body of Livingstone. The great traveller had been ill with chronic dysentery for several months past, although well supplied with stores and medicines, and he seems to have had a presentiment that this attack would prove fatal. He rode on a donkey at first, but was subsequently carried, and thus arrived at Ilala, beyond Lake Bemba (Bangweolo), in Bisa country, when he said to his followers, 'Build me a hut to die in.' The hut was built by his men, who first of all made him a bed. It is stated that he suffered greatly, groaning night and day. On the third day he said, 'I am very cold; put more grass over the hut.'

"His followers did not speak to or go near him. Kitumbo, chief of Bisa, however, sent flour and beans, and behaved well to the party. On the fourth day Livingstone became insensible, and died about midnight. Majwara, his servant, was present. His last entry in the diary was on



27th April. He spoke much and sadly of home and family. When first seized, he told his followers he intended to exchange everything for ivory to give to them, and to push on to Ujiji and Zanzibar, and try to reach England. On the day of his death these men consulted what to do, and the Nassick boys determined to preserve the remains. They were, however, afraid to inform the chief of Livingstone's death; and the secretary therefore removed the body to another hut, around which he built a high fence to ensure privacy. Here they opened the body and removed the internals, which were placed in a tin box, and buried inside the fence under a large tree. Jacob Wainwright cut an inscription on the tree as follows:—

‘DR. LIVINGSTONE DIED ON 4TH MAY 1873,’

and superscribed the name of the dead man. The body was then preserved in salt, and dried in the sun for nine days. Kitumbo was then informed of Livingstone's death, upon which he beat drums, fired guns as a token of respect, and allowed the followers to remove the body, which was placed in a coffin formed of bark. The Nassick boys then journeyed to Unyanyembe in about six months, sending an advance party with information addressed to Livingstone's son, which met Cameron. The latter sent back a few bales of cloth and powder. The body arrived at Unyanyembe ten days after the advance party, and rested there a fortnight. Cameron, Murphy, and Dillon were together there. The latter was very ill, blind, and his mind was affected. He committed suicide at Kasakera, and was buried there.

“Here Livingstone's remains were put in another bark case, smaller, done up as a bale to deceive the natives, who objected to the passage of the corpse, which was thus carried to Zanzibar. Livingstone's clothing, papers, and instruments accompanied the body. It may be mentioned



that, when ill, Livingstone prayed much. At Ilala he said, 'I am going home.'

"After Stanley's departure the doctor left Unyanyembe, rounded the south end of Lake Tanganyika, and travelled south of Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo, crossed it south to north, then along the east side, returning north through marshes to Ilala."

Surely this is one of the most affecting stories ever told ! Feeling that the marvellous physical power which had hitherto sustained him had at last given way, he turned his face homeward with feverish eagerness. But the end had come, and he knew it, and set himself to die among his followers as became a hero and a Christian. There is little to add to what is already told of the last hours of the great traveller. For the last few days of his life he wished to be alone, and conversed with none but his two head-men ; but all his followers came to the door of his hut every morning to greet him. More than once they had to fight before they could pass on their way with the body. The donkey on which he rode at the last was killed by a lion on the way to the coast.

Dr. Moffat, W. Oswell Livingstone, Henry M. Stanley, and other influential gentlemen entered a tug-boat belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and steamed down the Solent to meet the *Malwa*. Getting on board, they were received by the officers of the ship and the eldest son of the late traveller, Mr. Thomas Livingstone, who had joined the *Malwa* at Alexandria. Jacob Wainwright, a negro follower of Dr. Livingstone, a squat little fellow, barely over five feet in height, was warmly greeted by all. He remembered Mr. Stanley, although the change in his dress and appearance puzzled him for a moment. He was rescued from slavery by Dr. Livingstone in the valley of the Shire, on the occasion of his second visit to the countries of the Zambesi and the Shire, when a mere boy, and was

left, along with several other African natives, at the Nas-sick School near Bombay, where he was carefully educated. When the Livingstone Search Expedition under Lieutenant Dawson was projected, towards the end of 1871, Jacob Wainwright offered to accompany it, and was at Zanzibar upon the arrival of Mr. Stanley.

In the streets a procession, consisting of the Mayor and Corporation, the friends of the deceased, the deputation of the Geographical Society, and the various public bodies in the town, accompanied the hearse containing the remains to the railway station, where a special train was waiting to convey it to London. While the procession was in progress the church bells rang a muffled peal, and the Hants Artillery Volunteers fired minute-guns from the platform battery. At Waterloo Station a hearse and three mourning carriages were waiting to convey the body and the friends of the deceased to the Geographical Society's rooms in Saville Row. In the course of the evening the body was examined by Sir William Fergusson, who identified it as that of Dr. Livingstone from the disunited fracture on the left arm caused by the bite of a lion thirty years ago.

On Saturday the 18th of April the remains of Dr. Livingstone found a resting-place in Westminster Abbey—in that valhalla of the greatest and best of England's sons, in which there is no name more worthy of the nation's honour than that of Dr. Livingstone—the procession and entombment of the body being witnessed by thousands of spectators. The ceremony within the Abbey was witnessed by a vast number of people, many of whom were the leaders in science, literature, art, politics, &c. Representatives from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hamilton, and many other parts of Scotland were present. The funeral service was read by Dean Stanley. The pealing of the organ, and the beautiful rendering of the musical portion of the service by the choir, added greatly to the beauty and solemnity of the service. On the pall were

placed wreaths and *immortelles*, one of which was sent by Her Majesty.

A large black marble tombstone was laid over the grave, bearing the following inscription in gold letters:—

BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS OVER LAND AND SEA,

HERE RESTS

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

MISSIONARY, TRAVELLER, PHILANTHROPIST,

BORN 19TH MARCH 1813,

AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE,

DIED 4TH MAY 1873,

AT CHITTAMBO'S VALLEY, ILALA.

FOR THIRTY YEARS HIS LIFE WAS SPENT IN AN UNWEARIED EFFORT TO  
EVANGELISE THE NATIVE RACES, TO EXPLORE THE UNDISCOVERED  
SECRETS, AND ABOLISH THE DESOLATING SLAVE TRADE OF  
CENTRAL AFRICA,

WHERE, WITH HIS LAST WORDS, HE WROTE,

“ALL I CAN DO IN MY SOLITUDE IS, MAY HEAVEN'S RICH BLESSING  
COME DOWN ON EVERY ONE—AMERICAN, ENGLISH, TURK—  
WHO WILL HELP TO HEAL THIS OPEN SORE OF THE  
WORLD.”

On the right-hand edge of the stone were the following lines:—

“Tantus amor veri—Nihil est quod moscere malim,  
Quam Fluvii causas per sæcula tanta latentes.”

And on the left-hand edge the following text:—

“Other sheep I have which are not of this fold,  
They also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice.”

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"O Heaven! it is the most accursed sin of man: and done everywhere at present, on the streets and high places at noonday! Verily, seriously I say and pray as my chief orison, May the Lord deliver us from it."—*Letter from Carlyle to Emerson.*

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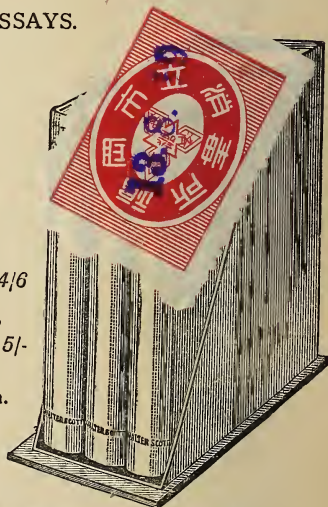
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